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GEMS

FROM A

TEXAS QUARRY

→ BY ←

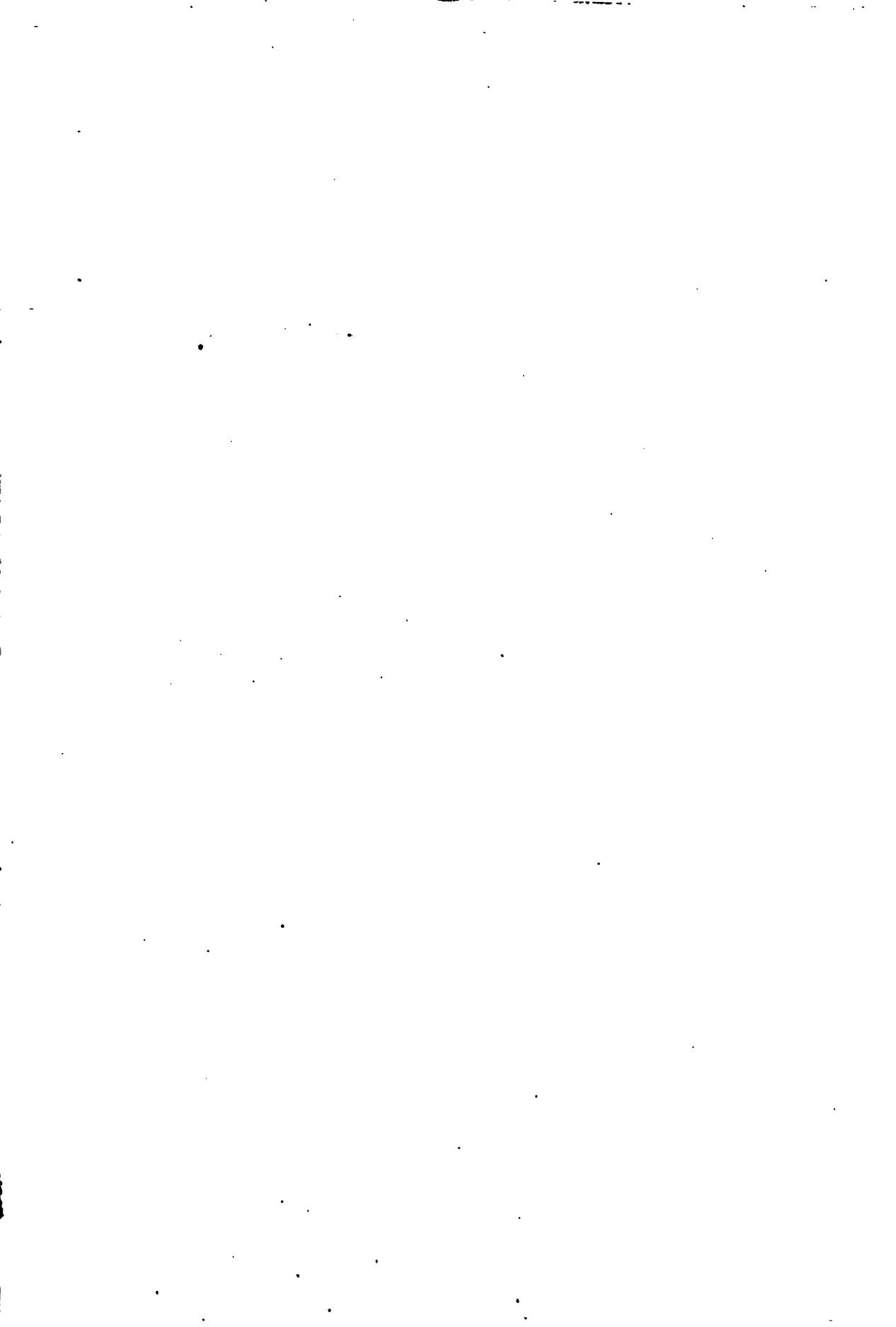
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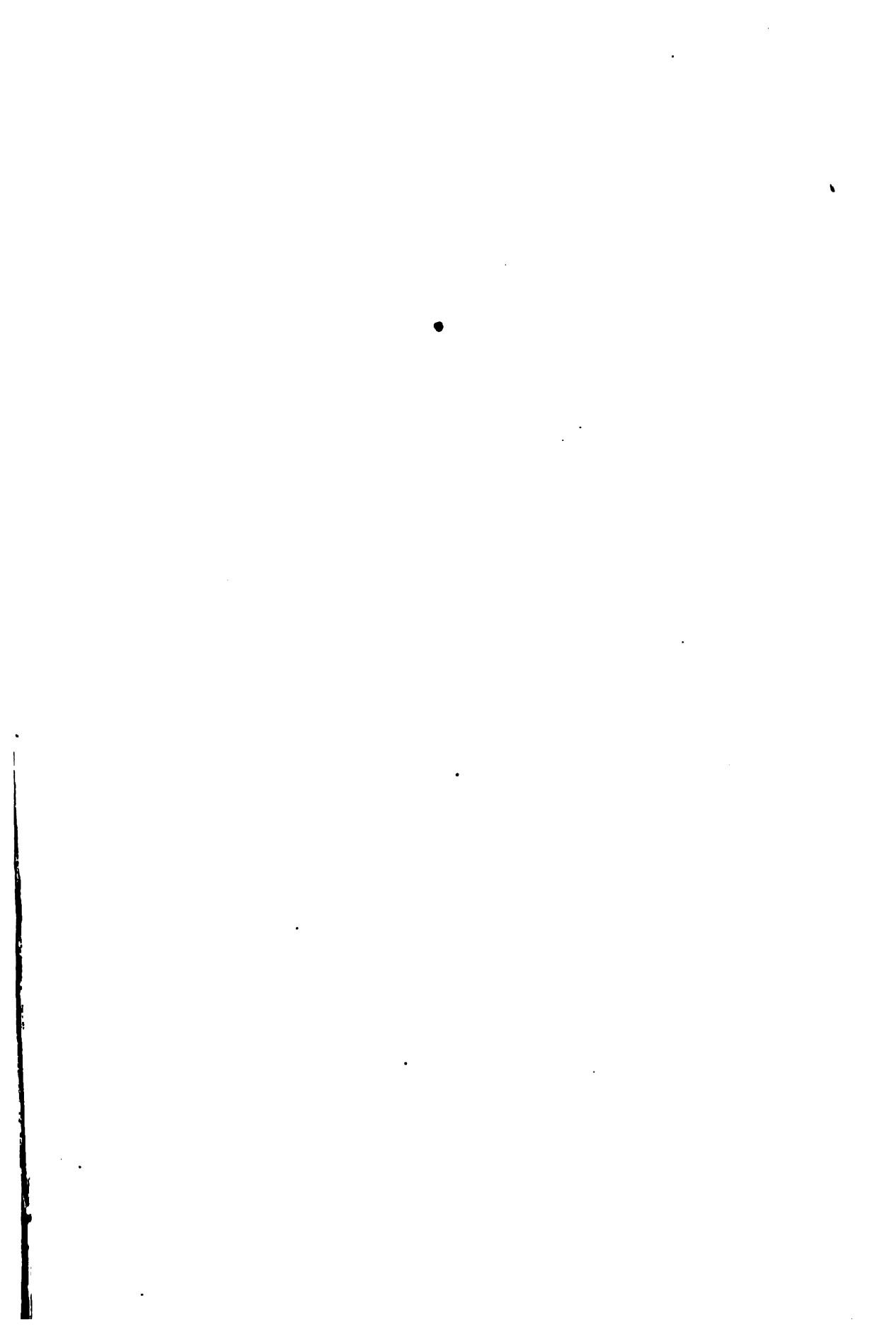
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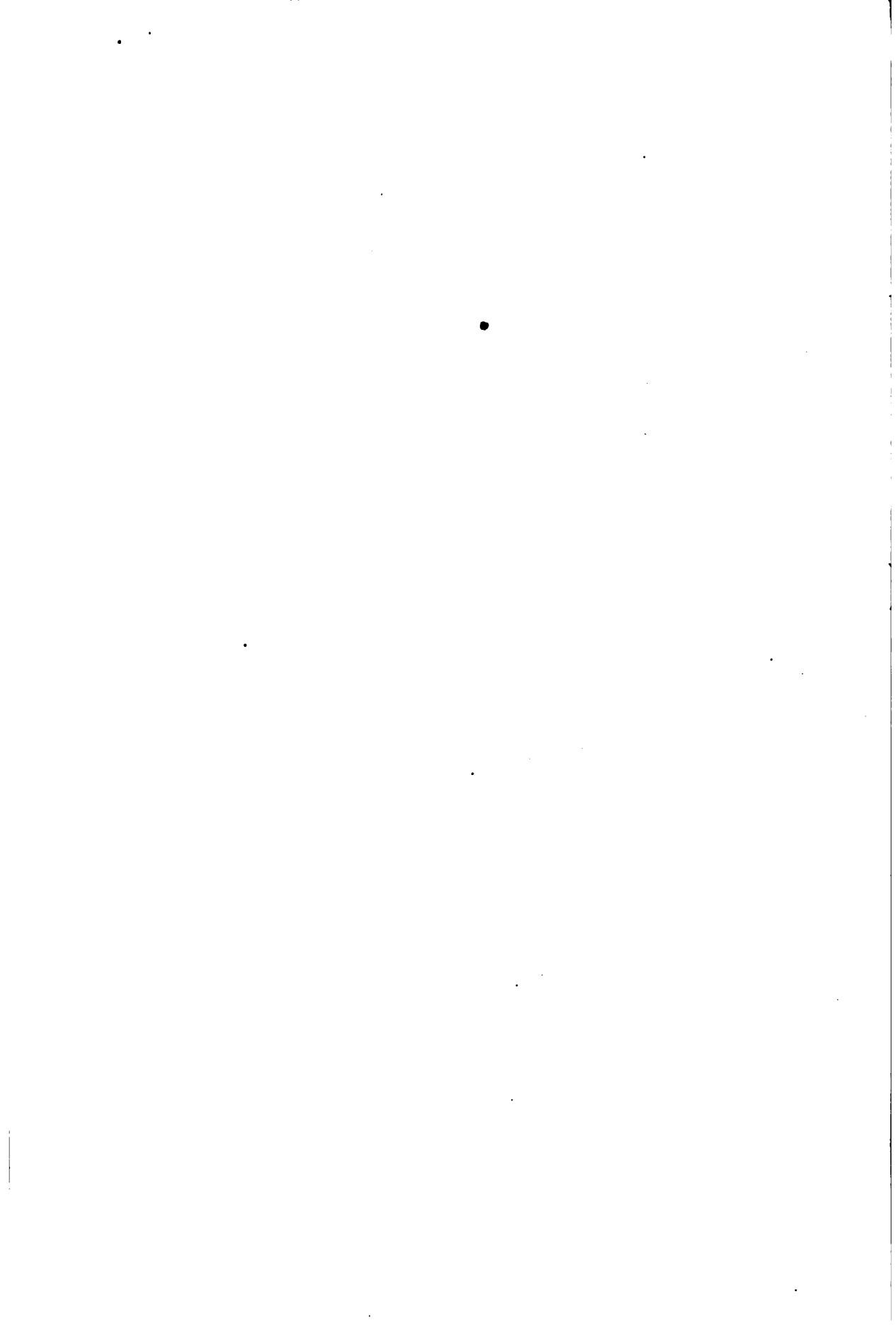


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GEMS FROM A TEXAS QUARRY;

OR,

LITERARY OFFERINGS

BY AND SELECTIONS FROM

Leading Writers and Prominent Characters of Texas:

BEING A TEXAS CONTRIBUTION

TO THE

World's Industrial Exposition

AT

NEW ORLEANS, LA., 1884-5.

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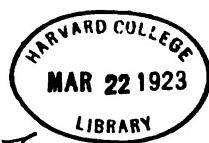
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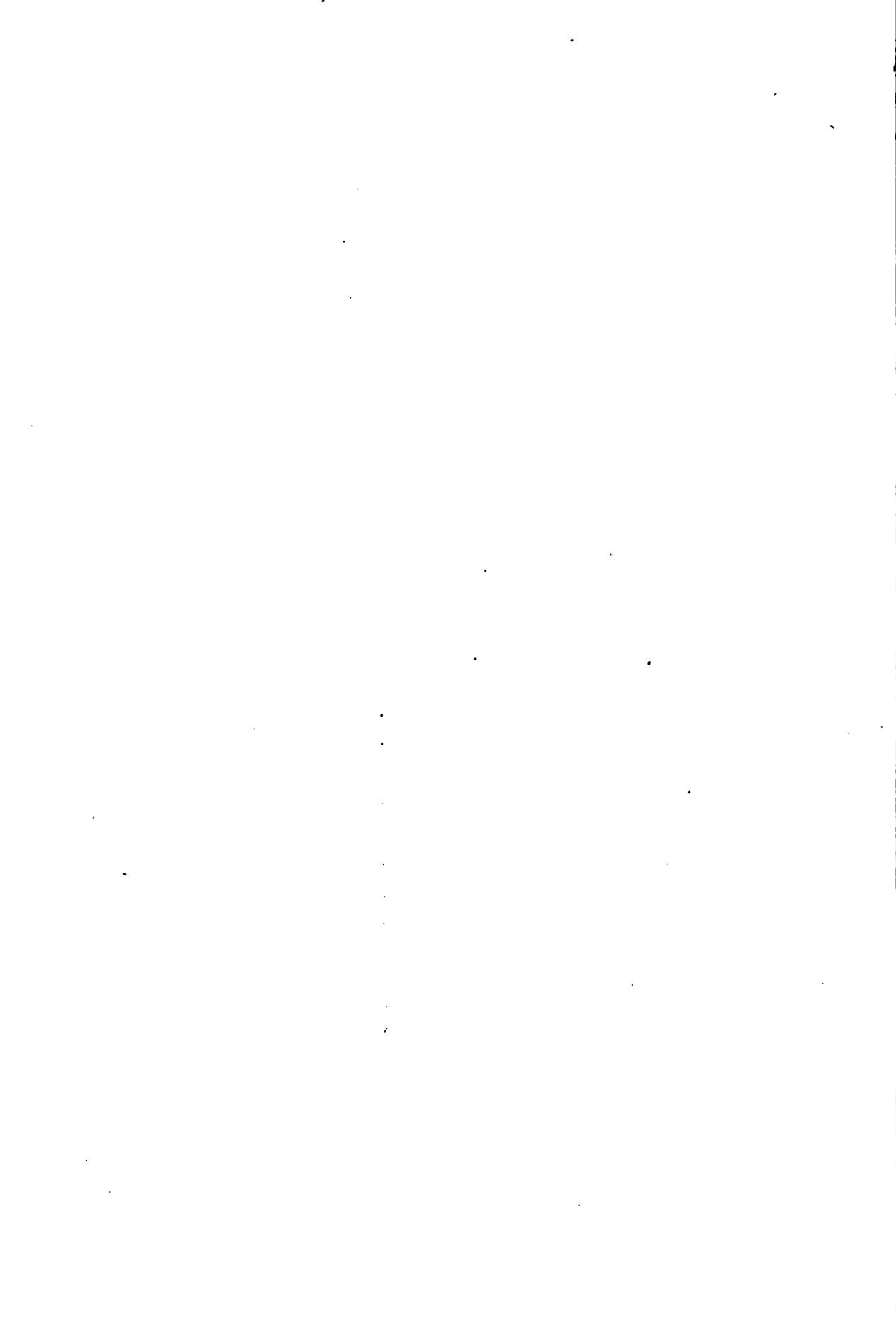
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1885.

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Fine money

*To His Excellency,
JOHN IRELAND, GOVERNOR OF TEXAS,
whose
Purity of Patriotism
as
Citizen and Statesman,
and whose
Fidelity to Duty
In the several offices he has filled,
Have twice elevated him to
the Highest Position
Within the gift of the people of the State,
This Volume
Is respectfully dedicated.*



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PREFACE.

WHILE all manner of the varied material products, resources and characteristics of our great State will be on exhibition at the World's Industrial Exposition in New Orleans in 1884-5, it has been considered by the undersigned that the purely intellectual feature should not be overlooked. This work, therefore, is a Texas contribution in the literary line for that important occasion, and it is offered as a specimen of the culture, tastes and sentiments of a citizenry which graces a state as it advances through its more material advantages toward intellectual achievements, moral development and social refinement.

Coming from all sections of this country and the world, the people of Texas are not only cosmopolitan in their views, but of that robust and energetic construction of mind and temperament as well as of body, which plucks success out of the greatest of difficulties and takes on ornamentation without diminishing strength. Hence is found in their literature all the styles of thinking, feeling and expression such as these pages disclose. Here, sometimes, in a sort of undress parade, and, again, in the elegant and faultless precision of inspection-day equipment, will be seen the troops of thought in line for review, whether these be in the soberer colors and more solid phalanxes that the logical disciplinarian demands, or with that bright and lighter tinselry that imagination and fancy prefer to revel in.

The trouble of the undertaking has not been to procure a sufficiency of choice contributions, but to cull from the mass of material tendered the most appropriate pieces with due regard to subject-matter, length, and variety of prose and poetry. Long before the expiration of the period announced for the receipt of contributions, very much more had been accumulated than could possibly be inserted in the size of the volume determined on, and the compiler deeply regrets the consequent unavoidable necessity for the rejection of many exquisite gems which had, through a just treatment to others, to give place for assignments of equal space as allotted to their authors already quoted from.

The work is gotten up in the highest style of art and modern finish, whether regard be had to the quality of the paper used, the size and clear-

ness of the type, the accuracy of the print, the value of the illustrations, or the neat and substantial binding. Thus presented it must be a most acceptable souvenir of one of the greatest of the world's events, unquestionably the greatest of the South's opportunities, and one of the best evidences of the rapid and healthful progress of an immensely areaed state which, within only a few years, has from an infantile position of pioneer colonies, so far forged to the front, that to-day she stands among the foremost of the Union, while the near future proclaims emphatic assurance of undisputed lead in not merely population, wealth, commercial superiority and political power, but intellectual, social and literary supremacy. If through her efforts hereby the editress has contributed but a mite to hasten the approach of such future, or to add to the present reputation of her native State, she will feel that she has been amply compensated.

ELLA HUTCHINS STEUART.

HOUSTON, December 1, 1884.



SALUTATORY
FOR
“GEMS FROM A TEXAS QUARRY.”

BY MRS. KATE A. ORGAIN, SALADO.

WHEN the War Gods of Greece from their battles returned,
Their brows scarred with wounds and hands dyed with gore,
Each maid of the land gathered garlands of flowers,
To strew on the pathway the heroes passed o'er.
So gather we garlands, weave chaplets of flowers,
Whose fragrance shall rise like an incense above,
And bring we to Peace and its Heroes, a tribute,
An offering from Texas, our name and our love.
Yes, gather we “Gems from pure Texas Quarries,”
And link them together with love's golden bands,
And with trust in our hearts and Texian devotion,
We hold out our offering with womanly hands.
Hands ever ready to share in life's labors,
Hands ever ready to help without rest,
Hands resolved only to touch what is purest,
Hands only hoping to hold forth the best.
Best for the youngest, best for the aged,
Purest and cleanest and freest from stain,
Gems whose bright lustre is not dimmed by falsehood,
Gems whose rich sparkle will never cause pain.
From prairie, from village, from city and grove,
From green, dewy valley and mount's glistening crest,
From our East and our West, from our North and our South.
We bring in our jewels for those we love best.
Hopefully, trustfully, lovingly then,
Bear we our treasures of men and of mind,
Tenderly offering with each garnered gem,
A plea for our work and a prayer for mankind.

EXTRACT FROM
GOV. R. B. HUBBARD'S CENTENNIAL ORATION,

DELIVERED AT THE NATIONAL EXPOSITION, SEPTEMBER 11TH, 1876.

TEXAS invites the emigrant to come hither, and, from whatever land, he will be met at the threshold by genial, honest welcome. Let me say to the young man, and to the old man, and fair daughters of the older states, we would not ask you to leave the aged mother who rocked your cradle, or the riper civilization amid the holy memories of native land, but *this* we do announce, that if you must seek in other lands fortunes and homes, Texas, with traditional hospitality, extends her warm grasp with open doors, in advance, through one of her chosen officers of State. What do we care for your political opinions, or under what flag you have fought? Texas wants men, honest men, with brave hearts and strong arms, to populate her wilderness and prairies, with freedom to vote or to speak as if "native and to the manor born." They shall worship God, upon their coming, under their own vine and fig tree, and none dare to molest or make them afraid. Why, sirs, when you are told that we dislike for our Northern brethren to immigrate hither, it is a base slander on a brave and generous people. Mr. President, the blood of the North and the West, as well as of the South, mingle in our veins, and was shed freely for us in our early struggles. The "Fathers of Texas," the patriotic Austins, were from Connecticut. Our first President of the Republic was from New England; Ohio sent to the struggling army of Houston in '36 a company of gallant soldiers; and the noble women of Cincinnati—God bless their daughters!—heard our wail, and gave to the Texan army that historic battery of artillery known as the "Swiss Sisters," whose guns thundered for liberty at San Jacinto. On the monument which stands in the vestibule of the capitol, made of the blood-stained stones of the Alamo, are inscribed a host of names of the heroic and martyred dead who were from the East and the West, and from the North and the South, and poured out their life-blood on the hallowed ground where Bowie, and Milam, and Crockett, and Travis fell! Sirs, Texas will *never* forget these kindred memories of blood and holy sacrifice. She is tolerant of opinion, and the same boon she asks of you for herself she

concedes to others of our countrymen. We invite all people to come in the spirit of common brotherhood. We offer a sky as bright as Italy, and a soil which yields fruitful harvests to the sweat of toil. We are larger than all France, and could make *room* and *bread* for her many millions. Massachusetts has 7,800 square miles to 1,500,000 people—192 to the square mile. England has 50,000 square miles, 21,000,000 people—412 to the square mile. With our agricultural capacity, and over 274,000 square miles, we can sustain a population of 40,000,000. Like our boundless plains, the heart of Texas is broad enough and warm enough to greet the coming of our own countrymen *first*, and afterwards the earth's oppressed and hungry millions. Though spite and envy and falsehood may hawk at our progress, yet from the states of our own blessed fatherland, and from all kindreds and tongues, they are coming—they are coming! “An host which no man can number,”—to live and die for Texas and the Union in triumph of peace, or in defense of her flag.

The prophecy of Bishop Berkley, uttered more than a century ago, will yet be realized by our children, and Texas become the central figure in that splendid vision of the poet:

“Westward the course of empire takes its way;
The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day;
Time’s noblest offspring is the last.”

I have spoken imperfectly, I know, but with ardor, Mr. President, in behalf of my beloved State. I have designed rather to be plain and practical, and substantiate by facts and figures, than to deal in glittering generalities, or paint gaudy pictures of her wealth and material progress. In behalf of Texas, and to crown the argument in her favor, as she confidently invokes the judgment of her peers, we say to our sister States, “Go and see for yourselves;” and on your impartial verdict, though penned by hands which may have stricken us in anger in the past, will be written these memorable words of the Eastern Queen: “The half has not been told.” But, sir, Texas comes with patriotic pride to-day to assure our countrymen that her heart beats high and loyal to the memory of our fathers of '76, and the great principles of human liberty for which they fought and freely offered their lives. One hundred years have passed since the signers of the Declaration of Independence stood in that old hall yonder, and in defiance of King George proclaimed the independence of the Colonies of the British Crown. Their recital of the wrongs and oppressions of the unnatural mother country, and their bold defiance of kingly power as they risked and “pledged their lives, their fortunes and

their sacred honor" in defense of that grand declaration, will live fresh and green in the national memory while our mountains stand, or our rivers roll down to the sea.

It was the first time in the world's stormy history of wars and conquests of the rise and fall of nations, that a republican system of free government, recognizing that the people are the sources of all political power, wisely regulated by law and a written constitution, assumed form and shape from the chaos of the past. To our fathers belongs this eternal honor, and to the God of Revolution the everlasting gratitude of their posterity. It is a fortunate and happy thought, this meeting of the "old thirteen States" and their descendants, sprung from their fruitful loins, to commemorate their virtues and their valor on the Centennial anniversary of the republic. It reminds us, my countrymen, that we are of common origin and kindred, sons of immortal sires; that in that seven years' struggle, in council or field, there was no North, no South, no East, no West; side by side South Carolina and Massachusetts, Georgia and New York, Virginia and Pennsylvania and New England marched and fought, naked and starving and penniless, amid storm and winter, and shoulder to shoulder went down to death right gladly for our native land.

Shall we ever barter or divide our birthright of the glorious memories of Bunker Hill, of Monmouth and Brandywine, and Saratoga and Trenton, and Charleston and Yorktown? or cease to revere the memory of Washington, and Jefferson, and the Adamses, and Hancock, and Madison, and Lee, and the old Continental Congress, who transmitted to us this great and priceless inheritance? No, sir! They belong to no section. And Texas to-day, thank God, kneels by the side of Maine and Massachusetts, and places with reverent and grateful hands her offering of love upon our country's altar.

Mr. President, I proclaim to you in this imposing presence to-day, that though we have had fratricidal strife, and kindred blood has met in the shock of battle, and one-half of the Union have drained the bitter cup to its dregs, we are nevertheless your brothers and your countrymen, and that "standard sheet" now floating above us is still our flag, and this Union one union till the end of time! We have had enough of war, enough of strife. The great mission of the republic is to cement that union at home by wisdom, justice and moderation, and to beam as a beacon-light from the shores of the new world through the night and the tempest to all the down-trodden nations of the earth.

Its principles are spreading like tidal waves across the oceans and the

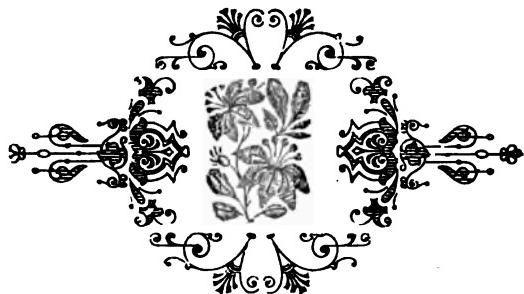
continents. It has burst long ago the chains forged by the despots of South America, and given to France at last a stable republic. Its influence has brought sunshine even to the serfs of Russia, and robbed of its terrible meaning that old canon of the thrones, "The King can do no wrong." It is heard to-day recognizing the people's rights in parliaments and in the cabinets of emperors and kings, and dynasties totter while they read, like Belshazzar of old, the doomed "hand-writing on the wall." It may yet give freedom to Poland; and Ireland, the land of the green shamrock, may at last write the epitaph of the martyred Emmet above his grave. Sir, with such a mission for the republic, let us march forward, looking never behind us upon the sorrows and quarrels of the past—the mournful past of our history.

Sir, you have been told that we are demons in hate, and gloat in the thought of war and blood. Men of new England—men of the great North! will you believe me, when, for nearly two millions of people whom I represent, and the whole South as well, I denounce the utterance as an inhuman slander, and a damnable and unpardonable falsehood against a brave and, God knows, a long-suffering people! Want war! Want bloodshed! Sirs, we are poor, broken in fortune, and sick at heart. Had you stood, as I have stood, by the ruined hearth-stones—by the wrecks of fortune which are scattered all along the shore; had you seen, as I have seen, the wolf howling at the door of many a once happy home—widowhood and orphanage starving and weeping over never returning sires and sons who fell with your honored dead at Gettysburg and Manassas; could you hear, as I have heard, the throbbing of the great universal Southern heart, throbbing for peace and yearning for the old and faithful love between the States; could you have seen, and felt, and heard all these things, my countrymen, you would take me by the hand and swear that the arm thus uplifted against us, and the tongue which utters the gross libel on our name, should wither at the socket and become palsied at the root!

I repeat again, "let our spears be turned into pruning-hooks and our swords beat into plowshares," to remain everlasting memorials of returning peace and good will to the American people. With each returning Spring let us scatter flowers over the resting-places alike of the Federal and Confederate dead, as we enshrine with immortelles of memory your Sumner, and Thomas, and McPherson, with our Sidney Johnston, Stonewall Jackson and the great Lee, forever. Let universal amnesty crown the closing of the century. Our brothers died not in vain in the last great

• GEMS FROM A TEXAS QUARRY.

struggle. Standing long ago in the capitol of Texas, with my oath to support the constitution fresh upon my lips, I uttered these words, and from a full heart I repeat them here to-day: "They died not in vain; and whether wearing the gray or wearing the blue, their lives were offered freely, like libations of water, for what each dying soldier deemed for right and for native land. In their graves, made immortal by the same ancestral heroism of race and of blood, let us bury the fears of that stormy hour of our history." In this generous and knightly spirit, Texas to-day sends fraternal greeting to the States of the Union.



SCENES IN TEXAS.

BY MRS. MARY SAUNDERS, CURRY'S CREEK.

THERE are groves of green willows when echoes have spoken,
And waters of brightness from rude rocks are flung.
Where solitude reigns, and the silence is broken,
At morning and night, by the mocking-bird's song.
There are woods where the pine tree its proud head up-heaveth.
To meet the warm kiss of the life-giving sun,
While through its dark branches the soft south wind bloweth.
In mystical music o'er days that are gone.
There are prairies outspreading a miniature ocean,
Of emerald billows all brilliant with bloom,
Where the wings of each zephyr that leadeth a motion,
In passing are bathed in the richest perfume.
There are rocks piled on high like the castles of story,
By fast-flowing rivers all frowning and grand,
Where the live-oak outreaching, gigantic and hoary,
With moss-bannered branches, o'er shadows the land.
There are graves of heroes whose deeds are immortal,
And rival Thermopylæ's history old;
In the Alamo death opened Glory's grand portal.
And nations applaud when its story is told.
There are fair smiling cities in valleys embosomed.
Where clear streamlets wander from pure flowing springs:
Where tropical verdure in beauty hath blossomed.
And tropical birds plume their glittering wings.
There are riches untold in the heart of her mountains;
And plains where the wild horse and buffalo dwell.
And health's the free gift of her mineral fountains.
She has cures where the honey bee buildeth his cell.
But with treasures of mountain and valley and forest.
She boasteth of others more precious by far,
Of all God has given her, the noblest, the rarest—
The hearts of her people who love the Lone Star.

TEXAS "BOOK OF GOLD."

BY MRS. MARY SAUNDERS, CURRY'S CREEK.

OUR Texas has her "Book of Gold,"
And names and deeds are blazoned there
That would have fired the bards of old
To sing in epic verses fair.

Not mine the high heroic lyre,
I cannot reach its lofty tone;
For homelier themes my muse inspire,
She lends me songs to please my own.

How conquered Rome, how fought the Greeks,
Let Homer sing and Virgil tell,
My untaught muse of Texas speaks,
And loves upon that theme to dwell.

My State, a crown of laurel twine
For those whose arms thy freedom won:
No worthier warriors lived than thine,
No braver deeds by men were done.

Gray, glorious walls where Travis led
His band to meet a death sublime;
Where Crockett fought and Bowie bled
To win for Texas breathing time.

Their death—ah, few such deaths may die,
Made possible Jacinto's fame,
Where Houston's victor star rose high
And vengeance struck in Fannin's name.

Near quaint old Nacogdoches lies
The gallant Rusk in nameless grave,
Magnolia fragrance round him sighs,
And towering pines above him wave.

Brave Milam sleeps the dreamless sleep
In sacred soil for which he bled,
Where tender warder women keep
About the "city of the dead."

Johnston, who wielded pen and sword
For Texas, found an honored grave
Where tropic blossoms bury the sward,
And lime and orange o'er him wave.

And some yet live to hear our praise,
With feeble forms, with silvery hair,
Oh, make their few remaining days,
My State, thy reverential care.

Thy countless heroes soundly sleep,
Clasped closely to thy ransomed breast;
Thy tender dews above them weep,
The brightest blossoms gem their rest.

Some day above each nameless grave
That mutely chides a thankless land,
Where now soft, feathery grasses wave,
Shall monumental marble stand.

And boyhood, pausing in its play,
To read the legend graven there,
Shall rise with heaving breast and say,
"So, I for mine own land could dare."

What glorious tales our annals hold,
What laurels spring where brave men bled;
As Venice prized her "Book of Gold,"
We prize the roll-call of our dead.

They shine like stars upon my page,
And lustre to its dullness lend,
They roll in music down the age,
With heroes yet unborn to blend.

Grand civic wreaths thy sisters twine,
Give them thy praise, my star-crowned state,
A prouder heritage is thine,
The fame of those who made thee great.

FORTY-SIX, TO-DAY,

BY MRS. MARY SAUNDERS, CURRY'S CREEK.

THEY tell me I am growing old,
I see the wrinkles on my face ;
But surely age is still and cold,
Nor feels of youthful fire a trace.
And while my heart is still the same
E'en though my hair is tinged with gray
Old Age, I will resist your claim,
Though I am forty-six, to-day !

“Wears glasses!” Well, what if I do ?
The world I see thro’ them is bright
And stretching forward fair to view ;
Life’s downhill path is bathed in light.
Though rocks and briers are there, in truth,
While o'er it shines that roseate ray.
I’ll not regret my vanished youth,
Though I am forty-six, to-day.

True Friendship! growth of parted years,
Grows yet more dear as years pass on,
Love that has shone thro’ sorrow’s tears,
Sweet patience striven for and won.
Fair were youth’s gifts, but these are dear.
And while they beautify my way,
I am not old ; although I hear
That I am forty-six, to-day.

GEMS FROM A TEXAS QUARRY.

17

At will no more my feet may rove
Sweet woodland ways, by rippling brooks,
But fancy gives the scenes I love,
And pictures memory-haunted nooks.
Thro' Poesy's realm (her lover, I,)
Thro' Wisdom's lettered world I stray,
Home, friends and books, why should I sigh
That I am forty-six, to-day.

I look not back, I press not on,
But simply in the present rest;
I do not grieve for what is gone,
Content that all is for the best.
In youth, fair Hope, with flower-crown'd brow;
Strewed hawthorn blooms along my way;
Her prophecies are proven now,
That I am forty-six, to-day.

If friendship, love and faith could die,
If skies had lost their red and gold,
If beauty charmed not ear and eye,
Ah, then indeed I would be old.
But while the calm days pleasures bring,
Not sombre shadows draped in gray,
I'm young, although I truly sing,
That I am forty-six, to-day.

When over me the glad birds sing,
And wild flowers bloom, and grasses grow,
I think 'twill be a pleasant thing
For those whom I have loved to know
That life for me was full and sweet,
And some day one will softly say,
"Her birth-day this!" and low repeat
These verses, "Forty-six, to-day."

EXTRACT FROM A LECTURE ON TEXAS.

BY THE RIGHT REV. A. C. GARRETT, D. D., L. L. D.,
BISHOP OF NORTHERN TEXAS.

* * * * *

I must pass from the natural resources of this great State to say a word about the kind of people who ought to come in search of new homes. In the first place, there is a certain class of men who are always very anxious to be sent somewhere; they are the paupers who are not much good for anything. Nature seems not to have been kind to them in the provision of brain or working forces. The consequence is they are a great expense to keep at home, a great trouble to their friends, and are generally in the way. You have to provide almshouses and reformatories in which to keep them, and sometimes penitentiaries. We do not want any of that class. With us pauperism is a crime, and compulsory labor its natural punishment.

There is another class of persons whose friends are always very anxious about them. They are nice gentlemen of the kid-glove family—delicate in constitution, fair in complexion, with very white hands, and particular about their dress. In early youth they stand before the mirror and survey the barren field reflected there with great anxiety, watching daily for the budding promise of the hoped for crop! They have, constitutionally, an antipathy to hard work at school and college; they hate labor and rely on parental allowances. Such gentlemen have no business in Texas.

There are some other young men not exactly in that category who always command my sympathy. They are young gentlemen without any means, with some little education, but not enough to make their living by intellectual labor; some muscle, but not enough to earn their bread by manual toil. These are a most helpless class to send to a new country. They will be thrown immediately upon their own resources, but, unfortunately, they do not possess any. Then what are they to do? Of course the generous people in that land are always open to the appeal of the unfortunate and weak, yet it is manifest that benevolence cannot supply the

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necessities of the persons described. Let such, therefore stay at home among their friends and relatives.

There is another class of men for whom I have a great regard—I mean the broken-down tradesman, whose health has failed, whose eyesight is becoming a little defective, whose muscles and joints are getting stiff, with a slight tendency to rheumatism in the elbow or the knee, and who is, therefore, unable to keep pace with the business of the day. He is left behind in the struggle for existence, and not being the fittest to survive, he does not survive very well. He now thinks the best thing to do, having made a failure of life in England, is to take the stiff joints, and weak muscles, and dull brain, and dim eyes to Texas, and begin the world again! He will be left behind in the race at a very much greater distance than at home. Being unable to compete with the quick-witted and active tradesmen of the new country, he naturally fails to find remunerative employment. He can not do the kind of work required, and, therefore, he is not required. I advise all men of that kind—broken-down men—to stay at home.

Then you will ask, what is the use of telling us all about this country which offers so many inducements to immigrants? Very great use, indeed, if I prevent the unfit from attempting so great a journey. We need and will gladly welcome the kind of people who are most useful in England. The man who has capital and knows how to take care of it, where you will give him three-and-a-half per cent as a great compliment, we will give him from eight to twelve, with good security. We need men who can develop the resources of the country, dig up the hidden wealth beneath the surface, and employ labor to cultivate the productive soil.

There is abundant room and a rich reward for those who, without large capital, have yet enough to keep them from being in want until the soil can yield some return. Men able to purchase or rent a farm, and provide themselves with the outfit necessary to success. Such men, with clear heads, strong muscles, and a good sound constitution, will soon attain independence and become citizens of as noble a country as ever unfurled a flag.

There is also a field of usefulness for young professional men of quick wit, sharp intelligence, exact knowledge and high character. Lawyers who have made diligent study, rather than the eating of professional dinners, their chief concern; doctors who are really skillful and up to the requirements intellectually of the day; clergymen who to sound learning

add bright abilities and devoted consecration to their Masters' cause—let these men come, and they will have no difficulty in making themselves homes. To these add artizans, mechanics, machinists, engineers, laborers, possessed of sound minds in sound bodies, and sustained by pure morals, and we will guarantee their success.

But some one will say "We understand that Texas is a very dangerous country; that life and property are insecure." I am happy to be able to set you right on that important question. I am not ashamed to live in the land for which the heroes of the Alamo died; which Houston and his gallant troops wrested from the power of Spain. I am not afraid to live among men who are the descendants of such noble warriors who wrung liberty from despotism, and presented a republic to the Union. I am not afraid to live in that land of freedom, among the noble sons of noble sires, where every man may claim the right of his manhood, speak his mind without fear, and hold his head aloft beneath the sky, without being afraid of aught that is created in the world.

I have traveled all over the country single-handed and unarmed. I have never carried a revolver or other weapon, and never needed any. I would not disgrace my manhood by carrying firearms. I know there are many who do, but the only man who needs to carry one is the man who is himself afraid of the law, because he has been guilty of some offense. The criminal bears the evidence of his criminality in the weapon with which he is guarded. A good man needs it not. I have slept out at night on the bare prairies; in rooms with windows and doors open, and men of many kinds sleeping around me, and never have my peaceful dreams been disturbed by any worse than the howling of the coyotes or the shriek of the screech owl. I do not say there are no criminals in Texas. Such a statement would be absurd. But I do say that they are not more numerous than elsewhere, and not half so mean. Many of them will commit crime among themselves who will always respect honor and integrity where they find them. In no part of the country are the police more active, and the civil authorities more anxious for the due execution of the laws and suppression of crime. Our criminals usually come to us from other parts of the world, we catch them as soon as we can, and return them to the various regions where they received their early education.

I am a living exemplification of the falsehood of the accusation that life and property are insecure in Texas. I have traveled over most of it; I have lived with every class of its population; I have slept under every

condition of its climate, and I am prepared to repudiate with absolute severity the false statement that its people are a law-breaking, dangerous and blood-thirsty brotherhood. They are nothing of the kind.

If you will insist upon gambling, and try to cheat in doing so, it is likely you will get shot. If you drink whisky with the drunken and become quarrelsome in your cups, it is possible you will get shot. Hence it is well for men to remember that Texas is not a place where you can act as you will—cheat, steal, lie or commit adultery, and then be held quite harmless. No indeed. They may not wait for the law to catch and punish in such cases, but probably shoot you in advance and investigate afterwards.

The public domain provides for the support for all time of a public system of education. In a few years the fund available for school purposes will be so large, that the schools will be kept open continuously. At present, the population is not sufficiently dense in many districts to justify the opening of schools for longer than limited periods. I suppose that some persons will be uneasy on the subject of religion, and fancy that there will be no possibility of enjoying religious privileges in that benighted land. You will find there not only every Christian denomination pretty well represented, but you will find them very often in colonies. So you may select your home amid such religious associations as you may prefer. There is, therefore, no truth in the allegation so often made, that Texas is a land of barbarism and ignorance. On the contrary, Texas will compare favorably with any portion of the world in which settlement is new. In point of intelligence, I am satisfied our distinguished Chairman will bear me out when I say that the Representatives of the State of Texas in Congress are equal to those from any other state. We stand second to none in the strength of our patriotism, the force of our intelligence, the fruitfulness of our soil, and the extent of our resources.

LOVE IN AUTUMN.

BY HERBERT FIELDER, MERIDIAN.

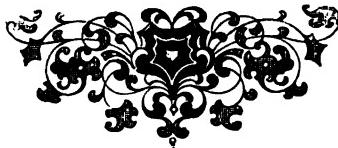
I'M on the rocks, love—under the trees
Where you used to sit and muse by my side ;
Where we breathed the May day's evening breeze
As we gazed on the Bosque's crystal tide.
With faded wreaths the gay season fled—
The green sylvan groves are sear and bare,
The sun leans south to his wintry bed ;
But setting, his rays are bright as they were.

The rising stars yet twinkle as brightly
When they peep through the curtain the day king wove :
They throw down to earth their kisses as lightly
As ever they did from azure above.
The moonbeam's sheen is the same as then,
And lends to the stream and rocks its glow ;
The winds still sigh upon prairie and glen,
And the rippling waves o'er the pebbles still flow.

Springtime came with its Eden of flowers,
And clothed dame nature in bright array :
Then summer's fruit and harvest and bowers :
Now autumn's chill winds have chased them away ;
But changeless as the stars above me,
Or the rock-bound cliffs that meet in blue sky.
The maiden vow you made to love me,
The bridal vow that's recorded on High.

The giddy of earth often depart,
And stray from the heart that young love built,
To reach life's end with desolate heart.
Bereft of its bliss from neglect or guilt.
The meteor blaze of deceitful pelf,
The world's false tinsel the thoughtless may lure
And steal from the heart its priceless wealth,
Replace with its dross love's gold that is pure.

That gold, when tried in the furnace of life,
But softens and bends with the heart and the soul,
That expands and brightens amidst its strife,
Under Time's steady beats for Heaven's bright goal,
For many fleeting years we've felt and seen
The bright side of life and its sombre shade,
From their stern lessons the wisdom we glean,
That all on earth but true love may fade.



CHRISTMAS CHIMES.

BY MISS WILLA LLOYD, HOUSTON.

HARK! the bells are ringing gaily, clear they come across the snow,
Ringing out the sweet old story, bringing peace to friend and foe.

Can the heart know scorn or anger as it listens to their chime,
As they with the sweetest music usher in the Christmas time?

Oh, the ringers ring with spirit, and the bells, too, seem to know
All about the Christ-child's coming down to earth so long ago.

Clear the stars outside are shining, and they seem to burn more bright,
Doing honor to the Savior who was born on earth to-night.

And I think the happy angels, gathered round the Father's throne,
Must rejoice and sing his praises on this night in grander tone.

Now my mind forgets the present and turns backward many years,
Years whose snows lie on my forehead and have dimmed my eyes with tears.

And I'm back in old Virginia with a merry, laughing troupe,
Gathered round a roaring fire in a listening, bright-eyed group;

Listening to the aged darkey tell her story of the past,
Not a word we dared to utter, though our breath came quick and fast.

" Now den, Chillun, you shall hear it, all about my sweet Miss Rose,
Shet de door and stir de fire! Massy on us, how it snows!

My fust Massa's name ware Bellgrave, an' a right good man ware he,
Save when he got riled, an' den, Sah, jest you let de Massa be.

Stubborn as the debbil, Chillun, would a died but hab his way,
And de one who'd dare oppose him, would be sorry for de day.

But we lubed him, deed we did now, for his goodness to us all,
When we would be sick, de Massa brought us good things from de hall.

Now dis Squire had a daughter, an' her name it ware Miss Rose,
How de Massa lubed dat daughter, Chillun, no one libin knows.

She ware fair as any lily, sweet to all who came her nigh,
An', sir, ebery nigger held her as de apple ob his eye.

Massa had Miss Rose's picter painted by a painter man,
Who ware dere from morn till night-fall, dat ware how de ting began.

Till at las' dis Mista Douglas fell in lub wid my Miss Rose,
An' she lubed him, for I watched dem two together, an' I knows.

Den dis spunky Mista Douglas tole de Squire how it ware :
Massa on us! how de Squire, when he heard de news, did swear.

Den he sent for Rose an tole her, dat if eber any mo'
She did speak to Mista Douglas, out ob house and home she'd go.

Now I listened at the key hole an' I heard my Miss Rose say,
With her eyes so bright and sparklin', jest like stars fo' peep o' day:

No, I will not promise, Father, he it is that has my heart;
He lubs me, and from him, Father, never mo' I mean to part.

Oh my lor! When she had said dat, oh, de cusses dat he piled
Thic' an hot on dat young gemman an' dat tremblin' white-faced chile.

Go, he said, and take my cuss, Rose, not one hour shall you stay;
She is nebber chile of Bellgrave who her father can't obey.

Neber come you nea' me, ingrate, whether libin, dyin', dead,
For your face is hateful to me, an' my cuss be on your head.

Den she knew dat nebber, nebber would her father take it back;
An' dey left in cole an' darkness, an' de winter sky was black.

After dat, de po' old Squire nebber mentioned Rose's name;
He ware proud and held his head high, but ware nebber quite de same.

Whiter grew his head and whiter, an' his face got pale an' thin,
But he nebber would acknowledge he repented ob his sin.

But we heard ob Mista Douglas an' his wife, our dear Miss Rose,
Dey had started for de norf, just how dey lived, well, no one knows.

Mista Douglas, he fell sick, Sah, an' dey had no friends an' home;
Rose, she wrote and wrote her father, for I saw de letters come.

But he put dem in de fire, an' he sent his chile no aid;
He was willin' she should lie on de ole hard, hard bed she made.

Den we heard dat Mista Douglas, po' young man at last had died,
An' we heard no more ob Rose, who had been his fair young bride.

'Till de Christmas came with turkey an' de snow ware ober all,
An' we gathered in de kitchen all us niggas for a ball.

But de Massa in his study lonely sat beside de fire,
With his grey head bowed in sorrow, oh, we pitied de old Squire.

Listened to de sweet bells ringin', ringin' for de birth ob Him,
Savior ob de white an' black folks, an' de Squire's eyes ware dim.

For I 'members how his daughter used to sing him songs so sweet,
When she looked up in his kind face from her low stool at his feet.

Now no mo' de Massa jined us as we drink de good egg-nog,
Or tolle tales about de possom as we watched de burnin' log.

But our hearts felt for de Squire as he sat so lone an sad,
But we knew we couldn't help him, so we danced for we ware glad.

But nex' mornin', oh, my goodness! when we opened wide de do',
Dere we found my po' young misses, cole and dead upon de snow.

Oh, her face ware worn an' hollow, an her hands ware rough an' thin.
Den we lifted her so tender an' my Jaky brought her in:

In de house where she'd been happy as a robin in de snow,
Where she'd nebber sing or frolic in de big hall any mo'.

No one dared to tell de Squire, but we heard him comin' near,
Nearer, nearer, every minute, oh! my chillun, he was here.

"Who is this?" he cried out loudly, but we nebber said a word;
Den a cry came from him sadder, sadder dan you eber heard.

De ole man knelt down 'side her, took her han' in his, so po',
Kissed de face an' smoothed de hair down, talking to her soft an' low;

Tellin' us, dat she was sleepin', not to wake his darlin' chile,
Askin' us, in gentle whispers, if we did not see her smile?

Po' ole man! his heart was broken, an' not many days went by
'Till we laid him in the grave-yard where the Bellgraves always lie.

Lem me tell you somethin', Chillun, an' remember what I say,
"Nebber break a heart dat lubs you, for you'll need dat heart some day."

Human hearts is easy broken, an' when death has come at last,
Den you'll tink with bitter sorrow of your meanness in de past.

Oh, de world am hard an cruel, filled with trouble too I say,
An' sometimes you'll tink with sadness ob de heart you threw away."

Hark, the bells have ceased their ringing, and outside my window low,
Sing the carolers of the Savior born to us so long ago.

Now my fire has burned to ashes, died has all its ruddy glow,
And my mind comes back from dreaming, and with haste I rise and go.

ARBORICULTURE IN TEXAS.

BY V. O. KING, SAN ANTONIO.

THE vast territory embraced within the limits of Texas is singularly conspicuous for its treeless areas and, at the same time, for the concurrence of all the elements necessary to the production of varied and valuable forests. From the rugged and picturesque canyons of our State on the north to her fertile regions on the ocean's beach; from the alluvion of the Sabine to the sands of El Paso, we have every soil of the new world and almost every formation of the old. The same comparative diversity in climatic conditions prevails throughout this region. All that portion of it that lies west of the 97th meridian is swept by winds that bring with them the freshness of their mountain cradle, and are thus prepared, under favoring conditions, to condense impending vapors into copious showers of rain—all that part lying east of this meridian is fanned by breezes from the south—laden with moisture out of the warm evaporating basin of the Gulf. But neither the eastern nor the western section can be profited by these currents unless other factors in nature are also present, and none are more potent than the forces that are brought into play by forests and groves. Without them our fair land may become a desert, and those who come after us may, like Ahab, suffer the curse of Elijah, and dwell in a country whose fountains are dried up, and in which "there shall be neither dew nor rain." With these forces, born of the diversified growth that is inherent in our soil, we may realize the prophetic vision of Professor Cope, who saw in the northern latitude of Texas the sanitarium of America; and in the south the future garden-spot of the world.

The interest that should attach to tree culture in Texas bears a close and practical relation to the economy and resources of the State, and should appeal to the enlightened sympathy of every person within her borders. There is no fact deduced from both experimental and scientific inquiry that is now more generally recognized than the fact that forest trees greatly conduce to promote rainfall. This influence is exerted through

the operation of well-known laws in physics that are daily becoming more familiar to the practical and observing men of the country. Trees are possessed of hydrometric properties by which atmospheric moisture is absorbed from each attenuated cloud and is again distilled in dewy vapors.

Forest trees are also the regulators of important vital forces in the world of matter. Mr. Buchan, the learned meteorologist, of Edinburgh, says, that on a summer's day the air attains its highest temperature several hours earlier than do the trees, and that the latter, therefore, serve, like the ocean, as equalizers of temperature. The destruction of forests thus destroys an essential equilibrium in nature. Trees are also the great pumping-machines that, from the creation, were planted all over the earth to lift subterranean moisture to the surface. By their destruction an immense hydraulic power ceases to play its part in raising the fluids of the soil into the regions above for distribution in fertilizing showers. It is computed that one square inch of leaf raises about three-and-a-half ounces of water in twenty-four hours. A large forest tree, at that rate, lifts about eight barrels during the same time. An acre of trees, estimated at one hundred would, therefore, possess an elevating power of eight hundred barrels of water in twenty-four hours. An atmosphere loaded with this amount of moisture, and covering an area of thousands of acres must necessarily give rise to barometric changes and influence the meteorology of the underlying country, and its results must greatly mitigate the horrors of sterility and, in some measure, soften the asperities of a dry and heated climate.

The fact that forests produce rain and prevent droughts is not only established as a theoretical truth, but it has been proved by actual experiment over large areas in both hemispheres. It is related by the late Commissioner Capron that one hundred years ago rains were abundant in Upper Egypt, since which time the Arabs have cut down the trees that were then plentiful in the valley of the Nile, and, in consequence, rains are there now unknown. On the northern coast of Africa the French government has, within twenty-five years, converted its possessions into forest nurseries, and adorned them with extensive groves. These possessions were known, at the beginning of the experiment, as a parched and barren region. They are now visited by frequent and refreshing showers, and are redeemed from the sterility of ages. The once beautiful island of Mauritius was covered with groves and rejoiced in the production of every tropical fruit; it was bathed in showers more gladdening than the dews of Andalusia; its balmy air gave joy and health to its thousand

toilers, and pleasure-seekers from three continents sought the exhilaration of its voluptuous clime. In an evil hour the demon of avarice brooded over the fated island. Its commerce demanded the sacrifice, and its luxuriant forests were cut down to make room for an increase of its staple products. The fable of the goose that laid the golden egg illustrates the sequel. From the moment the island was denuded of its trees, desolation claims it as her own. The "morning cloud" and the "early dew" are no longer seen in the land; its water-pools are dried up; its rain-falls of happier days have languished into mists and a sky of brass hangs over the devoted spot. The recent famine in North China is traced directly to the cutting away of its forest growths, which dried up the soil and cut off the cereals upon which the people lived. This reckless destruction of trees entailed upon the destroyers a calamity that, in the language of Sir Thomas Wade, the British ambassador, was the "widest-spread and the most fearful scourge that has befallen humanity for the last two hundred years." The island of Malta affords another sad example of that same kind.

In our own State of Texas it is well known to many observers that the extensive volunteer growth of Mesquite trees upon the western plains has been attended by a largely increased rain-fall in those regions.

Even as forests are made the agents of adding to the capabilities of the soil, so do they minister in various ways to its fertility. Everybody knows that rain-water contains ammonia, and that this is the principal element in rock decomposition; hence it is that our forest soils, which are more profusely watered than other lands, are also found more deeply decomposed and fertilized. Forest trees also absorb a portion of the atmosphere's carbon, which they transmit to the earth as the pabulum on which vegetation is to feed; each "sear and yellow leaf," as it returns a largess to the soil, is laden with this life-giving food, which it slowly sets free as the leaf falls into decay.

Forest trees also soften the climate of a country; and, in sufficient numbers, they control the winds and assuage the storm, which, in woodless districts, like many in our own State, so often sweep away the fruit of pain and toil from orchard and field alike.

But the benefits to man from these—his sylvan friends—do not stop here; they are the laboratories in nature that protect him from the inroads of pain and disease. The experiments of Lieutenant Maury with the sunflower have been repeated under the close scrutiny of science, and the fact is established beyond a cavil that malarial poisons are destroyed

by vegetable life. The Biscayan coast of France affords an apt illustration in point. For a long time it was the seat of every miasmatic ill; it was the graveyard of every hapless adventurer who touched the fatal shore. The wealth and genius of the country were exhausted in vain for relief; all the resources of sanitary art were invoked without avail; every effort terminated in failure, until at last a bright inspiration suggested that nature's purifiers might do the work. Millions of trees were planted all over this region of gloom. A brighter dawn at once succeeded the long and dismal night, and the country has been gradually redeemed from the terrors that possessed it; its malarial fevers have passed away from it forever, and a busy population now rejoice under the benign influence of a happier sky.

In like manner, and within a few years, Algeria has been reclaimed from the paludal fevers that once fettered every enterprize of her people. The region that had no shelter and no shade is now covered with verdant groves, and is adorned with colossal timber from the islands of the Indian Ocean. Where pestilence once rioted all is now salubrious and serene. The history of sanitary reforms in modern times affords many similar instances, but enough have been cited for the purposes of this argument.

Much might also be written about the economic value of forest trees, and in tracing the intimate relation they sustain to the wealth of a country, but such speculations will readily suggest themselves to the thoughtful reader and need no mention here.

In view of all these considerations our people should be liberally encouraged to cultivate the growth of forest trees, and they should also be admonished against their reckless destruction. We are all aware that the forest growth in America was once deemed so absolutely inexhaustible that, in its prodigal consumption for all the purposes of trade and of art, no measures were thought necessary for its reproduction. Millions of money have been, and are now, annually expended in converting American timber into fuel, into material for factories and house-building, for the construction of railways and steam-boats; and for the numerous maritime fleets that are demanded by an ever-expanding commerce. There are more than seventy occupations in the United States that depend in whole or in part upon American timber for the exercise of their several pursuits, and these occupations are represented by more than eight hundred thousand artisans. What a draft upon the forest wealth of the country is made through this source alone! The devastation that has followed in the wake of this demand is already felt in the most populous

States of the Union, and many of their profitable industries have been forced, in consequence, to be given up. But the spoliation does not stop here, nor is the exhaustive drain confined to channels of domestic enterprise alone; foreign countries are importing American woods in prodigious quantities.

These are some of the causes that are conspiring to deform and deforest a land of primeval verdure and beauty; that have already, in many regions, given their creative impulse to caustic winds and torrid climates; that have robbed the soil of its productiveness; that have sown the seeds of pestilence in the habitations of men; and that have increased the poverty of the poor by advancing the cost of his fuel and the price of his lumber and furniture, and by imposing high rates on his travel and transportation. To these causes may be, in part, imputed the enhanced value of materials employed by the manufacturer, on the one hand, and the reduced wages of the laborer on the other; and to them may be charged a similar tendency to disrupt the covenant between capital and labor, and produce the civil commotions that occasionally disturb every industry in the land.

These calamities had befallen the older nations of the earth long before ours had suffered in any part of her dominion. France had been a sufferer for centuries before she inaugurated measures for the rehabilitation of her naked lands. The famous Bernard Palissey had already pleaded with his countrymen to spare their luxuriant woodlands, and had denounced their pernicious destruction of timber as not only an error but a curse and a calamity to all France. Through the efforts of Colbert, her great minister, she at last devised a splendid scheme for the reproduction of her forests. A department, under the Ministry of Finance, was created for the purpose, and it has so far succeeded as to add 9,000,000 acres of timber to the wealth of the country. France has also crossed the Mediterranean with her system and made the African heaths to blossom like a garden.

The British Government has also awakened to a sense of its impending fate. It has organized a Forest Bureau for domestic purposes, and it has introduced an elaborate system of forest administration into the Indian Empire.

Spain has enacted a forest code, and a general impetus is given to the pleasing and profitable occupation of planting trees upon the bare plains of Castile and Estramadura.

Austria, Prussia, and the Germanic States have each their special departments for forest culture.

The little state of Greece votes an annual stipend for the perpetuation of her forests, and systems of protection against the forest vandals of the old world have been devised in Turkey, in Italy, in Denmark, in Sweden, in Palestine, in Syria, and in Egypt.

But the spoliation of timber and its evil consequences are not confined to countries beyond the ocean; they are felt in our own land, and have fallen upon our own times. Prof. Hayden, the eminent geologist, and the Hon. George P. Marsh have both declared in strong language that tree planting in this country is worthy the attention of our national government, and should be undertaken at the cost of the national treasury. The suggestion is entitled to peculiar force in view of the fact that wood, in the various forms of its production and manufacture pays more than one-half of the entire revenue of the United States. Congress was, no doubt, influenced by such practical argument when it enacted a law donating a portion of the public domain to such persons as should improve it with plantations of timber.

The Federal Government is not alone in its losses from the destructive onslaught upon American woodlands. Several of the states have already lost their most remunerative industries from this cause, and their people are, many of them, driven into new fields of adventure. New York, California and Nebraska have each found it necessary to enact bounty laws for the encouragement of tree-planting; and Illinois, Kansas, Missouri and Iowa have all legislated, with more or less care, for the conservation of their forests. In Michigan, Massachusetts and Wisconsin the most thorough organizations have been effected by public-spirited men in behalf of this important interest, while all over the new state of Colorado are springing up vast groves of walnut trees planted by the hand of an enlightened and advancing population.

What is now the condition of Texas in regard to this paramount but now neglected interest? This great commonwealth embraces within her limits an area that covers nearly one-twelfth of the surface comprised in all the States and Territories of the Union. The peculiar and varied formations in this vast expanse point it out as the congenial home of every enterprise, the land of every nationality, and the busy scene of an empire more populous than the Indies. It is estimated that within this territory there is an area four times greater than that of Pennsylvania, in which there is neither a tree nor a shrub; while the wooded regions are confined to the cross-timbers, the water-courses and their valleys, and a few patches of mountainous growth. These regions are now in process of rapid

GEMS FROM A TEXAS QUARRY.

denudation; the mills and the factories and the wood-yards of the country are kept active to supply an increasing demand, and their numbers are multiplying daily in order to meet the requirements of an unprecedented increase in our population. Our forests are thus being destroyed, root and branch, and not a hand is lifted for their renovation.

When we remember that no portion of the continent is more exposed to high winds and long droughths, or is more subject to sudden floods and irregularities of climate, and that these disturbances may all be opposed by the presence of an abundant forest growth, the indifference of our people on the subject appears absolutely inexplicable. And when we consider the recent and disastrous experience of other countries, whose fate at any time may be our own, it would seem that our best energies would be engaged to avert it. It may be asked by what means is this work to be accomplished. I point to the history of the past for an answer. It tells us that nature will not brook a perversion of her forces; that she will visit with calamity any people who disturb the symmetry of her laws; and that she has created forests as indispensable agents for the administration of her own wise and inscrutable economy. It tells us that the destruction of these forests is visited upon the destroyer; that he may restore both himself and his country to her favor by restoring the objects of his thoughtless prodigality; that he may, with his own hands, replant the living pillars of her temple, and thus atone for the ruin he has made. It tells us of the generations of sufferers in distant lands who have expiated the folly of their forefathers, and who, by the richness of their offerings, have brought back the opulence and ease of more auspicious times.

With this experience before us, we should concert measures to reclaim from the perils of sterility the treeless and unproductive plains of the State, and not cease from our labors until we have reproduced the forests that once adorned our hills and covered the nakedness of our valleys.

When we have accomplished this, we will be able to point to a vast region of almost tropical fertility, blessed with a soft and salubrious climate, and endowed with capabilities beyond human calculation—a region which we will transmit as a bountiful and undivided heritage to the future millions of Texas; a region which in our own generation we may make to blossom “like a garden of the Lord,” where our children may ramble through arcades and avenues, wrapt in admiration of the soft beauty which green pastures and still waters impart to the scene.

MY VALENTINES.

BY COL. A. M. HOBBY, GALVESTON.

COME, fill to the brim, let us drink to the day,
Old memories back it will bring;
One bumper to banish life's winter away,
Then back to its glorious spring.
Old age shall be cheered at the banquet of mirth,
As love-lighted visions arise,
Like blooms that are hidden will spring from the earth,
When wooed by the smile of the skies.

I am standing again at the portal of youth,
'Mid memories many and tender,
And the future grows bright as the rainbow of truth
Unrolls in its magical splendor.
In the school-house again, where in solitude waved
The sorrow-toned shadowless pine,
At the old oaken desk where her name is engraved,
I am writing my first Valentine.

A poor wounded heart is suspended above.
Cupid's arrows are piercing it through,
And I swore by each note in the gamut of love,
That my love should forever be true.
Its edges were gilt and its sides were embossed,
Without an erasure or blot,
The t's with a rule were all carefully cross'd,
And the i's had their heavy round dot.

GEMS FROM A TEXAS QUARRY.

Her face was all beauty, and faultless her form,
Her cheeks wore the roses of May,
Her ringlets were tinged with the blushes of morn,

And her eyes, they were azure as day.
We parted, and others were soon in her place.
I fervently sighed as they passed,

I hailed them in turn, queen of beauty and grace,
And the dearest was always the last.

And whence do you ask, are those Valentines now?
One has gone to the Kingdom of Peace ;
I smoothed down her tresses and kissed her cold brow.
It was white as the young lamb's fleece ;
And long as she slept where the jassamine arch
Bends lovingly over her tomb,
And Spring seems to pause in her glorious march,
To shed there her fragrance and bloom.

Another whose days have been cheerless and cold—
Her brow keeps the record of care—
She bartered affection for acres of gold,
For a life that she never could share ;
And others are treading life's silent decline—
Some invite me, perhaps, to a dance,
And a bumper or two of mellow old wine,
Rekindles my early romance.

In the smile of the daughter the mother appears.
And the idol I worshiped is seen ;
I gaze and forget that a river of years
Is silently flowing between.
Oh ! well is it thus that my fancy takes wing.
My bachelor cares to assuage ;
Thus rose-buds are plucked from the garden of Spring
To bloom in the Winter of age.

SELFISHNESS.

BY TOMMIE S. TURNER, ABBOTT.

WE bear many a load through life
That there's no need of taking,
We fail in many an adverse strife,
Ourselves our worst foes making ;
Yet we might make our lives more blest
And many a passion smother,
And oft relieve the poor oppressed,
By helping one another.

But when we feel inclined to grant
The humbly made petition,
Our folly rising up will rant
And rail at their condition ;
And pride and folly, these combined,
Our kindly feelings smother,
Until we're coldly disinclined
From helping one another.

And thus our hearts are hardened till—
So selfish is our nature—
We follow still the low-born will,
And scorn to help a creature.
We're ruled by self and greed for gold,
And they will ever smother
The finest feelings ever told,
And alienate each other.

GEMS FROM A TEXAS QUARRY.

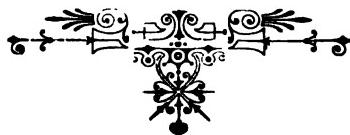
But vain to rail at selfish man !
For he was selfish ever,
From lordly rank to vulgar clan
Doth rage the "catching fever;"
The cock-brained lawyer's self-conceit
Turns up its nose at poor folks,
As though it would not wipe its feet
On them without demur, folks.

His stiff-necked pride cocks up his head,
A wise disgusting stare, man ;
He stalks with such majestic tread
As though he "walked the air," man.
And learned fools who know so much,
They really do know nothing,
All dandies, coxcombs, fops and such,
Are filled with gas for stuffing.

The wealthy struts with lordly strides,
He heartless grinds the poor man
(His gains, alas ! is all he prides),
And turns him from his door, man ;
And broadcloth fools and velvet gents,
Preferred to homespun honor,
Deceitful tongues breathe sentiments
As foul as that lies under.

Oh ! thus we delve about and grope
In shades of darkness ever,
And leave our brother man to cope
Without our aid for ever.
We struggle each against the flood,
But sink, alas ! down further,
When we might well the storm withstand,
By helping one another.

The weight that one would sink beneath
Is lightly borne by two men ;
They thus brace up and freely breathe,
And go unworried through, men.
Friends, let us then by wise command
Bid selfish passions smother,
And aye extend a helping hand
To aid a fallen brother.



EXTRACT FROM
THE ADDRESS OF JUDGE A. W. TERRELL,

OF AUSTIN, TEXAS, BEFORE THE ATHENÆUM AND RUSK SOCIETIES OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS, JUNE 13, 1883.

BEFORE speaking of this University, free for the poor and the rich as it is, and will be, let me ask you to consider the men who long ago made this Texas free; let me remind you of whom they were, of how they wrought in poverty for your good, and hoped for that University which they died without seeing.

Never in the history of America but once has a body of men assembled who equaled in boldness and sagacity the fifty-six delegates who met in convention in the town of Washington, on the Brazos, and promulgated, on the 2nd day of March, 1836, the formal declaration of Texas independence.

In that declaration of their grievances against Mexico, they used this language: "It has failed to establish a system of public education, although possessed of boundless resources (the public domain), and although it is an axiom in political science, that unless a people are educated and enlightened, it is idle to expect a continuance of civil liberty or a capacity for self-government."

Fifteen days after those fifty-six men made that declaration, and committed the issue to the Supreme Arbitrator of the destinies of nations, they signed the first constitution of the Republic of Texas, in which they used this language:

"It shall be the duty of Congress, as soon as circumstances will permit, to provide by law for a general system of education."

That declaration was the babe in the manger, whilst idolatry was on the throne. Houston, who signed both the constitution and the declaration, went at once with his associate delegates to command in the field, and thirty-five days afterwards avenged, on the field of San Jacinto, the butchery of the Alamo, which occurred just eleven days before the constitution was signed. Thus Texas made her demand for public education in the midst of a war for her existence, and it was made by those who went from the council chamber to the field, and periled their lives to secure it.

Let no Texas youth ever fail to honor the memory of those who signed that declaration and that constitution, and who stood with Houston, Lamar and Burleson in the shock of battle to maintain them. It was not strange that such men, standing almost in the presence of an invading enemy, should remember the cause of education, when we consider who they were, for among them were educated gentlemen whose presence would have added dignity to any parliament on earth.

History, while transmitting their names, tells you nothing of their accomplishments. Among them were Houston and Rusk, afterwards Senators in the United States. Collingsworth, an accomplished scholar and afterwards the first Chief-Justice of the Republic, was there; Antonio Navarro, a graduate of the University of Mexico; Dr. Motley, an accomplished scholar, slain a few days afterwards at San Jacinto; Carson, a distinguished graduate of the University of North Carolina; David Thomas, also a ripe scholar and the first Attorney-General of the Republic; Geo. C. Childress, who penned the Declaration of Independence, with Menard, the two Fishers, Potter, Briscoe, Gazley, Conrad, Stewart, Stepp, Rains, and still others were there, a majority of whom were *University graduates*, and signers of that first Constitution.

Never did Camilius exhibit for his native Rome, or Hermodius and Aristogoton for Athens, a more ardent devotion than did those men manifest for this Texas, the land of their adoption.

Nowhere on earth are students surrounded with climatic and natural conditions better adapted to intellectual progress than here at the University of Texas. If we descend from this altitude and go nearer the equator to where nature supplies without labor the fruits of earth, man becomes enervated and his mind torpid under an ardent sun. In a more rigorous climate and on an unfruitful soil, all his energies are required to supply physical wants, and short time is left for mental culture. But here, at the foot of these mountains, on a fruitful soil, where the cooling breeze of every night refreshes both body and mind for another day of toil, our posterity may, if it will, realize our dream of a civilization that will be permanent and constantly progressive, for it will be founded upon liberty, education and competence.

When, in after life, your thoughts revert to your alma mater, the most pleasing memories will be those of your literary society. There the consciousness of power is perhaps first felt, and the fires of ambition first lighted. From the hard study of classic and scientific lore, you will turn for pleasure, relaxation and profit to the exercise and interchange of views

on literary subjects, and in your societies cultivate that habit of independent thought, so indispensable to the formation of elevated character. In your classical and scientific course your memory will be trained and your mind stored with facts, which, while important, are not more so than the volumes of human experience which you may read, and the great book of human nature which you *must* study.

Master, with fixed resolve, the learning of the class room, but neglect not to cultivate that taste for literature without which no man can be an accomplished scholar. The Georgics and Æneids of the friend of Mæcenas, the odes of his great contemporary, or the martial hexameters of the blind Greek, which, for a thousand years, inspired his people, you will learn, but in language of the silent past. Neglect not the epic and pastoral bards of your own people, while studying Hume and Macaulay, and with Greene, their history. Consider from what a heroic race you sprung when you see a little Island in the north of Europe whose Shakespeare has delighted, instructed and inspired the world, and whose people, led by statesmen and soldiers trained in her universities, to-day hold a quarter of this globe in their grip. With the accomplished Gibbon explore the causes which destroyed the greatest republic of antiquity, and with Buckle and Greene learn how and why civilization has advanced. For I hold that no learning is more useful to a free citizen than that which instructs him how man has been elevated, and of the causes which from time to time have enslaved him.

The human mind to have full development must have pleasing exercise, and thus it may gather wisdom from recreation.

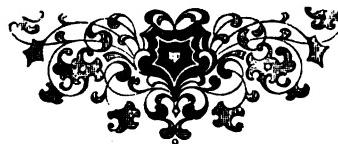
The gentleman who steps upon the stage of action from the university cuts but a poor figure when he exhibits himself as a bundle of classical and scientific facts and nothing more. Learn that persistence is the key to success, and fix your ambition above and beyond self; for to what good purpose will you have lived, if when death comes you can point to no act which has advanced or benefited your race?

Whatever religious faith may be true, that surely must be false which does not inspire an ardent love for man in his ignorance, his misery and degradation. Next to the religion of God must be that of humanity. Will this inspire you? Behold! the harvest is plenteous! the wilderness is at last peopled, and the horrid grinding and clash between capital and labor is heard in the heart of great cities, from the depths of mines, and wherever machinery gathers wealth.

You inherit the blessings of free government, but will be confronted

with the unsolved problems that threaten it. Prepare well, therefore, for the great future of our manhood here on earth, and remember that while you are citizens of the grandest government in all this world, you are also citizens of a State, the most heroic and the proudest of them all. Love Texas for her flowery plains and her free streams, for her chivalric past, her happy present, and for the glorious promise of her future. Love her from the mountains to the sea, as one Texas, matchless in her beauty, free as the mountain air, and peopled by men glowing with patriotism and self-sustaining in their manhood!

Here Science, wandering, found her chosen seat,
And spreads her store of blessings at your feet:
Wheels our rich products o'er each distant deep,
Even speeds our fancies on the lightning's leap:
Prevents division with her iron bands,
And helps us labor with her thousand hands;
With Art, her sister, walks through all this State,
To help us prosper, and to make us great.



A BITTER-BRIGHT DAY.

BY JOHN F. ELLIOTT, DALLAS.

Lines in reply to my little daughter in New Orleans, on receipt of an elegant and ingenious birthday present, her own handiwork.

I THANK you, my daughter, my darling.
For this elegant present to me;
A smile from your deft, fairy fingers,
A kiss from your heart in its glee.
'Tis one of the many sweet graces
Of the love that adorns my lone room,
For it seems where I turn there your face is,
To cheer up the solitude's gloom.

The work in its neatness reminds me
Of a pair of white hands and their skill,
You inherit their—how the light blinds me—
And my throat—oh, full heart, do be still!
Ah, what mean these tears that are stealing
Their lava-like course down my cheek,
And this wave-surge my bosom is feeling,
Till the lips overwhelmed cannot speak?

'Tis the light of a memory whose glimmer
In the oil of the aloes was cast,
And whose taper will never burn dimmer.
In the temple of time to the last.
I think of some scenes, of a sadness,
The wreck of a merciless day;
For "the grave, where we bury a Gladness.
Sends Grief as a ghost on our way."

But suppose that the Fates in their treatment
Have shattered some dreams that I cherished,
And suppose that the gold and the silver
Of effort and wish have thus perished ;
Yet have I not gems that are brighter
Than mountains or valleys conceal,
In the eyes of my Idol, my daughter,
As they flash with the love they reveal ?

Suppose that some chords in the octaves
Of life have been snapped in the play,
Or flowers from the garden been stolen,
In the banqueting months of its May ?
Ah, a melody sweeter, sweet darling,
In the keys of your voice my heart knows,
While your rosy young lips in their perfume.
Excel every flower that grows.

Then why not, you are asking this morning,
Dispel every gleam of my gloom,
And my thoughts, on this bright natal dawning.
Flow but to my buds in their bloom ?
And why have I muffled the music,
These sunbeams should melt to sweet song ?
Why shadow each smile with a sighing,
That do not to this hour belong ?

Come, list, little Cherub, I'll tell you
Why December thaws not into May,
And why I thus go, in the valley of Woe,
And not on Mirth's mountain to-day.
Just five years ago at my side, love—
You "two little buds" in your bloom—
We saw death to deck a sweet bride, love,
And wreath a fair form for the tomb.

What a gift that Ambassador tendered !
An Urn with the Ashes of Earth !
Sunshine and shadow forevermore blended.
Her Death-day the day of my birth !

GEMS FROM A TEXAS QUARRY.

And thus, darling, I've answered your query,
For this is the why, the Smile and the Sigh,
The Sad and the Sweet, all meet at my feet,
On this Bitter-Bright Day in July!

But whatever the future discloses,
As I travel my wearisome way.
Whether thorns are awaiting, or roses,
Or triumphs, or mistings of gray.
There's a Spring in the heart of my daughter,
A souvenir wand in her face.
That will sweeten the waters of Marah,
With Hope's holiest halo of Grace.



THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE.

BY THOMAS J. GIRARDEAU, HOUSTON.

SOME twenty-five years ago, an eccentric professor of English literature in one of our Southern colleges, made himself notorious by declaring that we no longer spoke the English language, but a tongue which should be called, by every law of history and philology, the American language. This declaration used to excite considerable merriment in the literary circles in which the worthy professor moved and had his being, and by certain of the orthodox sort, brought up at the feet of such purists as Leland and Thornwell, it was regarded as a heresy to be summarily proceeded against with bell, book and candle. Many stupendous changes have taken place since Dr. Gracchus ruffled the placid surface of the *Conversazione* Club, by his radical theories in philology. The majority of that pleasant circle, we sadly fear, have, ere this, made experience of the supreme generation—“*multæ terricolis linguae; celestibus una!*” but the survivors will recognize in the license of speech which prevails, consequent on the loosing of the bands of tradition and conservatism during the late war, a decided threat of that transformation of our language, the hint of which was deemed so ridiculous a quarter of a century ago.

It is with regret we make the confession. In the effusion of our sophomoric classicalism, we had ourselves indulged in some high-flown sarcasm at the provincial savan and his quaint efforts at constructing the American language. With the accents of Clay, Webster, and Calhoun lingering on our ears, we could afford to show some warmth in defending the language of Hume and Addison from attack; but now, in the presence of the Congressional *Globe*, Bret Harte, and Webster's dictionary, we are tempted to sink upon the stool of repentance. Young America criticises us on the streets, in the schools, and under the chandelier, in spread-eagle *argot*; the representatives of our people, in Congress assembled, currently use forms of speech that make London and Oxford stare; and the pulpit that once echoed the pure Saxon of Jonathan Edwards and the sonorous English of John Mason now, too frequently, squeaks like the fiddle of Pantaloon, or raves in the gabble of the auctioneer.

It cannot be denied that our language has developed, some say deteriorated, strangely within the last score of years; but in spite of this fact, deplorable though it be, we hold it to be English, and nothing but English still. The English of the present day is in comparison with that of Goldsmith and Swift, as the Lydian Greek was to the Attic severity of Isocrates.

The inhabitants of the Atlantic slope are, in their choicer classes, incapacitated from knowing and passing a correct judgment upon the language spoken by thirty millions of their fellow countrymen who dwell in the great interior.

The bonds that unite them socially and commercially with England, are too close and controlling not to influence powerfully and permanently their ideas and language. Amongst them, the higher modes of English life are known, admired, and imitated.

The number of aristocratically educated persons, characterized by a refinement utterly unappreciated and ignored by the mass of the American people, is of sufficient force to form a respectable bulwark for their conservation, and to radiate from each such Athenian centre a stream of light into the vast country within, mollifying the roughness of bucolic life and toning down the asperities of a community characteristically absorbed in objective pursuits.

The educated Bostonian, New Yorker, and Charlestonian speaks English with more or less purity, and often with the fear of Oxford and his English cousins before his eyes.

The metropolitan cities throughout the interior, by the aggregation of wealth, afford germinal and conservative centres for the propagation and preservation of pure English.

The thousand colleges and universities throughout the land are nurseries of the English language; and although frequent departures from the original occur through ignorance and a stupid intention, yet these departures have hitherto been entirely superficial. No wound, so far, has been inflicted by innovators upon the body of the English language as spoken and written by Ruskin and Herbert Spencer.

Webster himself, the ablest and the most radical of all who have deflected from the pure English standard, has erected, in his dictionary, an immortal monument to the integrity and glory of the English language. The pulpit, the courts of justice, the better class of newspapers, in fact every English print—and their name is legion—all tend to establish and perpetuate the English language.

The public school system, based primarily on English principles, expressed in the same tongue, is another absolute proof of the prevalence of the language and against any theory of its decadence; the German and French, the only competing tongues, are probably not taught in our schools in a greater proportion than that of one to one hundred. English is the spoken language of the vast majority of our population; it is concreted in our institutes, our literature, and belongs as really and ineradicably to us as any quality can belong to us that is not in itself organic or congenital.

The offset to all this is the vicious *usus loquendi* of the people at large, or more specifically the false use of the common tongue by the unlearned majority.

It is asserted by Englishmen, and by some educated Americans, that the American people, as such, do not speak the English language, but a dialect derived from that tongue, colored by various accretions from other languages, and developed by a law peculiarly its own.

It is asserted that the end, if not yet reached, will be sooner or later, when it will be declaratively evident that the American language will have become so unique as to merit and demand its being differentiated into a language *per se*.

We deprecate any such conclusion, and for the following reasons:

1st.—The development of a language, while an exceedingly complex process, follows certain general laws. Like begets like. English speech and English literature will generate English speech and English literature.

The origin of our language is a definite one in and as to its time and circumstances. It took our English forefathers a thousand years of experience to arrive at the point of civilization which they had attained when our colonies were planted. The American stepped full-grown upon the world's stage. All our institutes, our habits, our traditions are in the main English. The archives of our ancestry are kept in London Tower, in the Bodleian and in Westminster Abbey. The fountain from which our language flows has been colored by the blood of martyrs and confessors in a millennial test of human development. Our language is thoroughly historical. It is the result of an outgrowth, strong, venerable and complete as to its principles. Additions to its vocabulary, a brighter tint here and there to its written expression, or a new inflection in the mouths of the latest generations have not marred its integrity and identity any more than do the creeping glaciers and sporadic avalanches radically change the granite constitution of the Matterhorn.

We hear foreign jargon in the streets of New York, bad German in the valleys of Pennsylvania, and bad French and Spanish in Louisiana and on the Rio Grande; in the Southern States four millions of blacks speak a barbarous *patois*; throughout the entire west the rural population use a Doric dialect but a little better than the nasal drawl of the Nantucket whaler. But let it be remembered, that throughout the length and breadth of the land, good English is spoken and taught by the better classes, that the same disproportion exists in England itself between the pure and the provincial speech, and that one may travel from the mouth of the St. Lawrence to that of the Rio Bravo, using the vernacular of English America, without experiencing therefrom one moment's let or hindrance.

2nd.—Another reason that induces us to disbelieve in the possibility of any organic change in our mother tongue, is the peculiar and subjective genius of the language itself.

The English language withstood the fierce and determined assaults of the Norman line of kings for centuries. Persecution, personal and official disability, ridicule and contempt, were all tried in the vain endeavor to induce our sturdy forefathers to disuse their Saxon mother-tongue and accept the Norse and Celtic *melange* of their patrician conquerors. From the ordeal of a thousand years, the language has emerged, enriched by a few hundred foreign words, as a stately woman has her beauty enhanced by the adventitious aid of gold and brilliants attached to her person.

Of the millions that have landed on our shores within the past century, the great majority have learned to speak English enough for all practical purposes, and their children, with but a meagre exception, idiomatically.

In a few localities the prejudice of race instinct has segregated a colony of immigrants. These un-English speaking communities are like petty islands of sound within the sweep of the surrounding sea of English! In a few years they will be washed away, or history belies itself!

But we are prepared to go a step forward. We not only believe the English language to be the natural and necessary tongue of the United States of America, but we believe it is destined to be the dominant language of the globe! This assertion is made without a shade of arrogance, for it will be granted by the knowing that English is the ruling language of *Commerce*, and practically, Commerce rules the world. Men continually travel around the earth—through Europe, Asia, and America—know-

ing only the English language, and finding but little difficulty in securing their pet dishes, exchanging their bills, making their purchases and gathering their budgets of information—whether it be in Paris, Berlin, St. Petersburg, Constantinople, Canton, or San Francisco.

The elasticity with which the English language receives accessions from all tongues has induced some to imagine that it will eventually degenerate into a universal hot-potch, or, more grandiloquently, will develop into the Cosmopolitan language, *mori Americano!*

Such theorists ignore the history of our tongue—how that it has become hardened into its present forms as by fire; they forget that development does not imply disintegration.

Calm reflection will force every fair thinker to grant the present epoch is one marked by the dominance of the Teutonic race.

At the present time, England, Germany, and the United States are certainly the powers in the ascendant; and it cannot be denied that the United States of America, provided their unity be preserved, possesses the elements of a more tremendous expansion than any other nation since the fall of Rome.

When this country shall, within another century, number one hundred and fifty millions of inhabitants, all speaking one language, and that language the English language, but then developed in kind as it has been developed in kind up to our own time from the days of Shakespeare; when that day shall come in which this enormous mass of human beings shall read the English version of the Bible; shall have the civil law expounded in the homely accents of Blackstone, and shall read Hamlet understandingly without a glossary; in anticipation of that day, there is a splendid and profound significancy in the fact that we Americans speak the English language, and that our children will speak the English language after us.

3rd.—The last reason we would assign for our incredulity as to any organic change in the English language, is that the changes which have already taken place are due to the laws of legitimate development; that the species of development now at work upon the language does not differ in kind, but only in degree; and that development in itself, so far from implying destruction, is, on the contrary, a proof of vitality and intrinsic force.

The Yorkshire and Somersetshire peasants speak a dialect as uncouth as the lowland Scotchman, but no one doubts that they speak English. They do not speak the sonorous English of Oxford, nor the refined lan-

guage of Belgravia, but the rustic who "murders the Queen's English" in sight of Shakespeare's birthplace, is as thoroughly understood by the scholarly pilgrim who accosts him for local information.

Should the inquisitive traveler begin at Land's End an itinerary of Great Britain, before he would reach John O'Groats he would pass through a gamut of variations played upon the common English theme not surpassed, perhaps, by the dialects that once perplexed our youthful researches in Hellenic literature; but still, with the exception of an occasional Celt in Wales and the Scottish Highlands, our traveler would not meet with any who would not understand his classical English, and who could not make himself understood in turn. Moreover, through all this difference and dissonance, there is continually heard the authoritative voice of the few thinkers who give current and permanent expression to the language.

The standards of the English tongue are embalmed in the literature of the period; they are engraved upon the monuments of the obscure and the illustrious dead; they are endowed with a vital force in the laws of the land, in ecclesiastical and scientific institutions, and are reiterated in the daily speech of the educated and refined classes. The result is the English language, as exhibited in its latest development—the poems of Tennyson, the last act of Parliament, the post-prandial speeches at the Lord Mayor's banquet, and yesterday's *Times*.

And can less be said for the United States? In theory, what ground of difference may logically be intruded, excepting the immense tide of foreign immigration? None; and as to the influence of the immigrant access, let this be borne in mind, viz., that one-half of these immigrants are English-speaking people. However imperfect their education, and uncouth their brogue, they belong to the English family as regards language; they are already familiar, to some extent, with the method by which the English-speaking people are governed and educated. As to the remainder of the foreign accession to our population, the commercial and inevitable law is laid upon them. They are compelled, in spite of themselves, to learn the English language. But few escape from this compulsion, and they are, at best, but dead flies in the apothecary's ointment.

There is an idle arrogance on the part of some who emigrate from scenes of oppression, or repression at least, to the shelter of our free institutions, in that they imagine that it remains with them—their wish, their will—to perpetuate the speech and mode of life belonging to their original habitat. They are entirely mistaken! To say nothing of the bad taste and

unsound policy involved, the impossibility is enough to engage our attention. The characteristic life and spirit of the American people are English. This is expressed by the universal use of the English language. The Norseman, Teuton or Celt, who would build conventional walls around his little community and gabble in a strange tongue all his days, in the midst of a great people whose laws, worship and education are all conducted in the English language, is doing a very silly thing. He is aping the Chinese on a pigmy scale. His old age will rebuke him when he will hear his own children speaking the despised English with more ease and pleasure than his cherished native tongue. One might as well endeavor to resist the effects of the sun and rain, as to set his face against the pure despotism of our language over the dwellers upon our soil. The English language is the natural guardian of American institutions. Long may it continue to be so.

It is interesting to note, on the one side, how Englishmen, without a diploma or any "exequatur" of education, except business capacity and "solvency," unite with foreigners from the banks of the Seine and the Rhine in speaking contemptuously of the claims of Americans to speak English correctly. It is enough to make John Randolph rise from his grave and unite with the ghosts of Irving, Prescott and Simms, in doing some desperate injury to the ignoramuses who thus expose themselves to a cruel retaliation. To-day, there are a greater number of cultivated gentlemen in America who speak and write the English language according to the standards of Cowper, Hume and DeQuincy, than there are in all England, Scotland and Ireland, together. It is to be lamented that the commercial conspiracy against the purity of our mother tongue, inaugurated by Noah Webster, has succeeded so well; and it is annoying to note the widespread divergence that has been caused in the *usus loquendi*, by his authority, from the venerable standards of the English language. But after all, this "departure," as our little people would say, does not amount to "a row of pins." Webster was a Hercules in his labors, to uphold and glorify the English language, and all that he and his following have effected in their attacks upon the principles of our glorious tongue, may be likened to the nip of a gad-fly upon the flank of a rhinoceros! Provincialisms, localisms, and even slang may creep in as in England, but there is no fear whatever that Americans will ever cease to speak and use in its full strength and integrity the English language.

ONLY A MOMENT.

BY NETTIE POWER HOUSTON, BRYAN.

THREE was a moment in my life
That cannot come again;
But tho' I may not call it back,
'Tis worth whole years of pain.

There is a chapter in my life,
Made up of Winter eves;
And there this golden moment wreathed,
In dark banana leaves,
Some trifling thing each passing day.
Can call it to my mind,
The perfume of a Violet,
Some straying waif I find.

Some whispered praise of earnest lips,
That would my spirit move;
A shadow steals across my path,
There is no room for love.

The past with me, a Miser is,
And cruel is his hold;
But chief among his hoarded gems,
One moment set in gold,
A proud Napoleonic face
Before my fancy looms;
A pair of dark eyes seek for me
Among the violet blooms.

He seeks my white dress thro' the leaves,
And then he draws more near;
My Violets from my fingers slip,
My heart I almost hear.
'Tis something to have nobly loved,
Tho' few should love in vain;
I know he loved me, and the thought
Is worth whole years of pain.

THE ONE TALENT.

BY NETTIE POWER HOUSTON, BRYAN.

IN my Lord's fair earthly Kingdom
There are talents a hundred fold,
And He gave me mine in His goodness,
More precious than jewels or gold.

When little by little 'twas rumored
This talent was given to me,
Some came to weigh and to measure,
Some came to listen and see.

There were voices in low whispers
That chilled it in those days ;
There were tones of a pride prophetic,
And words of willing praise.

But heedless alike of the scorner,
Or the murmurs of hope and cheer,
I gave my soul to my purpose,
The care of my heart-wealth dear.

I remember the slothful servant,
In the scriptural story old ;
I thought of the buried napkin,
The treasure of hidden gold ;

And then of my Lord's returning,
Of the glory that is to be,
And there dawned the sweetest of knowledge,
He had given a trust to me.

So my hands are no longer idle,
I work as I dream by the way ;
For I know if I polish and brighten,
I shall double this trust some day.

GEMS FROM A TEXAS QUARRY.

But whether I double or treble,
After all it is only a loan ;
For with usury at His coming,
My Lord must receive His own.

I meet in life's daily contact
The gifted of women and men.
Flaunting their proud professions,
Their talents are five and ten.

But my heart stirs never with envy.
Peace shadows me with her wing :
And over each daily struggle
In the midst of my work I sing.

My talent has been my blessing.
The value for a spirit sore ;
God pitied me when I suffered.
I ask Him for nothing more.

Thus on thro' the thorns and the briers
My young feet have wearily trod :
I have folded it closer and closer,
And I love it the next to my God.

MY FATHER'S PICTURE.

BY NETTIE POWER HOUSTON, BRYAN.

THE sunshine's golden fingers creep
Across the curtained wall,
Then like some crown of early Saint
Upon the canvas fall.

And in their path of guiding light
I turn my lifted eyes ;
Be still, oh beating heart of mine,
Forget thy memories !

For looking on this pictured face,
With yearning spell-bound gaze,
The tide of years has backward turned
To childhood's vanished days.

Again I search those deep gray eyes
For all the mystery there,
Or press my loving lips against
The gathered lines of care.

I twine my fingers thro' the locks
Grown white in honest toil ;
Or note the grand and classic curves,
Which time cannot despoil.

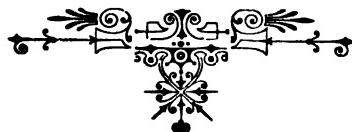
Oh, artist hand inspired and true !
In vain were love and tears,
Yet, at thy bidding, he who slept,
Wakes from the rest of years.

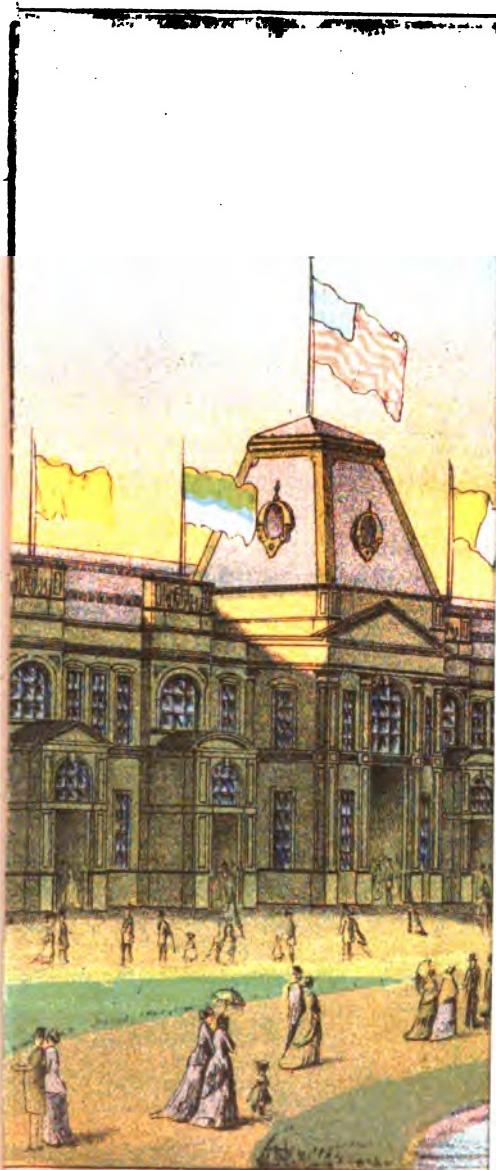
GEMS FROM A TEXAS QUARRY.

Endor's Enchantress waved her arm,
The lifeless Seer to bring,
And called the mantled prophet forth
To answer Israel's King.

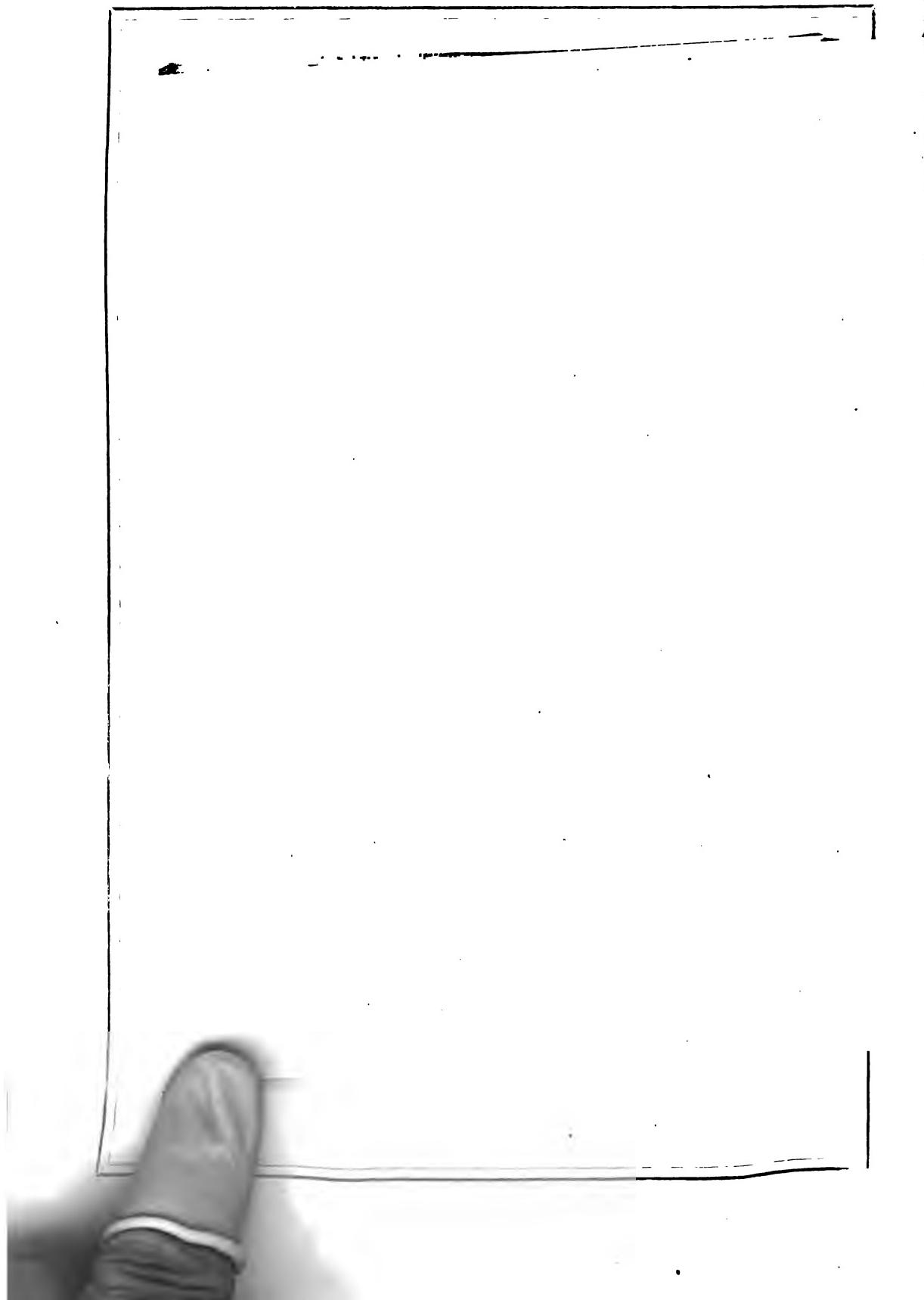
So Genius o'er this canvas throws
Her necromantic spell,
And 'neath the sceptre of thine art
Her witchery doth tell.

To those who knew and loved him best
This tribute softly give:
"Tho' gone he is not lost to us,
For *here* he yet doth live."





their accompanying time-tables and guide-books have brought into constant practice and use. That railroads are fast destroying the romance and impromptu of travel there is no doubt, and while they offer us in



AN INCIDENT OF TRAVEL.

BY MRS. PAUL BREMOND, HOUSTON.

WE formed a pleasant, joyous party, composed of two brides, still in their teens, on their wedding tour with their husbands, and two young Englishmen and their sister, who had joined us quite unexpectedly—representing three different nationalities, France, England, and last, but not least, America; for although the former considered proper to claim me as her offspring, the land of my birth ever twined its tendrils around my heart and kept it true to its allegiance, from which it can never swerve.

It was in the first days of June, in the early flush of morn, our party composed of seven, standing in front of the small inn—assuming but not deserving at that time the appellation of hotel—in the town of Dole, the last stage of our journey before crossing the frontier into Switzerland over the Jura mountain. There, gayly chatting, awaiting in eager expectancy the spacious diligence we had chartered to take us on our way, and which the first rosy light on the horizon, announcing day-break, was to bring to the door.

Travel in those days had not as yet taken its place among the *exact sciences* as it very nearly has since. The day and hour on which to start—on which to arrive—the time allotted for sight-seeing, the places at which a shorter or more protracted stoppage is to be made, the object of special interest to be admired, the scenery and the particular points of view to be longest dwelt upon, the very bill of fare is oft-times pre-arranged and forth-coming at a moment's notice. The charm of the *imprevu*, which the French so justly appreciate, is wholly abrogated; all is laid down before hand with systematic precision that leaves no scope for the imagination. It is all as business-like and methodical as the rule of three, and the laws which regulate the movements of planetary system could scarcely work with greater unity than those which the establishment of railways with their accompanying time-tables and guide-books have brought into constant practice and use. That railroads are fast destroying the romance and impromptu of travel there is no doubt, and while they offer us in

exchange facilities, greater ease and, perhaps, safety, we cannot but deplore at times the attractiveness—the charm we have lost.

We had already been seated in the roomy diligence that our party filled, crossed many of the most charming provinces of France, meeting at almost every step the pleasurable, the unexpected, lovely bits of scenery, rugged, lonely mountain gorges which we could not pass without a shudder—the description of which had not yet been hackneyed in every guide-book—quaint nationalities and personalities which are fast disappearing before the tide of progress and civilization; primitive customs, curious costumes, and many trifling peculiarities that were quite new to us, lent to our progress an interest unknown to the railroad traveler flitting by with lightning speed.

Wherever we stopped to change horses, or for our daily repasts in some wayside, old-fashioned looking inn, we encountered some event or matter of interest worthy of classification in the store-house of memory, to be gratefully recalled when the remembrance of those days should rise up vividly before us; nor among the least of our enjoyments shall we forget to recall the delicious tit-bits and dainty morsels that were often the special *chef d'œuvre* of some particular hostelry that attached a certain renown to the spot not to be found elsewhere. Tourists and travelers are apt to have appetites the world over, and to the glory of France, be it said—while a contrary statement would, perhaps, be nearer the truth in our own country—no matter how insignificant, how small, how unaccustomed to the ordinary influx of travelers some out-of-the-way hostelry might be, one may always find a satisfactory repast; frequently some impromptu, succulent, savory dishes, which would at once restore one's perturbed equanimity.

In the door-way of the inn stood our good-natured, rubicund, jolly-faced host, the rotundity of his proportions, with the contented expression of his features, betokening general satisfaction with himself and all mankind. A certain astuteness, however, played around his thick lips, while cunning gleamed in the glance of his eye, and his features wore on that particular morning a more than usually happy grimace probably, for the bill had been paid without a remonstrance, though, like some of his good dishes, rather highly seasoned, we thought, but so excellent withal, so palatable, that we could not find room for complaint.

What a model he would have proved for some of those old painters of the Dutch school, so fond of lifting the curtain upon some sly, monastic scene where a couple of jolly, good friars, betwixt matins and vespers, in the privacy of their cells, were indulging in the forbidden pastime of a game

of cards, with frequent libations from some delectable vintage, to judge from appearances, and from the empty, cob-webbed, suspicious-looking, long-necked vessels peeping out from the folds of their robe at their feet.

But while our imaginations were running on in this strain, the gentlemen of our party cracking their jokes, flinging their jibes and jeers in true school-boy fashion in the direction of this characteristic personage, so passive and self-satisfied, that he stood there totally unconscious of the attention bestowed upon him, our wide-awake senses were suddenly otherwise attracted, and a shout of boisterous mirth welcomed the odd, heavy, ill-shapen, antediluvian-seeming coach, with its six horses, that now drew up before the door. To speak frankly, we were more like a set of school-girls and boys, *on a holiday out*, than a rational party of *married* folks. The sweet spring-life, which thrilled through every pulse, waking to enthusiasm and sympathy, lent an importance and joyousness to the merest trifle which, perhaps, a few years later would have scarcely evoked a smile.

How beauteous all nature seems,
When we are young;
The darkest day with sunlight beams,
When we are young.

Each season brings its choicest song,
When we are young;
And years, like meteors, flit along,
When we are young.

Sweet smiles, with loving words to meet,
When we are young;
To cast their treasures at our feet,
When we are young.

Oh, why! when life seems one bright day,
When we are young,
Could we not thus, like Nature stay,
Forever young?

'There stood the coach, and now all was life and bustle, mine host more smiling than ever, greeting, in stentorian tones, the driver, the postillion, the numerous idlers and rag-a-muffins, who seemed to spring out of the earth, so suddenly and simultaneously they gathered about us, adding their quota to the inevitable hubbub ever attendant on such departures.

and which seems to be regarded as essential to set things in motion as the greasing of the wheels.

But our attention was too much engrossed for the nonce in examining this uncouth vehicle, which stood before the porch, to pay much attention to the discordant noises, or the whining tones of the dirty bare-footed urchins urgently petitioning for *sous*, or *soldi*, in the name of the Virgin and all the Saints.

A new personage, at this juncture, had made his appearance on the scene. Immediately there was a hush among the crowd and all eyes were turned toward the new comer. And, indeed, he well merited the attention bestowed upon him; for altogether a more picturesque looking being, off a theatrical stage, I think we never before had met with. He was a tall, stalwart, finely proportioned man, in the prime of life, elastic and graceful in his movements, as if every muscle had from early childhood been subjected to gymnastic efforts, his swarthy complexion, black, curly hair, heavy moustache, and large expressive black eyes, rendering him certainly a most attractive specimen of powerful manhood; and that he himself was thoroughly imbued with this persuasion, no one who watched his *modus operandi* could for a moment doubt. His dress also was in perfect keeping with this high estimate, proving the most studied appreciation of effect. His costume was striking—bold in color, fanciful, theatrical, as was the whole man. Velvet knee-breeches, huge top boots, a short velvet jacket, with no end of gilt buttons, and a wide-leathern banditti-like girdle encircling his waist, from which the aggressive implements had been removed, leaving only a small hatchet and many-bladed knife; a ruffled shirt, very open at the neck, a bright crimson neck-tie, knotted sailor fashion, with numerous medals of the Virgin Mary and other Saints pending from his neck; a high, broad-brimed felt hat, encircled by a crimson cord, completed his costume, recalling to our minds most vividly—not only by his appearance, but by his gesticulations and the bustling, easy, sliding, almost dancing motions by which he moved around—indeed by the whole sway of his lithe person—the entrance of Figaro in “Il Barbiere di Seville;” nor would it have seemed at all out of place had he struck up, as he entered on the present scene, with the opening strain of his part—“ecco il facto tum della citta—bravo! Figaro ci—Figaro la, Figaro ju—Figaro su”—for he looked the part to perfection, both as to person and to vivacity of bearing, and with the addition of a little more tinsel and vivid coloring of costume, would have proved a most perfect representation of the creation of Beaumarchais that Rossini has immortalized—even more so than I have yet described, as we discovered later.

This original proves to be the mountain guide, engaged to meet our English co-travelers at this place, for with the adventurous spirit and daring propensities of their nation, with abundant means and leisure at their disposal, they purposed visiting the mountainous regions in detail, scaling the almost inaccessible peaks of this gigantic wonderland, into whose lofty, mysterious heights the footsteps of venturesome man is encroaching more and more, until the mysteries enshrouding them are gradually melting away before the persevering and energetic tourist.

But as we are about to form a still better acquaintance with this most original character who has so lengthily occupied our attention, we will take our seats in the huge coach waiting to receive us—the ladies inside, the gentlemen on the top, the guide by the side of the driver, the postillion astride of the foremost quadruped, and now, 'mid the cheers, the cracking of whips, the kind wishes from the smiling landlord, the hurrahs from the crowd, we start on our journey, our illusions somewhat impaired in the direction of our handsome *Figaro*, as it seemed quite natural to designate him, the appellative fitted him so well, by his addressing our party in very correct English, although with a decided foreign accent to wish us "Good morning," and to offer some advice as to the disposal of the lunch baskets which our host, with signal liberality, had stocked with the best he had to offer, and which we proposed to partake of on the culminating point of our mountainous ascent, in face of the grand, enchanting scenery we were contemplating in perspective.

For awhile the route appeared tedious and uninteresting, at least to the occupants of the interior of the coach, for ripples of hearty laughter and unrestrained jovialty filtered through the interstices of our *coop*, as we termed it; sounds which the envious breeze wafted in some other direction, for they only reached us in such disjointed particles, as to excite the desire to hear more, and discontent was fast cropping out in our feminine circle, rendering our incarceration intolerable, while our natural protectors were having a good time. As soon as the ascent commenced we insisted upon vacating our close quarters and following the route on foot—a proposal which was unanimously adopted, and the conversation and merriment became general.

The guide also descended from his high perch and joined our group, and, although his manner was perfectly respectful, he had evidently a passion for talking and seized the opportunity whenever an opening presented itself, giving his opinion or directing our attention to the fine points of view. He seemed fully conversant with Alpine scenery, and discoursed

freely in three or four different languages. A man better suited to the position of Cicerone could not have been found, his various eccentricities proving a never failing source of amusement.

"Why, Signor Guiseppe, you are quite a polyglot," exclaimed one of our young Englishmen, who had improved his acquaintance with the so-called Figaro, while we had been famishing, both morally and physically within our *coop*, "and quite an adept, I should opine, in all the arts of travel. Where have you not been—what have you picked up—*chemin faisant*? Your budget seems to be as well stocked with itenerary matter as your person is with images and medals. Are we to suppose that you are as devoted a follower of the Saints, as you certainly have been of sight-seeing and travel? And would you deem it inquisitive on our part to inquire if you attach any other importance to those amulets and charms beyond their intrensic value and beauty?"

We all listened eagerly for his answer, for the strength, shrewdness and natural intelligence of the man seemed to preclude the possibility of any such effeminacy of superstitious faith as these trifling symbols offered. "Oh! Milord," he replied with vivacity, "do not believe these are mere trinkets for adornment; they are the holiest of relics. I would sooner part with my life than separate myself voluntarily from any of them. Thanks to their benign influence, I have led thus far a charmed existence; they are indeed blessed."

"Is that so?" chimed in another of our party, striving to maintain his seriousness, "and where are these wonderful safe-guards to be procured? We shall doubtless need, before long, some such protective armor to shield our precious persons against avalanches, pitfalls, yawning abysses, etc., that we shall soon have to encounter; or will the mere advantage of your presence, so well encased in saintly blessings and holy relics, prove a sufficient protection to all who accompany you?"

"It is no subject for a joke, sir. I could not, of course, convince you; but for my own part, I can assure you they have never betrayed the trust I placed in them, and I have been in venturesome, dangerous places, always escaping without a serious bruise." And as he made this boastful affirmation his looks betokened entire belief in what he asserted.

"Money can purchase them, can it not?" asked with increasing levity another voice. "Are they expensive, and where are these best protective securities to be found? Why, they are better than a policy in the Traveler's Life and Accident Insurance Co., and no doubt much less expensive."

Figaro, as we must continue to name him, turned a deaf ear to the

mockery of the last speaker and, not seeming to notice the gibes, continued : " This one comes from the shrine of St Joseph, my patron at Jerusalem. I obtained it there myself years ago ; I consider it, with this small relic of the saint, my best, my safest protection and guide."

" You have also been to Jerusalem ? "

" Oui, Monsieur," he replied with a pure French accent, " to Jerusalem, not as a guide, but as a pilgrim, having some little matter of conscience to regulate with my patron Saint."

" And did you obtain absolution for your sins or peccadillos ? "

" Of course, Monsieur ; did I not adorn the shrine of the saint with gems and treasures I had become the fortunate possessor of in my rovings through classic lands ? What could he refuse me in turn ? "

This was too much for our assumed gravity ; even courtesy has its limits. We could repress our sense of the ridiculous no longer, we laughed outright ; without, however, ruffling for a moment the equanimity, the self-satisfied, self-convinced expression of the guide, who clung to his superstitions with such unreasoning faith and zeal, that no contact with other minds, no ridicule, which doubtless he frequently encountered, could prevail to dislodge. " Alas ! for bigotry and priestcraft, that so fatally mar the beauty of a religion which, divested of its superstitions, would call forth all our homage, our most ardent devotion ! "

Our entertaining guide had gone some steps ahead of us, leading the van, and deeming probably that our long climb was beginning to make its weariness felt, well acquainted, too, as all his countrymen are with the power of music to soothe the mind and banish the sense of fatigue and pain, had reached the coach, from which he drew a rude guitar, which he slung across his shoulders and, after the usual process of tuning, struck up with tones that a Rubini, a Mario might have rejoiced in—tones that vibrated soft and clear in the mountain air,—a magnificent tenor, as powerful and sweet as any I have ever heard on the stage. Of course it was not a cultivated instrument, but for the snatches of operatic music he sang, not too incorrectly, in his native tongue (the Italian), with hymns to St Joseph, his patron, his repertory seemed to be quite extensive, with some of the popular ditties of his land of song, it was inexpressibly delightful, and we reached the culminating point of the route we were traversing without farther consciousness of fatigue. " Such the power of true melody, none can deny."

And now, one of the grandest, most sublime scenes of Nature burst upon our vision and entranced our every sense. The surprise was so great.

as we had suddenly turned a curve which had opened this wild, vast, astounding panorama to our view, that an immediate silence fell upon us all, and we were almost impelled, in our youthful enthusiasm, to fall down and worship; and the sweet strains which the so-called Figaro still continued to pour out, seemed to reverberate among the surrounding rocks and were re-echoed back from afar, mingling with the murmur of the distant waterfalls and leaping torrents, appeared as if in perfect harmony.

His canzonet was now in French; it was this:

Gastibelza, l'homme à la carabine,
 Chantait ainsi:
 Quelqu'un a-t-il, vu la Donna Sabine,
 Quelqu'un d'ici?
 Chantez—dansez—villageois, la nuit gagne,
 Le Mont Falou,
 Le vent qui vient à travers la montagne,
 M'a rendu fou; oui, m'a rendu fou.

No words could convey an idea of the force, the sweetness of that prolonged note on the soft termination of the word *mon-ta-gne* which rose, swelled, and died away; echoed and re-echoed until it softly faded on the ear. Figaro had most truly studied effects, and this was one never to be repeated nor forgotten.

Le Roi disait en la voyant si belle—
 Devant sa cour,
 Pour un regard, pour un sourire d'elle,
 Pour son amour:
 Je donnerais mon royaume d'Espagne,
 Et le Perou—
 Le vent qui vient, (etc.)

The words were certainly not worthy of the melody which was full of tenderness and sweetness, but we were not disposed to criticise, so great was the charm we were under. The surroundings, the voice, the immense height we had reached, of at least 4000 feet above the level of the sea, above the realms of social intercourse and conventionalities, it was not astonishing that we could not weigh our thoughts and feelings in the ordinary balance. Figaro, for the moment, appeared to us a real hero.

That we remained, perhaps, more than an hour, bodily transfixed to the spot as it were, our vision strained, enchanted beyond words, as we gazed

upon the vast panorama stretched out beneath the blue crescent lake, the forests, the distant mountains, culminating in the gigantic snow-capped summit of Mont Blanc—no one, who has ever been so privileged as to witness these sublime marvels of creation, will wonder at. We gazed and gazed, as if we sought to photograph the scene upon the retina of our eyes, that it might abide with us forever. We knew it was one moment in a life-time, a view never again, in all probability, to be witnessed by any of our party.

But I will say no more on the subject, the picture has been too often described by more eminent pens than my own. The region has been too often explored by the tourist, and nothing can be said on it that has not been said before.

"En route!" shouted our guide, suddenly arousing us from the absorbing reverie; and with lingering looks of longing and regret, we bid adieu to the sublime grandeur we were leaving behind.

We will now allude to a circumstance which scarcely attracted our attention at the time, but which, as day succeeded day, assumed more serious importance, although, at the present, it merely furnished a topic of pleasantry and amusement.

I have not yet described the various members composing our party, and, notwithstanding a certain dread of being accused of pretension and bombast, I must promise that all our party, either directly or indirectly, belonged to the nobility—French or English—the gentlemen in their own right, we, two young brides, by the right of our husbands, who each bore a hereditary title and were enrolled among the best aristocracy of their country.

The young Englishmen and their sister, whom we shall call Lady Alice, had inherited the rank of Lord, Sir, and Lady, by the death of their father, their mother having died some years previously. Lady Alice was a tall, slender, aristocratic looking girl of about twenty-five years of age, possessing no very particular claims to beauty, although a perfect blonde with much sweetness of expression and charm of manner, she would certainly not have passed unnoticed anywhere. She was of rather quiet, sedate disposition, not addicted to high flights of the imagination and enthusiasm as the exuberance of our animal spirits. The cast of her countenance betokened sentimentalism with no great depth of feeling, I should have judged, but of a dreamy, poetic temperament, not disposed to confidence, but otherwise an amiable, sensible, pleasant companion, somewhat too taciturn, but always kindly disposed, and to whom, in the days that were to follow, we became much attached.

We had found her cold, almost indifferent, in face of the sublime picture that had so called forth all our enthusiasm and delight; but she certainly manifested unmistakable admiration for our handsome guide and his qualifications as a singer, which he, the shrewd rogue, was not slow in perceiving; and flattered, as well he might be, by the notice of one whose station in life was so vastly superior to his own, he evidently strove to exercise all the magnetism of his regards in her direction, frequently exchanging an almost tender glance with her soft blue eyes, quite unconsciously to herself, perhaps. On one occasion some allusion was made to this *romantic flirtation* in a joking, teasing way, which not being well received, was not repeated; it, however, tended to render Lady Alice more circumspect, and the circumstance was soon forgotten.

And now our lumbering vehicle was hailed as an old acquaintance by the usual rabble surrounding an inn, as with much cracking of whip and prolonged jingling of bells, we drove to the front of the "Hotel de la Paiz," situated at the foot of the lake stretching out before us, which so short a time previously seemed to lie so deep down in the mountain bed, like a beauteous crystal gem in its verdant basket.

It seemed strange, on the following morning, rising with the sun to draw the curtains of our windows on the novel, quiet scene before us, so different from any we had yet encountered in our wanderings through France.

While *there*, the closely-built towns, the thickly-populated villages, the busy manufacturing life, the bustle and turmoil making themselves felt everywhere, while the grandeur of its monumental and architectural beauties, arising on every side, impressed one so deeply with their historical reminiscences, never allowing one's interest to slumber. But here! what a staid, precise, puritanical aspect the town and its inhabitants wear! Calvinism, with its sternness, its unwavering simplicity of forms and dogmas, had left its indelible stamp on all. It was to me as if transported suddenly to some distant continent, so astounding, so chilling, was the contrast from sunny, catholic France to this, the central seat of Protestantism. Here neither the mediæval past nor the times of the Renaissance had left legacies of fine cathedrals, crumbling columns of decaying edifices, to record the thoughts or customs of a race that had gone before. Nor was the town at that time, the beautiful, well-built city it now is, with its elegant residences, fine quays and gardens, and evident appearance of prosperity on every side, that the influx of the wealthy traveling public has made it. Still, for the thoughtful mind,

well-stocked with historic lore and memories of the times that had been, how much there was to interest, evoking from those quiet, unadorned surroundings, those plain edifices, silent groves, the names of so many eminent scholars, who claimed Geneva as a birth-place; with the scientists, historians, poets, philosophers, who had rested in its midst, leaving traces of their genius everywhere, endowing it with an eternal crown of fame and glory.

What a nomenclature of noble names looms up before us, of thoughts that have stirred the world to its very foundations; rigid teachings, stern examples, wonderful discoveries, from which all æstheticism, all the lighter arts have been almost banished. No wonder they could not thrive, rocked in such a cradle.

The lake, however, could not lack picturesqueness with its variety of scenery as a back ground, and its charming residences, that remind one so pleasingly of the little, delicate toy-houses we had played with in our childhood; and in the days that followed we learned to love and enjoy the quiet demeanor of the town and its people—a certain moral cleanliness and refined atmosphere pervading it.

Our English friends were still with us; whether our society was the attraction, or the daily excursions in the neighborhood, for which it may truly be said, the appetite grew with what it fed upon, as each day we became more and more enchanted with our out-of-door exercise. I cannot say, but some weeks glided by, while our fellow tourists appeared unwilling to snap the tie which bound our party so pleasantly together, perhaps feeling, that once severed, the friendly knot might never again be formed.

Those were happy, delightful days to look back upon; not a ripple to disturb the calm, even tenor of our lives, no more than the constant gentle flow of those placid waters was disturbed by atmospheric influences during our sojourn.

The first intimation we had of impending danger was at the Castle of Chillon, a favorite resort of ours, where one seemed to live in the past more vividly than in any other place on Genevan soil. Every stone of the edifice from its topmost to its utmost depth, seeming to unfold the horrible secrets of the woes, the tortures, the inconceivable sufferings of those who had been immured within its cruel, mysterious vaults, never again to behold the blessed light of day.

While the monuments of ancient beauty and utility, which tell of the accomplishments, the genius of a race, have passed away, these remnants

of the darkest records of history still stand erect to perpetuate the memory of the crimes and the barbarism of our ancestors.

Our obsequious guide never failed to accompany us on all these excursions, his sole business being to render himself useful in any way required. Indeed, we found him a valuable adjunct to our party, for he had made a profound study of all the surroundings to which he was accustomed to escorting tourists, possessing a great fund of valuable information, and his respectful, obliging manners, together with his musical proclivities, rendered his services always acceptable. So great was the confidence his conduct inspired, by the zeal and protective care it displayed, that our gentlemen not unfrequently went off on a fishing expedition, or a hunt, or a mountain climb, where it was not deemed prudent for ladies to follow, and never hesitated to entrust us to his care to conduct us to our places of resort and back to the hotel in safety.

Lady Alice was our constant companion in all our wanderings, showing, we thought, a greater interest and admiration than we would have given her credit for, and which we naturally ascribed to the growing intimacy and familiarity that was springing up between us, and the exhilaration induced by our out-of-door life.

Blanche de Rouville, my other feminine companion, around whom the perfume of the orange blossoms that composed her bridal wreath seemed still to linger, was a bright, piquant, laughter-loving little sprite whose merry sallies were most welcome to us all, and promoted gaiety on all occasions. We were lingering later than usual one afternoon within the walls of the grim old castle, overlooking from one of its gloomy towers the soft blue, limpid waters of the lake, on which several small craft with lateen sails were slowly gliding—a lovely picture, with its boundary of verdant slopes and distant mountains, that never satiates nor palls upon the appetite—when our attention was awakened by melodious sounds, wafted from some other part of the castle not far away, and which came to us with unwonted pathos and sweetness. We of course recognized the voice. Indeed, such voices are of too rare occurrence to be mistaken as to the owner. Had this natural child of song exercised the energy and perseverance in cultivating this wonderful organ, that he had displayed to ingratiate himself with the traveling public, he might have revolutionized the musical world, and proved a hero, a giant of song. But the well-known inertness of his countrymen (he was a Neapolitan) had proved the barrier to his success and glory; he had no ambition beyond the vocation of Cicerone, for which he was pre-eminently endowed. The canzonet, that

now reached our ears, was sung in a low, plaintive tone—the words were not intelligible. It was a Neapolitan melody, the refrain being sung in a louder, more impassioned tone. We heard the words and air distinctly; they were these:

Io Vi voglio ben assai,
Ma tu non pensi a me;
Io ti voglio ben assai,
Ma tu non pensia me!

We listened until the voice ceased and the sounds died away, then as the day was drawing to a close, we rose to prepare for our return, only then noticing, such had been our rapt contemplation of the surrounding landscape, that Lady Alice was not with us. When and where had she gone? With the thought, a sudden strange anxiety crept over us, and we hastened to discover her whereabouts. Following the direction from which those vocal strains had seemed to come, we advanced until murmuring voices reached our ears, in which we recognized the subdued tones of Lady Alice and Giuseppe, greatly to our surprise, and for a moment we hesitated, quite uncertain how to act. The English maiden had already shown, on more than one occasion with her brothers, that she would not endure either constraint or dictation; that she was quite independent of all control, and would permit no interference nor surveillance. But here was a crisis none had foreseen; a dreadful misfortune she might rush into through the weakness and sentimentality of her nature, and from which peril we felt that we must, at all events, endeavor to save her, even if, by so doing, we should incur her displeasure.

The *coquin* was evidently pleading in his most dulcet tones, and by his ardor and the magnetic influence he had obtained over her, had doubtless secured from his infatuated listener an attention she should not have accorded one so far beneath her in the scale of life.

“Oh! Lady Alice,” he was saying, “you will not decide to remain here while your brothers continue their travels? nor will you, in that case, insist upon my carrying out my contract with regard to them? I cannot leave you; your dear presence has become indispensable to my existence.” The arrogant villain! Had he substituted the word *fortune* for *presence*, we could have placed greater faith in his protestations. “Say, oh say! you will accompany us, or I will seek another guide for them and remain your devoted slave. I *cannot, cannot* separate myself from you.”

Her answer, which seemed to us of such vital importance, must have

been uttered very low, for it failed to reach us; but his words, now assuming a still more pleading accent, furnished the desired clue: "Oh, no, Lady Alice, such are not my motives; it is *yourself only* that I prize. Have not my looks assured you long since of my entire devotion? Indeed. I love you dearly, and will ever be true to you. Promise, oh promise!"

We now thought it quite time to interfere, and called her in loud tones as if not aware of their proximity, that she might not feel embarrassed by the dread of our having overheard their tender discourse. She soon joined us, Giuseppe, not making his appearance until somewhat later, to accompany us back to the hotel. We ladies, all pretexting fatigue, to account for the gloom that had suddenly fallen upon us, depressing our spirits and rendering us unusually taciturn.

At first, in our experience of the world and its ways, we scarcely knew how to proceed, in view of the discovery we had made, whether to impart to others the scheme which the astute knave was evidently plotting to secure the heiress, or await further developments, before betraying the secret of our friend. After much deliberation we decided upon the latter course, trusting to the elevated sentiments of the girl, hoping, believing that her pride of birth and the influence we might exercise upon her would act as a timely check; and all our tenderness and energy were brought into play to induce her to remain with us while her brothers would pursue their proposed tour, rejoining her on their return. She was so gentle and complying, we felt secure that our endeavors would finally gain the ascendancy over the persuasions of the wily guide, whose interested hopes could but become, in her thoughtful moods, when away from the immense magnetism of his presence, as manifested to her as they were to ourselves.

Her brothers were soon now absorbed by preparations for their journey. For friendship's sake and a feeling of *bonne camarderie* towards us all, they had delayed their start much beyond their previous calculations, and could delay no longer; their return to their native land being fixed for a certain period, but they were quite willing to leave it optional with their sister whether she would accompany them then, or remain with us until their return, when we would promise to meet them at some designated point, to resign our charge to their care.

Lady Alice had not yet spoken on the subject, and as each day brought nearer the appointed moment of departure, we watched her movements with increased solicitude. To our cognizance, there had been no succeed-

ing interview with the Italian since the episode of the Chateau tower. The man had become so obnoxious to Blanche and myself, that to avoid all intercourse with him, we had relinquished our daily excursions, unless accompanied by our husbands. We always prevailed on Lady Alice to join us, never leaving her alone by day, forcing our society upon her more, perhaps, than she found agreeable. But our conduct was under the guidance of affection and sense of responsibility. We could not, of course, control her correspondence, and through this medium the *intrigant* had, doubtless, maintained his influence over her.

The eve of the departure of our young Englishmen arrived at last, and the gentlemen were all sitting on the veranda of the hotel, summing up the pleasant recollections of the many days enjoyed together, planning some similar meeting in the future. They were to leave at day-break on the succeeding morning.

Lady Alice, pleading a headache, had retired to her room soon after dinner. Finding that she did not return, after a few whispered words to Blanche, I deemed it advisable to follow her; and ascending to the door of her apartment, I knocked gently and begged to be admitted. She acquiesced readily, though her expression was very sad.

"You are not going to leave us, Alice?" I exclaimed, as I remarked the confusion of her clothes lying around, while her trunk stood open ready to receive them. "I hoped you had decided to remain with us; we have become so attached to you, our party will seem incomplete without you. Do not separate yourself from us, dear Alice," I urged, twining my arms around her, while my eyes filled with tears. A look of weariness and pain stole over her features, and then I noticed how pale and sick she looked.

"I do not know," she answered with effort, "what I should do. My brothers will be displeased, I fear, if I desert them; and then, I should lose so much in the way of sight-seeing; scenes I have so longed to visit, and for which I may never again find the opportunity."

"That is true," I said, finding this argument very formidable to contend with; but still I continued, as if a sudden inspiration had come to my aid, "reflect, dear Alice, upon what your mother's advice would be, were she here to counsel you; be governed by her love and wisdom, they cannot mislead you."

I rejoiced in the happy thought which Heaven seemed to have suggested, and felt assured that my point was gained, for in thus evoking the memory of her lost mother, I had called forth a burst of feeling and deep emotion I had never supposed her capable of.

"You are right," she said after a few moments; "I thank you for all your kindness and sympathy. I love you dearly for it, my mother will bid me stay; I will listen to no voice but hers; I WILL STAY—good night!"

I felt that my mission was accomplished, and as we exchanged a tender embrace, not without tears on both sides, I left her room, my heart much lighter than when I entered it. The happy sense of a duty well performed calmed my perturbed feelings and brought me a refreshing sleep which I indulged in until a late hour on the ensuing morning, when I knew, by the first stroke of the clock, that our young Englishmen must be already far on their way.

At the sound of the breakfast bell I hastened my toilette and directed my steps towards Lady Alice's room, feeling now, although so much younger than herself, that she had become my special charge, and that it was my duty to restore her to health and cheerfulness. I knocked several times at the door, but receiving no answer, I turned the knob and entered, finding a vacant room, the appearance of which plainly indicated that the occupant had fled, leaving no vestige of herself save a small note to my address, which lay on the table, written in a trembling, almost illegible hand, and which, for some moments, I scarcely dared unfold, so faint and heart-sick did I feel, her words of the preceding night still sounding in my ear—"You are right—my mother would bid me stay—I will stay." Her last tender embrace—all came back to me, and tears of deep regret streamed from my eyes.

"Poor girl!" what influence had prevailed to neutralize mine? Perhaps the memory of her mother, so fondly evoked, might still save her from the worse state that might befall her; the strength of the virtuous resolve is oft-times an invulnerable shield—why should I tremble so?

The note contained the following lines: "Beloved Friend—Do not misjudge me, I *must* go; fate has so decided, and speaks louder than reason. What indeed are the advantages of rank and position, even wealth, when compared with the happiness of our lives? Rest assured, however, my sweet young friend, of one thing, that the lessons of my dear mother, of her blessed memory, are too deeply engraven on my heart for me to swerve from them; and, however my heart may decide in the future, it is only *as a husband* that I could seek to elevate any man to my own station. With which firm promise, due to your affectionate interest in my behalf, I call heaven's choicest blessing on your sweet head; and that your path through life may be smooth and pleasant is the sincere prayer of one who will ever remember you in affection.

Alice."

I was still sitting in the deserted room, watering with my tears the hastily scribbled note I was holding open before me, thinking that I had not properly estimated the unhappy girl's nature, for every word of the parting missive betokened warmth and depth of feeling beneath that cold, reserved demeanor where the heart's blood coursed as ardently, as tenderly as my own, and that her nature was a most noble one I had never for a moment doubted. But still, I could not but tremble for her future happiness!

* * * * *

This was the first cloud that had dimmed the rosy brightness of our honeymoon, for such had been the harmony, the affectionate relations that had subsisted between the different members of our party, that this sudden disbandment could not be accomplished without disturbance to all. Blanche felt this poignantly as I did, and Geneva having become distasteful, now casting a gloom over our spirits as it reminded us of our absent friend, we decided to retrace our steps and wind our way homeward, however varying our route as much as possible, and picking up here and there many items of interest that I may again be tempted to relate some day.

It was two or three months after our return from the Parisian capitol before I received further tidings of our English friend, Lady Alice, a title of which no plebian marriage could deprive her. It was a short epistle bearing the postmark of Naples. The birth place, it may be remembered, of our wandering guide. The small envelope, as I examined the superscription, exhaled a sweet odor of orange flowers, which increased as I drew forth the note, and fragrant petals fell from its fold.

The letter contained only these words: "I was married to-day, I am happy.
ALICE."

These leaves were then from her bridal wreath, and must remain a saddening relic with me forever afterward.

Once again I heard from her from the same place, more than a year having elapsed. "Our little daughter born to-day. We have named her Ida, after you.
ALICE."

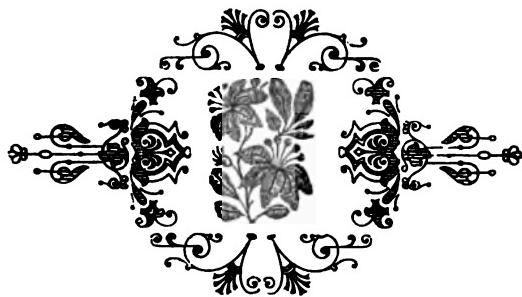
And these were the last tidings we ever received of our English friend.

She furnished us with no address, thus intimating a desire that all intercourse should cease between us.

Her brothers had returned to England after a long eastern tour. They visited us once in our homes. Our intercourse, however, was no longer the same, for the recollection of Lady Alice's folly was ever uppermost in our

minds, although no allusion was ever made to it. We understood that her name was never mentioned in their home, no more than if she were dead. She was, in reality, dead to them, and to the world they belonged to, by her marriage with one so much beneath her.

Oh! if we could only have been assured that she had gained happiness by the sacrifice!



THE LAND OF DIXIE.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH J. HEREFORD, DALLAS.

WHERE centuries, with a ceaseless tide,
Sweep o'er the nations that have died,
The nations that their course have run,
There lies a mighty, fallen one.
In all her vestal robes, pure white,
She perished in a single night;
With prayers and tears and many a sigh,
Her lovers saw her fall and die,
Upon the breast of Dixie.

They said, alas! we might have seen
Our lady fair a beauteous queen;
And e'en the foe, with bated breath,
Looked down upon her glorious death.
Alas! alas! then let her rest,
With laurel on her brow and breast;
Enshrined let all her glories lie
Beneath the ever radiant sky
That spans the land of Dixie.

The blood flowed, as the red, red wine
Flows from the clusters of the vine,
In waves about her peerless feet,
Pressed out of lives that held it sweet
To perish: that 'twas half divine
To sleep in death 'neath freedom's shrine;
They slumber on her tender breast,
The truest, fondest, bravest, best,
The gallant sons of Dixie.

GEMS FROM A TEXAS QUARRY.

Our dead, how dear! with eyes tear-wet,
The living think upon them yet.
How sacred the memorial fires
That love in human hearts inspires ;
They'll burn with ever ceaseless ray
As long as darkness follows day ;
And immortelles their bloom shall shed
O'er marble couch, or grass-grown bed
That holds the dead of Dixie.

Oh ! winds, that mingle with the roar
Of water by the wave-kissed shore ;
Or like a blessing breathes around
Our homes with sweet, caressing sound ;
Thou bringest now upon thy breath
No note of war, no dirge of death,
But seemest to whisper, o'er and o'er,
Come quickly, on, glad days of yore,
To all the land of Dixie !

The bitter dregs are drained at last.
The darkness dieth down the past,
Thy trials all with triumph crowned ;
Thy noble sons, by toils embrowned,
Have made of every battle plain
A golden field of waving grain.
Thy portals now are decked with flowers,
And peace and plenty in the bowers,
Oh, peerless land of Dixie.

BLINDNESS.

BY R. B. M'EACHERN, RUSK.

IT is not for the flowers nor the rippling of rills.
With their sparkling of water so bright,
Nor the picturesque scenes of the beautiful hills,
That I weep for the loss of my sight;
For the foliage falls from the boughs of the trees,
And the flowers in their tenderness die.
And the fragrance is lost on the echoing breeze,
As the language of love—in a sigh.

It is not for the smiles of the festival halls,
Where the songs of the mirthful resound,
Nor the ivy that clings to those desolate walls,
Where traditions and fables abound;
For the festival halls shall be dim with dismay,
And the songs of the mirthful be lower,
And the ivy shall wither and perish away,
And its place be remembered no more.

But you talk of the stars and the heavens above,
And the beauties of nature and light,
And you speak of sweet faces all radiant with love,
And I sigh for the loss of my sight;
For the eye is the soul, and the soul is the eye,
With expression too deep to compare;
And, O God, when the end of existence is nigh,
Let Thy comforting presence be there.

Let Thy will upon earth, as in heaven, be done.
Though Thy ways I may not comprehend.
There are many that gaze on the beautiful sun
Who have never been blessed with a friend.

GEMS FROM A TEXAS QUARRY.

If I pass through the world without looking on those
Who have led me along its dark sod,
Let me rise out of death, as from gentle repose,
To behold them as angels of God.

I am nursing a grief that is hard to control,
A misfortune that is heavy to bear,
An affliction that lies like a weight on my soul,
But I cannot—I will not despair;
For there's something within me that tells me I must
Be contented with what I receive,
And I know the award of a glorious trust
Shall be given to those who believe.

I am blind, but my blindness a blessing may prove;
I am sad, but my sorrow shall cease
In the presence of God, by the power of His love,
And my journey be ended in peace.
As Bartemius of old, I am trying to grope,
Through the crowd that is passing me by,
To the offspring of David, the star of my hope,
And the light of my soul and my eye.

If I meet with a few in my pilgrimage here
Who are naturally cold and unkind,
I shall pity the hand that can boast of a tear
It has wrung from the eyes of the blind.
While the rain and the dew are permitted to fall,
And the rays of the sun to descend,
May the mercy of God be sufficient for all
Who gratefully call Him their friend.

"GÖTHE'S CLÄRCHEN."*

HEROINE OF THE DRAMA OF EGMONT.

BY BLANCHE J. YOUNG, HOUSTON.

THE first glimpse we have of Clärchen is as full of vigorous life and coloring as a fine old Flemish painting.

The quaint, small room—small even for the 16th century, and very humble: the sprightly girl, her melancholy lover, Brackenburg; the wary old mother who watches the two from over her knitting.

Says *Clärchen*: "Won't you hold my yarn for me, Brackenburg?"

Brackenburg. "I beg you will spare me, Clärchen."

Clär. "Why, what is the matter with you again? Why do you deny me this little favor?"

Brack. "You chain me with your yarn so firmly before you, that I cannot escape your eyes."

Clär. "Whims! Come and hold it!"

Mother. "Sing, one of you. Brackenburg seconds so prettily. You were so lively formerly, and I always had something to laugh at."

Brack. "Ah! Formerly."

Clär. "Let us sing."

Brack. "As you like."

(*Clärchen sings.*)

Göthe has an art which he employs occasionally to give a deep insight into the soul-life of his creations. Gretchen impresses us at first as almost ethereal in the loveliness of her innocence and piety. We do not fathom—we scarcely surmise—the depth and strength of the passion of which she is capable, until she bursts the flood-gates of her woe and lays bare her amorous soul in her song at the spinning-wheel. And thus Clärchen, in this first scene, sings a bright, gay, soldier-song—her "*Leibstück*," full of piquant daring, full of the fire that comes from a consciousness of youth and health and strength, and her nature is revealed in all its delicacy, its impetuosity, its bewitching naïvete. There is nothing of the vivandiere

*The translations in this essay are original and not borrowed from any of the translators of Göthe's works.

about her, nothing bold or unwomanly; but there is much latent heroism and generous impulse. With a touch here, a word there, Göthe lays Clärchen's whole life before us from childhood upward, and it is delightful to imagine Clärchen as she was before Egmont met her.

"Thou wert ever such a mad-cap," says her mother, "even as a little child, and now wild, now thoughtful."

And withal she has much shrewd common sense and sound judgment; we can imagine her carrying the keys and managing the little household expenses with the wisdom of riper years. Her manner towards Brackenburg has the sisterly freedom of an old friend. It is probable that he has known and loved her from childhood. She had certainly come to look upon him as one who would in time fill the place of husband to her, and she does not seem to have regarded such a probability with distaste. Brackenburg was a good *parti*, and she was fond of him. As yet the latent passion had not been roused. She was so clearly necessary to his happiness; her fresh, joyous nature, the very sound of her gladsome voice was to his morbid, diseased temperament what a draught of cool water is to the fever patient. Her sentiment for him was half pitying, half tender, and altogether kind.

The outline of the character in which she is drawn is never overstepped. She is emphatically a burgher girl, and a Netherland burgher girl of the 16th century; as such, princes and counts are beings whom she can only reach in the boldest flight of her imagination; and, perhaps, at dusk, before the little lamp was lighted, she tried to picture battle scenes to herself, and dream of knights and warriors; of men

"Whose step is first in bower and hall, and sword in battle keen,"

and above all, of Count Egmont, the man whose name was on every one's lips.

One day the great count rides through the street on which her little window looks. People flock to their doors and windows and press around him, a noisy, jubilant mass. Clärchen, likewise, leans far from the casement to catch a glimpse of the hero of Gravelingen. And, as he passes, he raises his eyes and sees the pretty, eager face above him; he smiles, nods, and leaves the blushing girl well nigh intoxicated with joy, and yet half abashed at this unlooked for honor.

Göthe's Egmont is young, handsome, and brave. He is a weakling, a dreamer; he is possessed of boundless confidence in himself, and a blind belief in his own good fortune. A gay, careless worlding, gener-

ous and humane at a time when an oppressed people little knew what it was to meet with generosity and humanity in those who dwelt in high places; feasting and carousing in a city where the subtle meshes of the inquisition had darkened the atmosphere with gloomy distrust; daring and impolitic at a court where the most insignificant found it expedient carefully to analyze each word and act and gesture. In a fit of wanton caprice he orders his servants to appear in a new livery bearing a mysterious device, and enjoys the joke like a school boy, when the Regent and her counselors put their heads together and sniff conspiracy. He is patriotic, but his patriotism causes him no sleepless nights; he is ambitious, but he does not relinquish one of his pleasures in the pursuit of his object. He is wanting in moral courage, for, when the Prince of Orange, with kindly persistence, opens his eyes to his perilous position, he has not the nerve to face the danger manfully; he is chagrined that his careless credulity should be shaken, and he courts forgetfulness by adorning himself in all his splendid orders and slipping to the house of his lowly love to enjoy her native admiration.

But he possesses the power of winning the hearts of all who come within the circle of his influence. The magnetism of this being must be *felt*, and that it is felt, those who have read the play, even carelessly, will, I think, readily admit. Throughout the play his characteristics are interwoven like a brilliant many-colored thread. All the other *dramatis personæ* however finely conceived and carried out, are made in a manner subservient to him. There is not a scene which does not directly or indirectly illustrate some of his many traits. The imagination is constantly busied with him. Thus, in the first act, we become acquainted with him as the popular hero of the day. It opens with a shooting match, and some of his lavish generosity is reflected in the conduct of one of his soldiers. We next enter the royal cabinet, and find that he is an object of tender solicitude to his princess, whose place, as she is well aware, he is trying to usurp. He has robbed poor Clärchen of her peace of mind, and ruined her chances of a quiet, happy life, but her devotion is boundless. In spite of his extravagant, careless life, at a time when every patriot's heart is heavy and his bearing irreproachable he has won the confidence of the purest patriot and most consummate statesman of the age. He brings destruction on himself at last through almost childlike folly; in the eyes of the people he dies a martyr to their sacred cause. But the climax of this *attraction* is reached in the prison scene; in the revelation of friendship from the son of his arch enemy—from the Duke of Alva's son!

Such is Clärchen's lover, and such is the character which, in spite of its many weaknesses, its many imperfections, has so lodged itself in the hearts of the German people, that all criticism is powerless to deprive it of one iota of its popularity. What a triumph of genius!

By-and-by when Clärchen's neighbors begin to whisper their suspicions; when disgrace is imminent, and when her mother turns upon her with reproaches, she replies passionately: "When Egmont rode past and I ran to the window, did you scold me then? Did you not step to the window yourself? When he looked up, smiled, nodded, and greeted me, was it displeasing to you? Did you not feel yourself honored in your daughter? And when he took this street, and we felt that it was for my sake he came this way so often, did not you remark it yourself with secret joy? Did you call me away when I stood behind the panes and waited for him? And, when wrapped in his mantle, he surprised us one evening as we sat in the lamp-light, who was busiest to receive him whilst I sat as if chained to my chair with amazement?"

In her mother's answer, all the servile cunning peculiar to her caste—all the shamelessness peculiarly her own—are revealed.

"And could I have dreamed that my prudent Clärchen would so soon have been carried away by this unhappy love?" Could she have foreseen that, would she not gladly have hidden her shame when the time came by marrying Brackenburg?

There is so much surface similarity between Clärchen and Gretchen that one is involuntarily drawn into a comparison of the two. They are both children of the people; they are both beloved by men far above them in the social scale. The clay of which Gretchen is formed is not one degree more refined than that which goes to make the Nanerls, the Leisels, the Bärbeles. She is raised above her surroundings by her piety alone: Clärchen is ennobled by her love. Gretchen's passion for Faust is of the earth—earthy; she is enamored of the man: "his princely form, his stately step, the smile of his lips, the power of his eyes." When she falls—when she alienates herself from her God—all joy in life is gone; her reason totters, and even Faust is powerless to comfort her.

There is less sensuousness in Clärchen's love for Egmont. She idealizes the man, she worships the hero whom the people would carry on their hands, to whom they look for deliverance from a galling yoke—the knight on whom all the world might sit in judgment and find faultless. There is complete abandonment of self in the object of her worship; beyond it—above it—she sees nothing, cares for nothing.

"What a man he is!" she exclaims: "All the provinces worship him; and I in his arms—should not I be the happiest mortal upon earth?" And when he visits her as the lover who is solicitous only for her comfort, her happiness, she looks up into his face in a very ecstasy of incredulous joy: "And art thou Egmont? Count Egmont? The great Egmont?" etc., etc.

Between the strong-minded, masculine Regent, Margaret of Parma, who cherishes a secret passion for Egmont, and her cunning, worldly-minded mother, all that is tender and womanly, all that is noble and true, is brought to the foreground. Brackenburg's devotion to her is very touching. His blind faith in her, his incapacity to doubt her innocence, and his fidelity when he can no longer doubt; he follows her through all her troubles, his faithful love unshaken; he stands with her at the gates of death ready to the last to help, to serve, to sustain her to the best of his ability. It is he who creeps at night through dark and tortuous alleys, who endangers his life to bring her tidings of her lover's fate.

"Ah! Clare, let me weep. I did not love him. He was the rich man who enticed the poor man's only lamb into his better pasture." These pathetic words, the only reproachful words that Brackenburg utters about the man who has wrecked his hopes of earthly happiness, would break the charm that surrounds Egmont, were it not that Brackenburg excites pity rather than sympathy; that reconciliation lay in the very nature of Clärchen's love. One feels so palpably that she belongs to that class of women who would find more happiness in a troubled life and wretched end with the man beloved, than in a calm, unruffled existence without him.

There is a serious revolt in some of the provinces. Protestantism is rapidly gaining ground, and Philip, alarmed for the safety of the church, sends the Duke of Alva to take Margaret of Parma's place. A time of horrible oppression follows. Egmont is the first victim. He is entrapped, imprisoned, and condemned to death. The city is panic-stricken, and Clärchen, frantic with fear and grief, rushes out to harangue the people and raise a revolt.

Göthe prepares us for this climax with consummate skill. There is no incongruity between the Clärchen who peeps shyly from behind the half opened window on the masses below, as they shout her lover's praises, who is never seen on the street, except when she walks with modest, downcast eyes to church—and the Clärchen who boldly harangues the multitudes from the market place. It is not surprising that the girl whose

favorite songs are those which immortalize heroism and valor, whose day dreams are of battles and great warriors, should love an Egmont; nor that the woman who, in the abandonment of her love, is become so oblivious of the principles which have been instilled into her from childhood as to be indifferent to what the "people think, the neighbors murmur," should not listen to conventional or even modest scruples, nor be wanting in generous self-abnegation when her lover's life is imperiled.

But she addresses a people who are demoralized by fear, in whom the instinct of self-preservation is uppermost.

"And I have not arms, not muscle like you!" she cries at last, after vainly endeavoring to rouse them, "but I have that which is wanting in you all—courage and contempt of danger. Oh! that my breath could inflame you! Could I, but by hugging you to this bosom, warm you into life! Come! I will go in your midst. Like a defenseless flag which flutteringly leads a noble army on my spirit shall blaze above your heads, and love and courage unite the wavering people into a mighty host."

First Citizen. "Take her away, I pity her."

This short sentence is sufficient to show the spirit with which her burning words were met.

Clärchen, leading a triumphant rabble to liberate her lover, would present a grand but an uncommon spectacle; but Clärchen, thirsting for martyrdom, and met on all sides by the cold dictates of reason and common sense, is more true to nature. Such as she may be found in every condition of life. Her plans for liberating her lover are such as are likely to occur to a girl whose ideas of life are drawn from romances—utterly wild and impracticable.

Brackenburg, faithful to the end, leads her home. The last sorrowful night falls. Egmont is beheaded and Clärchen takes poison. There is no death agony, neither for the reader of the drama, nor the spectator who witnesses it on the stage. It is far more impressive. She has swallowed the fatal liquid, she bids Brackenburg a tender, loving farewell and gently leaves him to go to rest in "that little room which Egmont's love has made a paradise."

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

BY AWANA H. K. PAINTER, SAN ANTONIO.

TELL me not of fields of carnage,
 Battle-fields and bloody strife,
Where a brother strikes a brother.
 Father takes his offspring's life.
What is this—you say 'tis glory?
 You, who say you're Christian men?
Glorious deeds! thus strewing corpses
 Over hillside, vale and fen.

In the years gone by was severed.
 By a staunch and sturdy stroke,
All our galling chains of bondage,
 When we threw off England's yoke.
Then for years our starry banner
 Floated grandly, proudly, free,
And beneath it found protection,
 All who craved for liberty.

Then over our blessed nation,
 War-clouds gathered dark again,
And war's cruelties, the green sward,
 Covered with the crimson stain.
Brother turned against his brother.
 Even father cursed his son,
May time never know such tenor,
 Till the sands no more shall run.

Here in Southland Flora's bower,
 Where she shows her fairest form,
In her chosen land of beauty
 Broke the fury of the storm.

GEMS FROM A TEXAS QUARRY.

Lovely homes and fields lie wasted,
Owls hoot o'er the desolate heap;
There are mounds in every churchyard,
Showing where your loved ones sleep.

Southern chivalry has lost her
Fairest flowers from the stem,
And the parent tree is bending
Low in sorrow deep for them.
Southern hearts will always cherish
Memories of her brave and lost;
Southern bards will robe in glory
Those who fell at duty's post.

But think you no homes in Northland
Were left desolated too?
Think you that no Northern hearts have
Bled for their brave boys in blue?
There are many lonely hearthstones,
There is many a vacant chair,
And the widow and the orphan
Sorrow just as deeply there.

Side by side in silent cities
Sleep the blue beside the gray.
On their graves sweet birds are singing
Matins to the early May;
Flowers are blooming, zephyrs sighing
Softly o'er the gray and blue,
Caring not for cause or country,
But the brave hearts kind and true.

Why not we, from out our memories,
Banish all the feud of yore?
For remembrance will not comfort,
Will not heal a heart that's sore.
But if we, with sweet forgiveness,
Seek the bitter to forget,
Love will crown with greater joy than
Hatred e'er has given yet.

Once the "Shepherd of the Ocean,"
So him gentle Spenser styled,
Said the annals of all ages
Are for policy defiled,
'Till we cannot see the motives
Prompting acts of guilt or good,
So we should judge who know not
On which side fair justice stood.

So I argue not the question
Who were wrong and who were right,
For the martyred dead of both shall
Stand forever in our sight;
On their brows immortal laurels
We will ever proudly twine,
To their memories our homage
We will mingle, thine and mine.

* * * *

The greatest victory will be won,
The work of ages will be done,
When man forgives his fellow-man
And vengeance fire forgets to fan.
Here 'neath the sky of brave and free,
We'll build a monument, to be
Not for a party born of strife,
In which each seeks another's life,

But pure, and it shall rear its head,
And on it we will write, "Our Dead!"
The sunbeams there shall dance with glee,
And sweet birds carol merrily.
While far and wide a gladsome song
Shall echo wildly, loud and long,
From mountain and from sunny plain,
"The North and South unite—again!"

DEATH OF RIENZI.

BY AWANA H. K. PAINTER, SAN ANTONIO.

FIERCE tongues of fire and masses of smoke
From the windows and doors of the capitol broke,
And the marble that gleamed in morn's earliest sun
Was blackened and charred ere that night's work was done.
The Council, where once in his power and state,
On the Romans, as people, the Tribune did wait;
And the chamber adorned with the gems of each clime,
And marbles just tinged with the mellow of time;

And bronzes usurpers despoiled from the east,
And fountains whose spray but a moment had ceased.
Such, such was the palace, when sinking the sun
Proclaimed to the Romans the Seventh was done.
Still flushed with his triumph, still quaffing the wine,
Rome's senator viewed his success, whose decline
That night was to witness. The palace was hushed,
Not a sound from within, there deserted, heart crushed.

Rome's savior, deliverer, martyr, alone,
In anguish of spirit, passed away! unmoved as a stone.
Once, once on his words would that mad throng have hung,
And once to his praise had the populace sung;
The lion basalt cold, colossal and grand,
Defiant to Tribune and mob ruined to stand.
Up, up shot the flames, rising higher and higher,
And Rome was herself her son's funeral pyre.

Rienzi, brave Roman, thy name lives to-day,
And Liberty wipes with her tear-drops away
Thy faults and ambition. Thy courage and power
Live in hearts, and shall live; they are Freedom's own dower.
The "last of the Tribunes" in thee do we find
Revival of Rome; in thy glorious mind
Ancient Rome but reflected herself, but the state—
Too corrupt to receive thee—thou camest too late.

EXTRACT FROM
THE
ADDRESS OF HON. S. B. MAXEY,
OF TEXAS.

BY INVITATION OF THE TEXAS VETERAN ASSOCIATION, APRIL 21, 1884.

NO state in the Union, I feel sure, ever made greater strides in population, wealth, and political power than Texas has done since annexation. And yet, with 6,000 miles of railroad, with our already great agricultural productions, with intelligently-directed enterprise displayed in all the avenues of business, with a population already of more than two millions, we have but begun to show what we may be as time rolls on. The wildest dream could not paint the power and glory of Texas one hundred years hence. I have endeavored to show that the great principles of free Government, which now control our actions, were applied by the founders of Texas in the Constitution of the Republic, and have been our guide ever since. From the fundamental principles which have always controlled us we should never depart. The formation and control of our local institutions and laws (subject only to the Constitution of the United States), exclusively and of right belong to the people of Texas, to be exercised by them in such manner as in their judgment will best promote the general weal.

Fellow-citizens, the causes which unhappily led to a conflict of arms between the sections of the Union, the most gigantic of authentic history, have happily passed away. There is no just cause of estrangement. Whilst there is great diversity of pursuits there is no conflict of interests. On the contrary, every part of the Union is necessary to every other part. We should all, of every section, be guided by justice and by tolerance in our differences. Let us bear in mind that this country, its laws, institutions, glories, and traditions are the common heritage of all; that each State has its own Constitution and laws, adapted to its own people; that we have a common Constitution for all; a common country in whose prosperity all are alike concerned; that we have one flag, one country, one destiny; that the Constitution is "the sheet-anchor of our peace at home and safety abroad," and that every

infraction works hurt to the body politic. "Remove not the ancient land-mark which thy fathers have set." And, my fellow-citizens, reason is resuming control over passion. It is not easy for men when passion rules to learn that honest men may honestly differ. All over the land you may hear it now. It is a great sign of returning fraternity. The Grand Army of the Republic now unites with us, who wore the gray, in making provision for disabled and helpless Confederates. No better evidence could be given that the cords of fraternal union are being strengthened. Let us meet as men and brethren this manly advance. All over the land the "blue" and the "gray" are welcomed at each other's annual re-unions. These are cheerful signs to a lover of his country. My own observations for the last nine years, from an excellent standpoint, where I have mingled with men from every part of the Union, satisfy me that the Union is stronger to-day than at any time in its past history, and is yearly increasing in that strength which returning fraternity gives. Let us not forget that the Constitution of the Union is supreme as to all powers delegated to the United States; that such powers as are prohibited in the Constitution cannot be exercised, and that all other powers are reserved to the States and their people. With this plain and easily understood distribution of powers there ought to be no conflict.

The States are "distinct as the billows," the Union "one as the sea."

May the Union of the States, under the Constitution wisely administered, and the States under their own constitutions and laws, work in harmony to the end that free government may bless a free people "to the last syllable of recorded time."

In conclusion, let me say that the people of Texas who won her independence and established her separate nationality, emblematized their work by selecting a lone star for her flag. Texas was known as the "Lone Star Republic." She is known as the "Lone Star State."

All our glorious traditions; all our wise laws, made by wise and patriotic men; all the proud record of her sons in the war with Mexico; the glory of her sons on a hundred battle-fields, whose chivalry in the late war and devotion to the cause they espoused, and which in their heart of hearts they believed just, belong to Texas. The love of Texans for the defenders of the lost cause will go "sounding down the ages" so long as man loves valor, and women the knightly courage of their country's defenders. I cast the veil over who was right and who was wrong. That has nothing to do with our love for the boys, living and dead, who

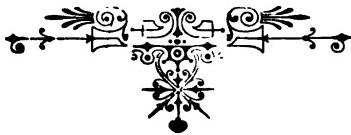
wore the gray; we know they were honest; we know they were manly and brave. We love the living; we revere the memory of the dead. Peace be to their ashes. I am told that opposition to division is a sentiment. Be it so; the glories of the past, the traditions of grand achievements, the deeds of the great dead of our country, are elements of patriotism. I have read that a great poet of a foreign land said, "Let me make the songs of our country, and I will not care who makes our laws." If I had the genius I would impress in song and story, and by the tongue of eloquence, love of Texas, through love of her noble achievements and glorious traditions.

Apart from sentiment, let us meet the advocates of division on the cold plane of reason—on the colder plane of selfish interest. Why should Texas be divided?

1st. It is said that Texas is too large, too unwieldy, too difficult to properly control one State Government, too difficult to reach the State capital. This proposition, like all other fallacies, defeats itself. The United States are moving on grandly. There are under the jurisdiction of the Constitution thirty-eight States and nine organized Territories, besides Alaska. For all this vast country, with its diversified pursuits, there is for the execution of the powers enumerated in the Constitution, but one legislature, one executive and one judiciary. To say that we cannot manage our own State affairs is to say that we are incapable of self-government. Who will say that? There is not a people in all the wide world better equipped for self-government than the people of Texas. "Too hard to reach the capitol!" Railroads and telegraphs answer that objection.

2nd. "The diversity of pursuits and of business interests render it desirable to divide the State." That objection, like the first, answers itself. That State is thrice blessed which is capable, by the diversity of its pursuits and productions, to supply within itself the chief wants of its people, with capacity to produce over and above the home consumption enough for export, to buy all that it needs from abroad, and to bring besides from beyond its limits a handsome return in specie. That is the exact condition of Texas. This diversity of production, and of business, and of capacity of export, have, more than any other causes, so rapidly developed the United States. This reason of diversity, so far from favoring division, is a powerful reason against, and, as this diversity is a powerful ligament in binding the American Union together, so it is a powerful reason against the division of Texas. Captious reasons are

sometimes given, to which I shall not reply. Those relating to the size of Texas, difficulty of reaching all the parts, diversity of interest, have the air of plausibility, and I think I have fully met them. There is still another which I, perhaps, ought not to overlook, although it is never assigned—*there are not enough offices to go around*. Well, my ambitious friends, if there be any of this class, let me say, if you are worthy of promotion, and prove yourself worthy to the satisfaction of the people, they will not be slow to recognize you, and if you are not deserving the least fragment of dismembered, dissevered Texas would send you to the rear. There is no sound reason in favor of division. On the contrary, every sentiment, every reason, from every standpoint, is against it. Will not every lover of our noble State, who has intelligently studied the history of past States and peoples, tell you, in the light of that history, and with an eye to the future, that the division of Texas would be a fatal mistake? Let the dreary history of dead States, of fragmentary and dissevered States, be “a lamp unto our feet and a light unto our path.”



THE WHISPERING OF THE SEA.

Inscribed to Mrs. M. J. Young and Miss Mollie E. Moore.

BY FANNIE A. D. DARDEEN.

WE were three sisters of one mystic tie,
And oft' did inspiration's power compel
Our songs; each different from the other, yet
United, all in full accord would ring
In rich harmonious chime. Each sang her own
Wild notes, some clear, some soft; each on her own
Distinctive instrument would play, but all
Attuned in fullest harmony. And so
It chanced upon a bright and glorious day,
When glowing summer, rousing from her dreams,
Half rising from her flowery bed, bestows
A golden smile upon cold winter's brow,
And bathing all his form in genial light,
Wakes his old heart to rapture, that we three,
Walking together on the sparkling strand
Which girdles our loved isle, held converse sweet.
One was a queen; born in purple she,
For nature dowered her with all royalty,
'Twere vain to analyze, or seek to trace
Where dwelt the charm of her majestic grace;
But in each lineament of face or form
Were viewed the same inexplicable charm;
The queen of night, from her deep vault of blue,
Had smiled upon her birth with brightest beams,
And brought her darkest tints of jetty hue
To shade her hair, and all her treasured dreams
Of beautiful romance she gave to light
The eyes which caught their own dark hue from night.

GEMS FROM A TEXAS QUARRY.

And one was fair, the youngest of the three ;
We called her little Sister, and we joyed
To hear above us the wild minstrelsy
Breathed from her spirit's harp, pure, unalloyed,
Which, rising now aloft, and high and higher,
Seemed all inspired with Heaven's celestial fire.
And graceful as a willow, lightly bending
Above some glassy stream, she seemed to me ;
The sun's own rays in her fair hair were blending,
And lightly rang her laugh of merry glee.
And she and I beneath the same blue sky
Were born, but in the sunlight she, for day's
Cerulian tints were shed within her eyes,
Which bright reflected all its gladdening rays.

But night and day both claimed me as their own,
While shifting lights and shadows from the skies,
Like joy and sorrow on my mirth were thrown,
Leaving their blended hues within my eyes.

So, side by side we wandered by the sea,
Which playfully, with murmurs low and sweet,
Capriciously would turn as though to flee.
Then come again to woo and kiss our feet.
And when we questioned each the other's eyes
We saw therein, how that the murmuring sea
Had told to each, a tale of sweet surprise,
And this the song it whispered unto me :

WHAT THE SEA SAID.

BY FANNIE A. D. DARREN.

'Tis a festival day of the sun,
And he comes from the far dewy East .
Whence hours ago fled the timid dawn
In her light veil of shadowy mist ;
And I'll whisper to thee how the ardent sun
With magical glances has wooed me—and won.

'Tis a festival day of the sun,
And the winds breathe a welcome refrain
With fragrant sighs in a musical tone
While following fast in his train ;
And the flowers look up with a radiant smile,
As he lovingly bends o'er their beautiful isle.

He hath called to me hours ago,
And my heart, heaving high, hath replied
In tumultuous passion of ebb and of flow,
And unchecked was my feeling's wild tide ;
And my soul hath gone forth in a wildering bliss
When his warm lips touched mine in a bright, golden kiss.

And I've donned on this festival day
My fairest of robes, as you see,
For my flounces of lace, from the light ocean spray,
The mermaids have woven for me ;
And they sweep the white beach again and again,
As I dance to my own music's sighing refrain.

And my robe is of light azure blue,
'Tis a color he loves, which is caught
From the canopied arch which he passes through.
And from deep ocean grotto is brought
For my brow a tiara of diamonds bright,
Which his glances have brought with a magical light.

And my soul is exhaled every hour
In a light cloud of vapory mist,
All my being absorbed by love's wonderful power,
Which I know it were vain to resist ;
For the sun hath looked down with his magnetic eyes,
And I breathe out my spirit in murmuring sighs.

But I know that in some fateful hour
He will hide his bright form from my view,
And my spirit transformed to a dark cloud will lower
Far above in the deep vault of blue,
And that when the last smile of my love disappears,
I'll return to the earth in a torrent of tears.

GEMS FROM A TEXAS QUARRY.

WHAT THE SEA SAID.

Dedicated with affection to Fannie A. D. Darden and Mollie E. Moore.

BY MRS. M. J. YOUNG.

The sea hath many voices, sister mine,
Varied as winds of hill and mountain are,
When murmuring early 'mid the solemn pines,
Or chanting gloriously to mid-night star,
Or whispering where the dead in silence are.

The day was fair, as we three paced the sands—
Sands bright with waters from a tropic shore ;
And on the sea, and sky, and earth, there seemed
No missing beauty we could wish for more,
And every breath to Heaven our gladness bore.

The sea was gay when first I list its song,
But weird and subtle came another key,
Breathing an interlinked sob and moan,
Like the wild minor lullaby
That fishers' wives sing as they watch the sea.

Grander and fuller came the mystic strain,
Like wresting clouds they intertwined and spread,
While e'er anon a bright note cleft them through
Like sunbeam burning a bright path of red,
Down which the choral moved with solemn tread.

And words ne'er told, save to poetic sense,
Were in that choral chanted to my ears—
Things dimly seen and felt, but never spake ;
For dearth of speech, all salt with human tears,
And heart with gladness full, yet faint with fears.

"I have full many a shore," the bright foam said,
As hurrying up the sands it kissed my feet,
"From where the icebergs rear their glittering heads
To where all glories in the tropics meet,
From wild-bird's song to flowerets gay and sweet.

And everywhere the earth is good and fair,
And things of beauty last for aye and aye." "
But while it spake, the wind in cruel spite
Broke its white wreath, and trampled 'neath the spray.
The scattered bubbles quick were borne away.

Then came a curved billow, sleek and green,
It paused, like Pythoness, pronouncing doom,
" The things of earth are transient as a dream,
Time, like my wave, sweeps all into the tomb ; "
Then broke the billow with a sudden boom—

Broke, and a sea-gull's frightened shriek
Rose wild and thrilling from the misty spray ;
The Kildee called to Kildee on the beach,
And mid the rocking billows far away,
The sea-birds flew in mystical array.

The beckoning hands of waves far out at sea,
Ghostly, and white, and cold, arose to view ;
The song they sang was wondrous strange to hear,
Though sad as life and death, and like them true,
A song so sad I'm pained to tell it you.

" Our waves are all the tears of all the world
Driven to and fro by sighs engarnered here ;
The murmuring sounds, humanity's deep groans,
Still echoed from the cradle to the bier—
For life, at best, is spher'd into a tear.

" This mighty basin, called by you the sea,
Is simply earth's great treasure-house for things
Too sad for Heaven, too pure for dark Hades,
Which to the human heart doth memories bring
As sweet as David's harp, or mad as Israel's king.

" Thus it is that the sea hath many a tone
Which stirs the soul to its remotest cell ;
Each sob and cry humanity doth own,
The voice of ' plain ing waves alone can tell,
Like their echoed sighs in wreathed shell.

GEMS FROM A TEXAS QUARRY.

"Still over all a bright sky kindly bent,
 The birds their *upward* flight did never cease,
 And thinking of the land where 'there's no sea,'
 That there from sorrow all shall have surcease,
 My heart became attuned to perfect peace."

WHAT THE SEA SAID.

Dedicated to Mrs. M. J. Young and Fannie A. D. Darden.

BY MOLLIE E. MOORE.

I.

Lo, unto thee, my sister, YESTERDAY
 (With eys like thine, and sorrows dark and deep,)
 Came up from out the sea, while brooding sleep
 Entrralled the sky and held the world at bay;
 Came up and walked with thee along the sands,
 And with thee solemn converse held, and sung
 The songs put by, outworn, but always young,
 And she on thine did press appealing hands.

The while she spake of life's lost memories,
 Of youth's forgotton dreams, of faces lost,
 Of broken wrecks upon the ocean tost,
 Of ships that sunk beneath remorseless skies,
 Of priceless things whereon the sea doth prey;
 And with her story, still the undertone,
 Of ocean wove itself, and both made moan,
 Whilst thou at midnight walked with — YESTERDAY.

II.

And unto thee, oh sister mine, to-day,
 With lightsome step at happy noon tide came
 Forth from wide caves, where billows, tinged with flame
 By yellow sunshine, dash in ceaseless play,
 And with thee up and down the shining shore
 She walked and made new little songs and shared
 Bright fancies with thee, and as thus ye fared
 Old ocean sparkling, lilted ever more,

III.

But, bathed in glory, like a coming sun,
Large-eyed and tall, a queen in garments fair,
One riseth from the sea! Her face doth wear
A great content, a sign of victory won!
She draweth near me when I walk, her breath
Is on my forehead, and her hands on mine,
Her touch doth thrill me, like a touch divine,
"Look thou on me and prophecy," she saith.

"I am the Future, and the tides do flow,
Stand thou and listen to the Mother Sea.
Hear her large heart throb with ecstacy,
Her heart disburdened of its weight of woe;
She hath a song of buoyant ships that ride
Her joyous bosom, and a song of lands
Afar, she touched with her gladsome hands
A song of shells and coral, wonder-dyed.

All sadness has gone from her. If a storm
Wooes her with lightning and with thunder, she
Hath care within her deeps for things that be
Of worth to outlive time. The lovely form
Lies waiting somewhere safe in coral caves,
As under waving grass! The perfect gem,
Safe on her heart as in a diadem,
Therefore she has content within her waves.

And she foretelleth cities vast and grand
Shall rise upon her borders, and between
Great ships shall go in peace. Then shall be seen
Hope, youth and love, in many a border land,
Walking beside her. Yea, her voice is sweet
With prophecies! New nations shall arise,
New hopes be wrought, new hearts begin to beat!

Yea, she foretelleth. Her vision fieth fast;
Along the centuries she seeth time
Unfold itself in grand melodious rhyme,
Until the poem closes at the last;

GEMS FROM A TEXAS QUARRY.

And after earth and death have fled away,
Life shall live on and love, and life shall pass
Before the throne, upon the sea of glass,
In perfect peace, arrayed in white array.



THE DAUGHTER OF MENDOZA.

BY MIRABEAU B. LAMAR.

O LEND to me, sweet nightingale,
Your music by the fountains ;
And lend to me your cadences,
Oh, river of the mountains,
That I may sing my gay brunette,
A diamond spark in coral set,
Gem for a Prince's coronet :
The daughter of Mendoza.

How brilliant is the Morning Star !
The Evening Star, how tender !
The light of both is in her eyes,
Their softness and their splendor ;
But for the lash that shades their light,
They were too dazzling for the sight,—
And when she shuts them—all is night !
The daughter of Mendoza.

O, ever bright and beauteous one,
Bewildering and beguiling,
The lute is in thy silver tone,
The rainbow in thy smiling ;
And thine too, o'er hill and dell,
The bounding of a young gazelle,
The arrow's flight, and ocean's swell ;
Fair daughter of Mendoza.

What though, perchance, we meet no more,
What though, too soon we sever ?
Thy form will float like emerald light,
Before my vision ever ;
For who can see and then forget
The glories of my gay brunette ?
Thou art too bright a star to set,
Sweet daughter of Mendoza.

SELFISHNESS.

BY MISS E. K. CURTIS, PARIS.

I AM an old maid, and the story I am going to tell is true. When I was a blooming young girl of eighteen summers, I was unfortunate enough to meet and love a man whose utter selfishness destroyed my happiness for life, and we were acquainted but a few short weeks. If I had married him, what would my life have been! Ah, I would not be living now to warn young girls of selfish men. But, dear girls, I don't censure a selfish man alone for his selfishness. His parents are much to blame. How can mothers expect to find good husbands for their daughters when they raise sons to think only of their own comfort and pleasure, thus encouraging selfishness and other traits which will prevent the most moral, temperate man in the world being a good husband! How many mothers allow their boys to lay aside politeness and gallantry when at home (the place of all others where it is the most needed), and assume a careless, don't-care air; never consult the feelings of mother or sister, but appropriate the best for himself; doing that which adds to *his* comfort and pleasure, without giving a thought to the pleasure and happiness of others! But if a mother or sister forgets his comfort, or dares discommode *him*, what is the result? The man who broke my poor, trusting heart, was, doubtless, raised by just such a weak, indulgent mother. Now for my story. It is not unlike others you have read and heard. We live on a farm about a mile from the pretty village of Snowdown. I was born on this farm: 'twas here I learned the sad, sad lesson of loving, and 'tis here I hope to die. The most important events of my life transpired in my eighteenth year. I graduated a few months after my eighteenth birthday, and returned to my country home—a happy, light-hearted girl. My friends pronounced me accomplished and (if I must say it for myself) pretty; some even went so far as to call me bewitching—fascinating. I knew nothing of the world, of society, or society ways. Snowdown was my world. I was at the head of Snowdown society; my ways were its society ways. I was an artless, trusting, tender-hearted girl. I had a lover, the catch of the village—the

doctor. How happy we were till one starry night in July! Will I ever forget that night? Ah, me thinks not! I remember we were all sitting on the veranda where we could catch the south breeze, exhilarating and sweet from the flower-decked meadows. Papa and mama were rocking and talking at the further end of the porch; my lover and I were sitting on the stone steps. He was playing my guitar and singing that sweet old air from the Bohemian Opera, "Then You'll Remember Me." He sang this simply because I liked it. Neither of us thought I would ever hearken to another's tale of love. Just as my lover finished his song a vehicle stopped at the gate. A gentleman came in and introduced himself to papa as "Mr. Templeton." Mama invited the stranger into the parlor. Dr. Grey and I retreated to the flower garden, where we remained until all of the lights were out except a dim one in the guest's chamber. The next morning, when I appeared at the breakfast table in a dainty pink dress, with baby blue ribbons, papa said: "Lalla, let me introduce Mr. Templeton, an acquaintance of uncle Morris', who wants to spend the summer with us. He prefers our quiet country home to the gay watering-places. I assure him the pure water from our deep well, and the sweet breath from our meadows will do him more good than all the mineral springs in the United States. Mama, you and Lalla must see that Mr. Templeton does not get home-sick or have the blues."

I murmured a few inarticulate words about doing my best to entertain our guest, but I could not appear natural or at ease while his dark eyes were upon me. I remember he assured papa "that if I was his entertainer he would never think of home or blues."

Before breakfast was over I was comparing my lover with this city-bred gentleman. Need I tell that my lover suffered in the comparison? After breakfast, Mr. Templeton followed me to the flower-garden, where I arranged bouquets for the house, while he plucked and placed a few blossoms in my hair, telling me the emblem in

"A voice to woo a woman with,
A voice to plead or pray."

I listened and blushed. Oh! what mesmeric power there was in the look from his dark eyes and the touch of his white hand! Not one thought of my lover or last night's stroll entered my silly head. While I was putting the bouquets into vases, he brought two rockers out on the shaded porch, and called to remind me that I had promised to entertain him. I brought some pretty work and took the low rocker while he

leaned lazily back in papa's big chair. I did not try to entertain him. I worked and he talked, captivating me more and more every syllable he uttered, and every look I chanced to catch from his fascinating eyes. I wonder, until this day, why nature bestows the most fascinating and irresistible charms upon men of selfish, cold natures; and why kind Providence allows such men to select (as they always do) young, inexperienced, trusting girls on whom to try the power of their charms. Had I the experience then I now have, a thousand men like Rodney Templeton could not make me forget for a moment the true nobility and worth of a man like my lover, Dr. Horace Grey. But oh! girls will not be benefited by reading and hearing the experience of others; they must go through the school themselves. As I said before, my story is not unlike others you have read, so why linger upon the days that followed. Oh, they were happy days! But dearly have I paid for their happiness. Rodney Templeton could not go to the meadow to inhale its sweet breath without me by his side. A draught from our cold well did not refresh him unless I drank with him. I grew daily to think less of my lover, but more of my dark-eyed charmer. Horace spent fewer evenings at our house, and those few I now know were not pleasant, for I, the unworthy object of his heart's best devotion, sang my sweetest songs and bestowed my most bewitching smiles upon the handsome Rodney. I thought my lover plain and unattractive, but I was blind—blinded by a mad infatuation. Things continued this way several weeks, until one night Dr. Grey asked me to take a stroll in the garden. I left Rodney Templeton to mama's tender care with perceptible reluctance. In fact I was wicked enough to think of asking him to join us, but Dr. Grey hurried me off before I gave my thoughts a tongue. I will not tell what passed in the garden, except to say we had a lover's quarrel. I was very naughty, for I drove this man—the truest of his sex—from me in anger. I saw him get his hat and leave the house, then I burst into tears. My conscience must have troubled me, for I wept bitterly until I heard approaching footsteps. I thought Horace had returned to ask forgiveness and forgive, until I heard "Lalla Rookh" in a voice that quickened my pulses and made me glad it was not Horace but Rodney who sought me.

"Lalla, my darling, has that doctor's jealousy driven you to tears? The brute." He took me in his arms and tried to kiss my tears away, but they flowed faster. I can't tell why I cried unless it was for joy, for when he took me in his arms, called me his "darling," and kissed me, I thought we were as good as engaged.

"Oh, Rodney," I sobbed.

"What is it; don't cry, my pretty; you will dim the brightness of my sapphire jewels, then what will I do for light?"

"Oh, Rodney, do you love me; Horace has cause to be jealous."

"Love you! Who could be in the house with you twenty-four hours and not love you? As for Dr. Grey's jealousy, my pretty, he has no cause to be jealousy unless *you love me*."

He did not say he loved me, but he looked it, and I replied:

"Love you! Oh, Rodney, you will never know how well! How came you, a city gentleman, who meets so many beautiful city belles, to love a simple country girl like me?"

"Because, to me you are more beautiful in your natural simplicity and modesty than any city girl I ever saw. I would not exchange my Lalla Rookh for all the belles."

He looked fondly into my happy eyes, and kissed me in a manner that convinced me of his love. We strolled in the moonlight with my hands in his. He told me, in the softest tones, how lovely I was in his eyes, and how I had entwined myself about his errant heart. I listened, and was happy; so happy that I did not notice he had not asked me, to be his wife, nor said a word of marriage. I considered myself his betrothed wife. I thought how fortunate that I had quarreled with Dr. Grey. I was honorable enough to wish to be off with the old love before accepting the new. I was very selfish. In my happiness I forgot another's misery. But oh, I had time in after years for remembrance and sympathy! The very next evening my new lover was reading Lalla Rookh aloud (he had been reading for several evenings when we were alone, and had asked permission to call me "Lalla Rookh;" this evening he added "my" to it) when Dr. Grey suddenly appeared and interrupted us. He looked very pale and humble; I looked very rosy and independent. Rodney was very polite. The two gentlemen talked pleasantly for some time. I noticed, blinded as I was by my love for Rodney, that Dr. Grey conversed with as much ease, and upon some subjects was better informed than my new lover. After a while Rodney, very unselfish as I thought, joined papa and mama on the porch. The minute we were alone my old lover came eagerly to my side, took my hands in his, and asked me to forget and be lovers again. I coolly informed him I was engaged to Rodney Templeton. He dropped my hands and staggered to the nearest chair. Will I ever forget his expression? Ah! I can see it now, and it tells me how fondly I once was loved. To my surprise he said not a word to win me from my new love. But in the silent minutes that passed I know he suffered greatly. After what seemed to me hours of silence, he

took my guitar, drew his chair close to me, and sang in tender, impassioned tones, "Then You'll Remember Me." Especially did he dwell on these lines:

"When hollow hearts shall wear a mask
 'Twill break your own to see;
In such a moment I but ask
 That you'll remember me,
That you'll remember, you'll remember me."

Before I could speak he was gone. I felt frightened and miserable until Rodney joined me.

"My pretty, I have a reason for wishing you not to tell your parents of *our love*, just yet."

He did not say our engagement; but I was so surprised I did not notice it at the time.

"Why?" I asked.

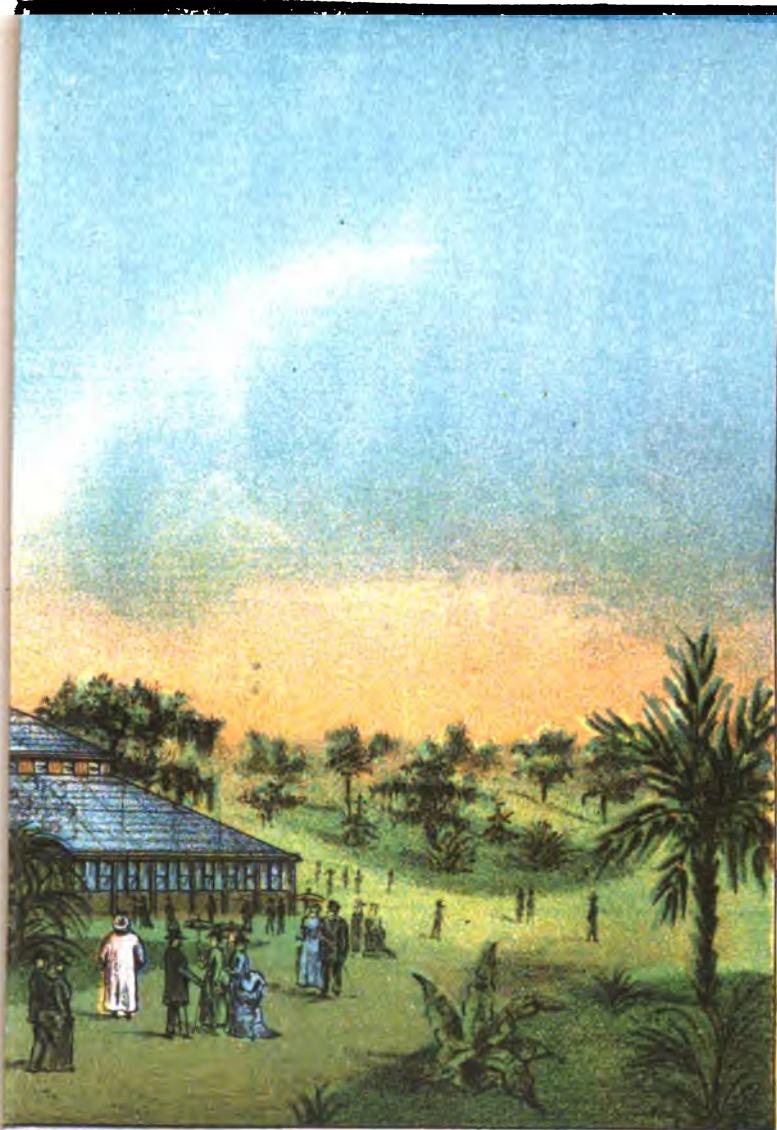
"They know so little about me I was afraid they would deprive me of your sweet society. And you know I could not spend one of these long days without my Lalla Rookh."

I was satisfied. I thought his reason for secrecy an excellent one. In the blissful days that followed I almost forgot Dr. Grey. I forgot there were such things in this world as misery, suffering, and heart-ache until the day came on which my love must leave—must return to the great, busy city. I had no fears of his forgetting me, yet I was very sad when we parted. He took my roses with him and they did not return until I received his first letter. My parents guessed my secret and questioned me, but I had promised and would not tell, though it would have given me much pleasure to have confided in mama. Girls, beware of the young man who speaks to you of love, yet forbids that love being known to your parents. If he cannot trust your parents *be sure* he will not do to trust. I received letters regularly for a month. But one thing troubled me. Rodney never wrote a love letter—they were excruciatingly friendly. At last the great event of my life happened. I went to spend a week with a friend in the city—the city which held my lover. Oh! joyful thought. I would see him. I had scarcely removed my wraps until I sent him a delicate note telling of my arrival. He was acquainted with my friend and called at once. He was very cool when we met, but I attributed it to my friend's presence. But when she (considerate girl) left us alone, he still addressed me as Miss Westbrook, and remained on the opposite

side of the room. He did not mention the past delightful summer; he spoke only of the pleasures of the coming winter season. I tried to be brave, but this was so unexpected. My voice trembled and tears came to my eyes; but he was as blind as I was when I first loved him. When he arose to go he said "he hoped to see me again before I returned, but if he was unfortunate enough to miss that pleasure, please give his compliments to my parents and tell them he would never forget the pleasant hours spent beneath their hospitable roof, nor how kindly thoughtful papa was to have him entertained." He added, with a cruel smile, "I expect I remained several weeks longer than I would if Mr. Westbrook had provided less pleasantly for my entertainment. I trust my fair entertainer does not regret the many hours wasted upon my unworthy self. The only regret I have is that I can't spend another summer in such delightful company. But (I will tell you confidentially) I am to be married soon to a wealthy widow, who insists upon spending the next few years in Europe. By the way, Miss Westbrook, what has become of that handsome doctor who was so insanely jealous of me? Not that he had any cause, for we were only amusing ourselves. One must have amusement in summer as well as in winter, you know." I don't know what I said. I only remember he pressed my hand warmly and was gone. I did not faint as most girls would have done. I went home the next day. I told papa and mama everything. I never before nor after saw papa in such a rage. He declared that he would start to the city that night, to deal with Rodney Templeton as he deserved; but I coaxed and kissed him into promising to do just as I wished, as I was the sufferer—that was, to leave Rodney Templeton alone forever. I did not go to bed; I wrapped myself in a mantle of selfishness and nursed my grief, until my better nature awoke to the injury I was doing myself, parents, and friends. When spring came I laid aside this oppressive mantle; I courted energy and animation and they came. Once more I became a comfort and pleasure to my parents and friends. We hear of Dr. Grey frequently, in a distant city, a useful and prosperous man. I never take up my guitar without thinking of him and the sweet old song he was singing the night the serpent entered our Eden, and the feeling with which he sang it the last time I heard his voice. "Hollow hearts" have been unmasked; and do I remember him? Ah, yes, but he can never know it. As I have said before, "I have learned the lesson of life," and am now a contented old maid—I trust a useful one. I am told I am not as disagreeable as most old maids. I never lecture on but one subject—selfishness. I maintain it was the utter selfishness of another that spoiled my life. I believe boys are more inclined

to be selfish than girls, and if it is not checked in youth by mothers, but allowed to grow with years, it becomes a dam which stops up all the natural currents of good that flow from the human heart. Then, what better can be expected of a man who is lonely and needs amusement, than to amuse himself by breaking the too trusting heart of a pretty country girl?





(m)

GEMS FROM A TEXAS QUARRY.

A splendid force of warriors stern,
 Their slaves and spoils they bring ;
 Thro' Gibeon's Gate they proudly turn,
 With heads erect and eyes that burn,
 They march before their King.

"These slaves and herds and armies grand,"
 (An Angel's voice is heard,)
 "The world to bow at your command
 And own you Lord of all the land—
 Are *these* by you preferred?"

Slightly the sleeping King then turned him on his bed,
 And, tho' still slumbering, dissenting moved his head.

* * *

Lo! all the wealth of Tyre here unrolled !
 And all the mines of earth have given store
 Of hoards of silver and of molten gold,
 And sacred woods with gems encrusted o'er ;

See flashing all the consecrated stones
 That blaze upon the Ephod's holy square ;
 And jasper pillars, fit support for thrones,
 And crimson canopies of texture rare !

Here jeweled censers swing from golden chains
 Whilst myrrh and frankincense make sweet the air ;
 And all the room resplendent glory gains
 From glit'ring mass of fabrics fine and rare.

Once more the Angel speaks in trumpet tone :
 "The treasures of the world before you lie ;
 Shall these, and more, be given for your own ?
 Can such as these your soul e'er satisfy?"

Slightly the sleeping King then turned him on his bed,
 And, tho' still slumbering, dissenting moved his head.

Now maidens fair,
With golden hair
 Or locks of ebon hue,
With love-lit glance
And feet that dance,
 Come gaily into view.

With harp and flute,
To strains from lute,
 Advance the lovely throng:
Before the King
Sweet blossoms fling
 With poem, praise and song.

The Angel's voice
Again gives choice
 To him who slumbers there:
" Shall Love's delight
And beauty bright
 Comprise your chosen sphere?"

Slightly the sleeping King then turned him on his bed,
And, tho' still slumbering, dissenting moved his head.

* * *

A silence lies upon the room,
A stillness in the air,
And from the chamber's depth of gloom
No vision doth appear.

With quiet breath the King sleeps on,
As tho' his restless mind
To higher realms than earth had flown,
And left all care behind.

But list! a voice so clear and sweet,
So flute-like in its tone,
An Angel at Jehovah's feet
Such harmony might own.

GEMS FROM A TEXAS QUARRY.

With ecstacy the sleeper's ear
 Receives the silv'ry sound
 That echoes down from Heaven's sphere
 With melody intoned :

" Oh, son of David ! Thy grand soul
 Is burdened with the sense
 Of things that own not thy control,
 Nor bow to thy pretence.

" No dream of wealth, nor pomp of power
 Thy royal heart allured,
 Nor loving glance, nor beauty's flower
 Thy quiet pulse hath stirred.

" But now I bring thee *more* than these,
 A gift of higher worth ;
 As far above all monarchies
 As Heaven caps the earth !

" I bring the *wisdom*, great, divine,
 All powerful and grand !
 In thee shall *knowledge* find a shrine,
 Yet bow at thy command ? "

Slightly the sleeping King then turned him on his bed,
 And, tho' still slumbering, *assenting* bowed his head.

* * *

Then many voices joined in fullest choir
 To praise and to exalt !
 The purest joy harmonious notes inspire,
 That rise to heaven's vault ;
 And there the seraph bands, with harps of gold,
 Repeat the happy strain
 That thro' the blue empyrean grandly rolled,
 Then fell to earth again.

The waiting winds caught up the music sweet
And bore it to the flowers ;
Then onward still, with sounding pinions fleet,
Unto the farthest shores,
Where every voice repeats the wondrous tale,
And all the nations bow—
For *wisdom* over all things shall prevail,
And with each gift endow
Him, who his choice hath made of knowledge great
Instead of pomp or gold—
Whose realm will ever be commensurate
With grandeur yet untold !
And thro' the world, in every land and clime,
Forever from that hour,
Resistless, onward rolls the truth sublime,
That **KNOWLEDGE STILL IS POWER.**



MY DEAD.

BY MRS. LEE C. HARBY, HOUSTON.

I.

WHERE shall I bury him, this love of mine !
Where shall his beauty find a resting place,
That can shut out the glory of his face
From morning's joy and evening's tender shine,
Of distant stars above the floating clouds ?
He was so ardent in his sweet, short life,
And now so cold within his burial shrouds !
With ecstacy his every day was rife—
But now no pulses thrill beneath my hand ;
No heart-beats answer mine with warm desire ;
No kindling flush obeys my eyes' command ;
But white and still he lieth there ! O heart !
Thou can't not re-illumre his torch's fire !
No skill may re-unite Love's broken dart !

II.

Lo ! I have found a resting place for Love !
Here shall I bury him—within my soul,
That erst delighted in his sweet control,
And with his life my being interwove.
Existence was but many empty days,
Until he taught to me my own heart's lore ;
He crowned me with his wreath of deathless bays,
Enriched me from his passion's glowing store,
He lit the world with brilliance from his eyes,
Her perfumed earth with his celestial breath,
And in his kiss I tasted Paradise !
Now fragrance, light and happiness have fled !
I lose my life in Love's most cruel death,
And in my soul inter my sacred dead !

A DREAM.

BY MRS. LEE C. HARBY, HOUSTON.

LIFE, with its trials, pressed upon my heart. My being rebelled from the everlasting rule of duty, whose hand pointed to the Path of Right, which led by arid fields, by barren moors, by parched water courses, and springless deserts.

There was yet another road that I longed to tread, for its beauty fascinated my senses. From this, Desire called to me with joyous voice. Ease beckoned with tempting hands, filled with all things beautiful and rare. Passion pointed to glorious landscapes. Pleasure whispered of broad lawns, flower-bordered, whose perfumes entranced the soul. There, fruits hung from the trees; but taste of their sweetness and the mind became intoxicated with visions of bliss. From the road-side springs gushed forth; drink of their waters and your veins would glow, your nerves would thrill with ecstasy!

"But come," whispered Desire, "and you shall be satisfied."

"Come," called Passion, "and life shall be beautiful."

"Come," said Ease, "and you shall revel in the luxurious."

"Come," Pleasure pleaded, "and you shall drain my springs dry to their source, and eat of my choicest fruits."

I listened, yet I hesitated. Duty stood before me, commanding—inexorable—but noble of aspect, and with such a sublime light upon her brow that my soul worshiped and my nature felt its own littleness. On her right hand stood Reason, from whose eyes shone the fire of intellect with a light that seemed to make all things clear. On the left stood Content—gracious and smiling—nor did her light feet, nor snowy vestments bear a trace of dust from the arid pathway she had trod.

"Forward!" cried Duty, "thy way is there."

"Thou wilt wish for naught else," murmured Content; "the path of right is all sufficient to him who journeys along its way."

Then Reason said: "O, Child of Earth! did God give the Mind for naught? Exercise its power: pierce through the distance and see where all this ends. Thou must not think of the few short miles traversed by

these different paths, but consider the lands to which they lead. In one of these shalt thou dwell eternally; look, and make thy choice."

He placed his hand upon my brow; then, before my sight spread out this picture.

I saw the broad and lovely road, narrow and narrow as it approached its end. It was strewn with thorns and nettles, that mixed with its flowers and fruits, giving greater pain than they yielded joy.

It led on to a great plain, and when Desire reached there, lo! she was turned to Satiety and Disgust—two in one—and she was yet fed upon that with which she was gorged and had sickened.

There Passion wandered, and each beautiful thing before her was covered and defiled by the slime of Lust; and there serpents writhed, that stung and stung again, wounding and consuming themselves in their fury.

Ease no longer rejoiced in her luxury, but with flaccid muscles, nerveless hands and benumbed brain, lamented a misspent life.

Pleasure turned with despair from fruits and flowers, their perfumes were but noxious odors—the fruits turned to ashes on her lips; the springs along her path but chilled her blood, and were as bitter as the waters of Death!

Shuddering, I turned my eyes away toward the land reached by the Path of Right.

See where glistens in the sunshine a broad white road! Into that has the arid and narrow pathway led. It has widened, it has softened, it has grown lovely, as it neared the Land of the Beautiful. As Duty, led by Reason, pressed on, Content followed; a clear and even lane had been trodden out by the two that went before; therefore, the maiden's pure robes were spotless.

Sweeter the air seems; flowers spring up, trees wave on either side, and the bright River of Reward bursts from a rocky crevice. To gain its banks a difficult path must be journeyed. Ah! the road is hard and stony just here—jagged, and rough, and steep—but it takes you on to that river's bank where smiles the garden in which bloom the flowers of Completion, only to be gathered after the pathway of Effort has been trod.

So Reason lends the light of intellect, and Duty has a grand courage; Content ever creeps after, until at last the Lovely Land is reached. There the River of Reward forms the Lake of Happiness; encircled by its waters lies the Island of Fulfillment.

The silver shallop of Friendship ferries them across, there to dwell with

Love, whose throne is of roses honey laden—yet, as naught can be perfect that is not God, the Bee will sip from the flowers, and sometimes Love feels its sting.

There stood Joy, reaching eager hands unto Content—twin sisters they—dependent one upon the other for their lives' continuance.

Will stood there triumphant, trampling Despair beneath his feet; his mailed hand held a rose, plucked from Love's throne—and ever he looked upward to the Star of Success, which threw its effulgence upon the Crown of Fame that almost touched his brow.

Above all towered Reason, his eyes reflecting that power of man which approaches nearest to divinity.

And Duty rested at last; her tired feet laved by the waters of the lake whose name is Happiness!

I awoke—and lo! in my lap a book, and upon its inner page a silver shield; emblazoned there a mailed hand holding a rose, in the heart of which was a drop of honey and on its petals a bee. Beneath, on a scroll of blue, in letters of gold, burned this legend: "*Strong and true to Eternity!*"

PUTTING AWAY THE JEWELS.

BY MRS. FANNIE A. D. DARDEN, COLUMBUS.

I WILL put them away, the jewels they gave,
For the hearts which bestowed them lie cold in their grave,
And the lustre of love which their brightness once shed,
In the grave of the world lies pulseless and dead.

I will lay them down tenderly, smiles once so bright
Which made sorrow flee, as from gladness and light ;
Each tender word spoken before me now lies,
Let the tear-drops embolden them which fall from my eyes.

In this casket of memory, here I will lay
Many loving kind deeds, and o'er them will I pray ;
O'er the hearts which bestowed them for blessings untold,
Oh ! the love which they gave was more precious than gold.

See this bright string of pearls, they were tears which with mine
In friendship commingled at Sorrow's sad shrine ;
I will lay them down gently, each one in its place,
They have mocked me too long with their beauty and grace.

These jewels of radiance, I turn from the sight,
They were not mine to wear, with their beauty and light ;
They are torn from my heart, grieving over with pain,
But, perchance, midst the blest I will see them again.

Oh ! hearts which once gave me these jewels so rare,
Now cold, have ye no vital spark sleeping there ?
Can a breath not awake ye to bless me once more,
To gladden my journey on life's transient shore ?

Nay ! let not the spark which is smouldering now,
Awaken again with its inconstant glow ;
Too great was the gladness, too keen was the pain,
I will wait 'till in Heaven they are given me again.

THE AMENITIES OF JOURNALISM.

BY JOHN F. ELLIOTT, DALLAS.

[An Address before the Texas Press Association.]

BY recent statistics it appears that there are in the United States more than 12,000 newspapers and periodicals, with an annual increase of about 1,000, Texas claiming over 350 of the former. A late list of the names of such publications exhibits 11,314, including 941 dailies, 8,633 weeklies, 133 semi-weeklies, 73 tri-weeklies, 40 bi-weeklies, 1,167 monthlies, 166 semi-monthlies, 2 tri-monthlies, 13 bi-monthlies, 116 quarterlies, 6 semi-annually; aggregate circulation per issue, 3,566,395; weekly and all others, 28,213,291. The papers and periodicals are classified as follows:

Devoted to news, politics and family reading, 8,863; devoted to religion, 553; to agriculture, horticulture, etc., 173; to commerce and trade, 284; to finance, 25; to insurance and railroads, 54; to general literature, including magazines, 189; to medicine and surgery, 114; to law, 45; to science and mechanics, including mining journals, 68; to free-masonry, odd-fellowship, temperance, etc., 149; to education, including college and school publications, 248; children's periodicals, including Sunday school papers, 219; miscellaneous, 330. The number of papers published on Sunday is 552. The newspapers of the United States are published in fifteen different languages, namely: English, French, German, Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, Irish, Indian, Chinese, Bohemian, Catalan, Dutch, Polish, Danish, Scandinavian and Welsh. The religious publications include: Baptist, Christian, Congregational, Disciples, Dunkards, Episcopal, Evangelical, Friends, Jewish, Lutheran, Menonite, Methodist, Moravian, Mormon, Presbyterian, Primitive Christians, Reformed, Roman Catholic, Second Advent, Spiritualists, Swedenborgian, Unitarian, United Brethren in Christ, Universalist, Unsectarian.

In view of this the journalist may well experience a commendable pride in the magnitude and importance of his appreciated and growing profession. Newspapers have grown to be so immense in their proportions, so all-embracing in the scope of intelligence furnished, so univers-

ally resorted to by all classes in a community, and so powerful a factor in the moulding of thought, that they should be controlled by only the best of a country's citizens. But while they should be animated by a spirit of justice and fairness in the discussion of measures and men, principles and policies, there is an equal obligation upon them to treat each other after the same fashion. In the not long ago it was a reproach against the legal profession that its practitioners permitted an excess of zeal for their client's cause to over-leap the bounds of discretion for wrongful indulgence of abuse against their brother adversaries. That practice has been vastly amended. But it is a reproach to-day against members of our profession that they are not only too frequently lacking toward one another in due courtesy, but are much too open to the charge of the use of shameless epithets and reckless vituperation.

The editor has but small excuse to permit his passions to subordinate his judgment, to permit prejudice to supercede equity, or even amenity. Isolated as he is from the tumult of reality, and protected from impulses by the formality of his life, he has nothing to plead in extenuation for the wrongs of rudeness. His method of expression is the permanency of print, and his phrases are formulated in the quiet of his sanctum, with ample opportunity for caution. He is not a private personality, but he belongs to the public generally, and thus his ministry is broader than that of the pulpit preacher, the lecturer or the political orator. His audience fills all the residences, stores, hotels, saloons, prisons, cars, etc. Everywhere that human feet tread and human hearts beat he enters, talks and teaches. Nor have his labors ceased with his life, for long after his pleading fingers are dust, his words are at work for weal or woe. If he forgets that he is addressing an intelligent multitude and uses his columns as a spital in which to empty his malice, his prejudices, his revenges; if he limit his scope to the range of his personal feelings, he not merely disgraces his high vocation but will even fail to secure the paltry aim of his efforts; for never yet was an enemy injured by such means that the recoil was not powerful against him who leveled and sped the shaft. The public is too well educated not to readily perceive the animus, and not to deprecate to contempt that sort of condemnation.

The polite and deliberate man of letters lives forever in human hearts. Alexander the Great would be forgotten but for the historian, and the record of the Bonaparte would be without a chapter were his deeds not written by the literateurs. The great Cæsar was an editor, and though nearly all his conquests have passed into the obscurity of tradition, save what his own

Commentaries convey in that elegance of style that delights the scholar of even this era as he exalts the hand that traced the lines. The flash of his sword was of ephemeral effect, while the work of his pen is of permanent existence.

The lightning that hurls its enraged lurid bolts all through the atmosphere avails us nothing. But it is the quiet and regulated stream that sets in motion the mills that turn out for humanity the clothing, food, and sheltering material. It is the quiet prairie and the peaceful hills that send forth from their prolific interiors, by steady effort, all the requirements of a progressive civilization. So, too, it is the electricity, tamed and harnessed in the laboratory, that does man's bidding, and, under his control, traverses the earth with messages of love or business import with feet as fleet as thought. Sledge-hammer blows will not disturb the hardened rocks and ores, but the quiet acid will disintegrate them to finest grains. The censure of the chronically censorious bears within itself the seeds of its own dissolution, while on the other hand the very absence of praise on the part of those known to delight in recording rather the agreeable, is felt and recognized as severest criticism. If such a writer commend in courtly language he may lift his friend or a cause high as his intention goes. The lucubrations of Ben. Franklin were more potent than the rhodomontade of the Jacobins. He reflected in his closet, and they raved in the commune; and out of the philosopher's thinking was evolved the American Republic, even while the guillotine of those Jacobins brought forth a second dynasty for France which it took Franklin's example to destroy. Madame Roland understood the power of persuasive writing and she preferred Poire to Robespierre. And the tyranny of the time, though it hushed her sweet voice, found itself at last thwarted by the echoes of its sentiments. The writer is not as a winter storm removing obtruding objects by force, but should be rather as the gentler spring pushing away with tender yet resistless might the decayed leaves of the past, and robing the world with new-born verdure, with the revival that nature loves and blesses. An angry man cannot think correctly, and a thoughtless one cannot write properly. But every spring of knowledge must be touched by the editor, and not discord but concord should be the resultant effect. His field, then, is the world and all that in it is, and his ability should be equal to the breadth of his enterprise.

It is a mistake to assume that the extreme or the excessive is most efficacious. Niagara roars and plunges with thundering sound, yet never turns a wheel for practical purposes. Vesuvius and Ætna roar also, as if in rivalry of a foe to fiery existence, and yet their steam and lava are valueless to progress.

It is no "pent-up Utica," no "middle flight," but above the Aonian mount, and wide as the universe, yet calm as an inland sea in its depth; as forcible as old ocean's roll, yet clear as the rippling crystal tide, the editor feels it is his province to revel in. What a mighty man was Horace Greeley with his pen, yet how serenely great in his might. He had the force of a lion but he used it like a dove, and yet he overthrew mountains. He had the splendid strength of an intellectual giant, but he exerted it as a Christian.

The pen used in honor's cause can convert the sword into harmless steel and send its holder to rot in a dungeon. Every silvery sentence composed within the limits of logic is a keen arrow penetrating the thrice-armed fame of bolstered error, but the sentence blunted by raging words is a mere putty ball blown from a tube of glass to flatten against the mail of the adversary. The French duelist smiles and bows on the "field of honor" only in the certainty of success which the serenity of his nerves ensures. The Italian fencer furiously fights the air only to fall foaming, the victim of his own reckless rage. In conscientious industry the level-headed editor labors at his noble task; and so let him, like the tortoise, press his pastron and his carapod together and utter no sound when the dogs of discontent are barking about him.

As in all other avocations, journalism numbers all sorts of people. There are charlatans who steal the work of the masters, but who, when robed in the hide of the lion, are readily discernible in their assumed security and self-satisfied complacency. There are lachrymose writers who weep over the world's follies, but overlook their own. And while there are a few genuine wits, there are legions of would-be funny characters, whose jokes are not unsafe things to reflect on at a funeral, and are never known to disturb decorum anywhere. There are spiteful paragraphers who love to live in the slimes of suspicion, jealousy and envy, and who antagonize friendships without accomplishing any advantages. And so on through the list. But there is only one true journalist, and that is he who comprehends his calling as we have indicated it. Let all be assured that in the coming days no writings will live when charged with the bitterness man at times feels for man. History presents no more conspicuous example of a misfortune in this regard to a great personage than the publication by Mr. Jefferson of his "Anas," a work surcharged with bitterness and poisonous scraps and malicious tales as reported to him about enemies, and for whose publication even the editor of the Congressional edition was wont to excuse himself as an unhappy instrument for the perpetuation of wrongs through print.

Let it be understood that every journalist guilty of defiling his splendid

position with untruthfulness, with malice and the other vices, shall be doomed to disgrace, and the profession will be improved all along the line. Oblivion should belong to rancour in the grand principle of eternal adjustment. Nature has decreed that deformities shall perish from the earth. The brain that gives birth to spleen, ill-shapen and distorted thoughts and sentiments, is a mother who groans in labor and brings forth a Richard III. As soon as the thing of horror comes into light all the winged things of the air seek either to avoid or destroy it. The sunlight is hateful to its blinking eyes, and the dew heaven sheds to nurture innocence is poison to that which nature abhors. The world wants at its editorial desks men ready, able, and willing to struggle in the bright ranks of truth; ready to clutch error by the throat, and expose it, and strangle it; able to give good aid in blotting oppression from the land; willing to act as an usher in the halls to bear opinion to the noblest seat. And this requirement is exacted whether the Herculean labors be in the search for the golden fleece guarded by power, or the cleaning out of the Angean stables befouled by the dirtiest. Such mission is too great when the world is the field and humanity the subject, for the editor to see his prototy whole in the ruffian whose highest ambition is to crucify somebody. But, writing a book for the millions of to-day and the myriads of the future, it is his duty to improve that world by the elevation of that humanity through the purity of the character of the volume and a progressive movement in its methods.

A DAY AND A NIGHT.

BY MRS. M. JOHNSTON BENTLEY, DENISON.

ONE golden summer day, a fair, sweet woman,
With sunny hair and eyes of tender blue,
Looked with glad smiles upon earth's light and beauty,
And wondered that, to her, it fairer grew.
A new sweet hope was in her heart; no shadow
Of coming sorrow touched her brow that day;
With rainbow tints *love* gilded all the future,
And drove with tender light all gloom away.

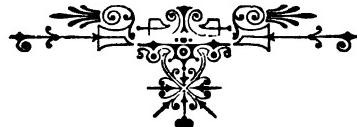
Time's restless tide flows on. New joys and sorrows
Are borne to us upon its mighty breast:
Unto this fair, and sweet, and tender woman,
What did it bear upon its rolling crest?
She loved and was beloved; her heart was ready
For all the good and ill Time's tide might bear.
With trusting eyes and tender hands uplifted
She gathered—only *anguish and despair*.

The tender, trusting eyes were filled with sorrow;
The brave, true heart was filled with utter woe;
The light of Hope, for her, went out in darkness—
Such as the *drunkard's wife* alone can know.
O cruel Hope! to cheat a heart so loving;
O Love! to live where all the rest are dead;
O Life! to hold the human heart in bondage,
When all that made thee beautiful has fled.

There came a night of shame, and sin, and horror—
I pause and tremble now with bated breath,
When I remember how we plead in terror,
And gazed upon that instrument of death
In maddened hands; and heard the burning curses
And loathsome words from maddened lips that fell;
And even *children's* piteous cries for mercy,
All answered back by—*oaths as black as hell*.

I wondered, "Where is God and all the angels,
And pitying Jesus, and the sun that shone?"
The darkened earth seemed slipping from beneath us
As we, with drunken madness, strove alone;
That stricken wife drooped as the storm-beat flower
Hidden 'neath ruins from the sun and dew.
Her poor, sad heart, that dreadful night, was broken;
And when *her* heart was broken, mine broke too.

She's resting now. The tired hands are folded;
The wounding, aching heart is still in death;
The tender lips no more can say, "my sister"—
God's angel softly kissed away her breath.
I know another angel stands and beckons—
I cannot see—my heart seems cold and dead;
I try to look across the darkened valley,
But I am blinded by the tears I shed.



THEOSOPHY.

BY MRS. L. S. M'PHERSON, SHERMAN.

A THEOSOPHIST is one wise in the things of God—one who holds intercourse with God and superior spirits, and consequently attains superhuman knowledge by physical processes, a direct rather than a revealed knowledge of spiritual or essential things.

Theosophy was the basis of the theurgic operations of the ancient Platonists, and of the chemical process of the German fire Philosophers.

Their knowledge, they claimed, was attained by extraordinary illumination, by which the interior or spiritual nature of things was found out and God understood.

As each theosophist received direct personal illumination from the infinite source of knowledge, truth was found and demonstrated by physical processes.

It was after forty days in the mount with God that Moses received the law, which is after so many centuries the underlying strata of all written statutes.

The old time prophets were theosophists, and through direct intercourse with the divine mind received the prophecies recorded and fulfilled.

The theosophist who held the most constant communion with God and became the best exponent of the divine mind was Jesus, of Nazareth, born in Bethlehem of Judea, in the days of Herod, the King.

Balaam, the seer of the East, as well as the Magi who followed the star of Bethlehem to the cradle of Christ, was a theosophist.

Theosophy is of no sect, no denomination, no nation or race of people. It is embraced in the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man.

The world has always had its theosophist—men and women who, seeking for the highest light, have been raised, illuminated, and fed upon the white manna of celestial truth.

They have formed but a small part of the population of the globe

at any time, and have been isolated individuals; but from them the world has received its best lessons and the purest wisdom.

There are, perhaps to-day, more men and women whose hearts are raised heavenward, souls thrown open to the direct rays to the divine mind, than ever before at any age of the world.

For the most part they are isolated individuals, living their lives apart from organized association, and their interior lives separate from even those nearest to them.

"The still small voice," heard by a wandering tramp in Horab's cave, is dearer to many a hungering heart than all the worldly theological expositions poured out upon listening ears since the days of Pentecost.

The experience of an hour is often of more value to an individual than the preaching heard in a life-time.

Theosophizing—finding out God and His purposes toward us, his inter-relations with man—is better than paying mass for souls in purgatory.

The spiritual telegraphy between the infinite and finite worlds has never been broken; but not every one catches the passing message or hears the divine symphony of the heavenly voices.

The true theosophist is humble, devout and conscientious. The light of Heaven shines upon his open heart and photographs upon it pictures of celestial beauty.

The image between the light and the waiting soul may be a passing angel, a home-born spirit, or a message of love.

The physical world with its laws is but the outward exponent of the spirit world with the laws of spirit life.

The trouble is that so few of us prepare our soul-plates for the heavenly pictures, or comprehend with our world-deadened ears the divine messages of love.

The following lines were written by one who understands; and coming as they do from so great a mind, we give them as sustaining the foregoing:

"So sometimes comes to soul and sense
The feeling, which is evidence,
That very near about us lies
The realm of spiritual mysteries.

"The sphere of the supernal powers
Impringes on this world of ours,
The low and dark horizon lifts
To light the scenic terror shifts.

GEMS FROM A TEXAS QUARRY.

"The breath of a diviner air
Blows down an answer to our prayer:—
That all our sorrow, pain, and doubt
A great compassion clasps about,
And law and goodness, love and force,
Are wedded fast beyond divorce.

"Then, duty leaves to love its task;
The beggar, Self, forgets to ask;
With smile of trust and folded hands
The passive soul in waiting stands
To feel, as flowers, the sun and dew,
The one true Life its own renew.

"So, to the calmly gathered thought,
The innermost of truth is taught,
The mystery dimly understood,
That love of God is love of good;
Then, all that time and sense have known,
Falls off and leaves us, God, alone."

Who that has ever experienced such a moment as this could doubt the interior relations existing between the spirit of man and the All-Father of the universe?

AVENGED.

BY JOHN F. ELLIOTT, DALLAS.

YES, yes, fair Lorette, ere the clock had struck two
His spirit had fled to its Home in the Blue.
“Did I give him your message,” your perfumed gilt note?
Nay, nay, I refused to convey what you wrote.
His reason had gone, the great heart that you broke
Was at last in sweet peace, so stilled by the stroke
Of a wayward and merciless, reckless coquette;
Yet one that he called, as he died, “My Lorette!”
But I did not propose its last throbs should be stirred
By the hollow pretense of some false-sounding word.
“Did he mention your name? Did he speak of your shame?
Did he say he forgave what he felt he might blame?”
Alas, witch Lorette, with your dancing black eyes,
And your velvety voice in Mokannah disguise.
As it rolls from your rosy-red lips like a charm,
Your waxen white neck and the tapering arm
From your pale, pearly shoulder, the soft pensive air,
Of your primrose young face ‘neath the raven black hair.
You tempted him on to the verge of despair:
And when at the threshold of joy’s full store,
Of all that his soul had been led to adore,
“For mischief,” you blazed on its arch, “Hope No More!”
Was it right to do this? But then you well played
The game of indifference, “mischievous” young maid.

* * * * *

The heart in affairs of its own reads aright
Its destiny sometimes, in dark or in light,
By even a phrase. And it interprets best,
Whether it is welcome or unwelcome guest.
“Did he love you?” Ah, luckless Lorette, can it be,
That you ask such a question as that now of me?

Like a wayfaring man that has wandered afar
From his pathway by gazing intent on some star,
Forsaking all others, his skein and your own
He felt as one cord had together fast grown,
'Till you snapped it one day in frivolous freak,
To be broken forever, and not "for that week."

* * * * *

He awoke from his dream; he retired. Yes, I know,
What now would you say — that your heart in its glow
Was my friend's — that you were merely in jest,
You meant but to try him, to put to the test
A heart that so often, so frankly, had shown,
By its honest avowals, was solely your own.
You tried it; he bore it; you live and he died;
The sap of your efforts has now fructified.
He lies in his shroud, and you live in your pride;
His sun has now set; are you quiet, satisfied?
'Twas a conquest of womanly power, you see,
O'er a man who hoped on, though his bark was at sea;
O'er a man who grew paler through study each day,
While struggling for fame with intention to lay
The all at your feet, with a harvest complete,
On the altar of love — not this white winding sheet.

* * * * *

"Your heart is ablaze, while your bosom's opprest
With a million of memories" of him you loved best,
That fall now like fire in the thunderbolt showers,
When erst they would come like the dew on the flowers.
And you go on searching with distracted mind,
A something you miss, but will never more find;
A phantom of joy once a slave to your call,
A calvary now, a sepulchre, cross, that is all.
"Oh, could you recall him!" Alas, this regret!
Your wish is too late. No, no, he is happy, Lorette.
In the fulness of grace, not a cloud on his face,
His brow is as calm as the day when he said
That his dream could not die, though its gleam was all dead.

His dream could not die! ah, how could it, *ma belle?*
Those orient days when he loved you so well;
When by jessamines pinned on your fluttering breast,
Hope first revealed what words later confess;
Those orient days when in all sorts of weather
Life's roses you plucked in its garden together,
Or wept with your bleeding hearts over the grave,
Of some friend that no effort was able to save!
No true one could think that so little a thing
Could cancel such past as a letter, a ring,
Returned to the giver.

* * * * *

Ah, better, Lorette,
If reversing the ring with its mystical set
You had ceased from such folly, been candid and true
To the mould of a man that seemed moulded for you;
The gay Harp of Hope would be breathing again
A symphony sweet, with no jar of refrain,
While now the sad wailings of memory remain,
And crushed illusions bespattered to-day
By tears turned to crystals o'er inanimate clay!

* * * * *

Ah, my friend was a man of a right royal mind,
With a depth and a breadth that we rarely can find,
And a heart too refined for a woman so blind.
The cold Corpse we'll bury, but all your endeavor
To restore what you pawned for the purchase, oh, never!
Go, gloat in the triumphs, gay girl, you thus willed,
I'll stay with the knightliest man ever killed
By the well-feathered shaft of a wealthy coquette!
Sleep, Merlin, sleep—sleep while I answer Lorette.

UNA NARIZ ANOMALA.

(AN ANOMALOUS NOSE.)

[Translated from the Spanish.]

BY ELLA HUTCHINS STEUART, HOUSTON.

"WILL you permit me to sit next to you, Serranita?"

"Most gladly; and I am obliged to you for preferring to be at my side than with the numerous beauties who shine in this salon. Do you, perhaps, know me?"

"No, not as yet; and it is very possible that I will not know you when you unmask. But, what matters it? This evening we may commence an acquaintanceship and thus treat each other, if you wish. The acquaintances that one makes at a masked ball are not necessarily the worst."

"Nevertheless, some terrible blunders are made."

"I shall certainly not deny that some have occurred, but"—

"And you will make some yourself."

"No. One can rarely be deceived when accustomed to observe things everywhere, not excepting the carnival, with his face uncovered."

"Indeed; you have no reason to hide yours, and this cannot be said of many men."

"Thanks, most amiable Serranita. By that you would seem to know me?"

"Yes, by sight. I am told that you are a poet. Will you make me some verses?"

"I will do so, if you so desire, because I have always appreciated the complacency of the fair sex; but first give me your name."

"Call me whatsoever you will: Phillis, Laura, Filena; whichever appears to you most poetical. I have not given you my real name, but have called the first ones that occurred to me, which you can select from as most advantageous."

"But, without seeing, at least, the visage whose perfections I have to extol, without discerning the sweet object of my inspirations—"

"Is it a poet that speaks thus? To you who live ever in the illimitable

regions of the ideal, what difference does it make if the object of your worship is not personally present? For my part I am but little concerned about my face, nor does your imagination appear to me so barren that I shall venture to unmask."

"It is true that only poets, and in their number you desire to count me, walk in spirit through imaginary space; but we do not indulge in only illusions, and I may tell you that in the matter of pleasure I am, and always will be for the actual."

"And what, pray, can you promise me for seeing my face?"

"The admiring of it, if it is as handsome as I fancy; of adoring you—"

"You have always adoration on your lips. You poets should be banished from the entire Christain community, and should stay so."

"Why, my good friend?"

"Because, if you say that which your heart feels, it is impious idolatry; if the contrary, then you are guilty of hypocrisy. You do well in wearing no mask. There is no necessity for poets to try to deceive. They are always in mask."

"If that is so, I accept, for my part, with much pleasure, a quality that so closely pertains to your sex."

"Are we women so deceitful?"

"Yes, Miss Maskface. In that you are not able to say that you accuse the men without cause; but it must be confessed at the same time that the lack of confidence and the tyranny begets your lack of sincerity, and that your deceptions are, as a rule, quite worthy of indulgence, because you are induced to them by the same desire of pleasing us. But is it possible that I am not to see your face?"

"No, it cannot be. The *desire of pleasing you* advises me to retain my mask."

"Your conversation enchantments me, and each word makes me more eager and impatient to become acquainted with you."

"Have you not almost compelled me to show you my face by making it full of *perfections*? Have you not called me, of all good things the first, *the sweet object of your inspirations*? Believe me, your interest and mine are alike opposed to the act of condescension that you solicit. While I remain veiled I am sure of hearing from your mouth such flattering phrases as I have not been accustomed to. If I should take this thin protector from before me, farewell to the illusion. The stiff civility, the studied seriousness would succeed to those eulogies, to those endearing expressions, to

those tender devoirs, with which, without any haughtiness, you have at least diverted and gratified me."

"That modesty is to me the most evident proof of your great merit."

"Yes, I have the merit of being modest; I mean, of being sincere."

"At the risk of confounding you with the commoner of your sex, it would not now occasion me much difficulty to believe it. The carnival is nothing else than the reverse of the medal or routine of the world, and doubtless the women, under the shadow of the standard that seems to invite them to falsehood, effect less than with their own personal faces. Have they not such numberless little occasions of speaking the truth with impunity? Through their mistakes and their deceits I have come to acquire a certain tact in the matter of reading masks. I do not deceive myself as might be wished. Oh! I have a very good *nose*."

Upon saying this I observed in my interlocutor a motion as of surprise or disgust. I assumed that that phase, so vulgar, sounded badly to her ears, and I hastened to excuse myself for not having expressed the idea with that nicety of expression it merited; but my friend, laughing and pressing my hand, evidenced to me, with consummate delicacy, that she most graciously pardoned a *lapsus linguae* of such slight importance, and I continued: "I do wish you would unmask, if but for one thing."

"And what is that?"

"Because it would not be proper for me to speak to you as to a Serranita—as to a masked lady. It is not too bad to be compelled to forego that affectionate familiarity, that delicious address that is permitted at the carnival balls? Now, allow me to speak to you as intimate friends, as relatives, as married couples, as lovers!"

"Then, if I commit the indiscretion of unmasking, you would not have time to rise and scarcely be able to articulate a weak and unfeeling '*A las pies de usted*.' " (At your feet.)

"How pleased you are to mortify me! Do you suspect I am capable of such courtesy? I will suppose for a moment you are ugly, horrible. How could you despoil, by relinquishing the mask, the attractions of your conversation, of that voice which by its sweetness has so captivated me, of that graciousness which thus charms me? How can a woman thus doweried appear ugly? If your face is so, why I pardon it."

"Mind what you say. Will you be more indulgent than other men? Will you be less exacting than they are in the '*amour propre*'? Ugliness is among you men the greatest crime for a woman."

"Oh, but I am of a different kind, or you slander our sex, Serranita.

Disarmed or not, that envious mask of my happiness, far from lessening, augments my fondness for you. Believe not that my proposition is a mere adventure. Where can exist that ugliness with which you undertake to frighten me off? Do I not behold the soft elegance of your figure? Is not your neat little hand here in mine most beautiful? Is not your graceful and small foot worthy of all admiration? Do not the palpitations of your divine breast beget the sweetest fascinations? Do not the brightest rays flash from those enchanting dark eyes? Those ebony tresses that form such a rich contrast with the feminine whiteness of your neck—whose are they but yours? Do I not know even from the movements of your head, which I have not seen, that an enchanting smile hovers about your divine mouth?"

"And yet, with all these features that you so exaggerate, I assure you I am a mere vision, and that you will be shocked if you should see me unmasked."

"Oh, never! It is impossible! Your body—your features —"

"Have you seen them all?"

"I may say yes. The *nose* is the only —" Here she interrupted me with a loud laugh. "You laugh; it is, perhaps, *Roman*?"

"Or Egyptian? How do I know? Do not deceive yourself in your blindness."

"No, it is not possible that a *nose*, anomalous and peculiar or otherwise than pleasing, should be joined to such attractions. And besides, I accept fully all the consequences of the favor that I crave of you. With that mouth, with those eyes, with those incomparable proportions—it must be proper, whether flat, or long and slender."

"Imprudent man!"

"Well, unmask. I am ready to die with delight."

"Alas, I fear to do so!"

"Will you not oblige me for what I beseech you on my knees? Will you make me the derision of the ball-room?"

"All right, then, since you so desire it. Behold me without a mask. What weak creatures we women are. But, at least, not my hands will be they that open the box of Pandora. Receive for your entreaties the punishment of your foolish impatience."

"Could I want more? Oh, glory; oh, good fortune! Envy me, oh mortals! Give me a lyre, oh muses! At this moment I am Pindar, I am Trite —"

"At this moment you are a simpleton."

"What ravishment! What a fortunate hit! Beautiful —" I could

not finish the vocabulary, such was my surprise, such my astonishment, such my terror. What a *nose!* What a *nose!!* What a *nose!!!* I could not believe that nature was capable of carrying to such an extreme such pleonasm, such hyperbole, such amplification. The sonnet of Quevedo—

“He was a man of prodigious nose”

would be poor and colorless to paint it. That was no human *nose*. It was a beet, a fortress, an Egyptian pyramid. Great gods! And they say our country is being regenerated! Then how can such abuses be still allowed? If it is just to condemn all that is opposed to the slow but advancing march of events, of our institutions, all that is untimely, all that is *exaggerated*, why have we not a law against the *exaggeration of noses?*

In the midst of the horror which brought about a principal change of scene, I could have desired to be far removed from the big-nosed Serranita without incurring any notice of rudeness. I made incredible exertions to tender some expressions of gallantry. It was impossible. If I could have held in front of me a looking-glass, I would certainly have seen the face of a fool.

For my relief, the Serranita, who had doubtless learned to be resigned to her deformity and all the effects of it, laughed in hearty good faith, whether at my embarrassment or not I do not know. At any rate I was sufficiently encouraged to rise under the pretext of going to salute a friend; and without daring to look at her again, she dismissed me with a dry, displeasing “*A las píes de usted!*”

The confusion gave wings to my feet, while anger blinded me. I stumbled over persons and things promiscuously, and I would have gone home without carriage or cloak but with immense disgust had not hunger detained me with the same force as the *nose* had begotten, whose shadow had darkened all my enjoyment. Then I rushed into a sort of pot-pourri, or medley of dishes; I took possession of a table, examined the list; I made for that which was nearest my reach; I ate—not with any appetite, but in maddened mood—from four different plates, and when I started to take the fifth one, there, almost in front of me, divine justice! was the same Serranita, or, to speak more accurately, the same *nose* which, but a little while before had so terrified me. My first impulse was to get up and run, but the droll Serranita held me spell-bound, saying with an infernal sweetness:

“What! are you going without inviting me to supper?”

I became as silly as an idiot, and the *nose* seemed to laugh, and for my discomfort, for it was not the kind of laugh to alleviate my annoyance or my anger.

"Serranita—"

"I will not trouble you much. A glass of Roman punch, and nothing more."

I was bitterly piqued at this seeming impertinence, and I determined to revenge myself by a species of mockery at her.

"I will take great pleasure in obeying you, Serranita, but I fear that *nose* usurps the functions of the mouth. If you do not get rid of that *cari-cature* I do not know how—"

"That is so. I could not drink with it. I will take it off."

"How? What do you say? But—"

In an instant up went her hand to her *nose*, and she pulled it off!

Miserable sinner, I! It was an artificial *nose*, made of pasteboard, and with it off her own came fully to view, and which was no less pleasing and perfect than the other features of her face.

How shall I depict my shame, my desperation, upon seeing so charming a creature, or describe the fickleness, the courtesy, the iniquity of my behavior? I undertook to proffer her a thousand pardons, to deplore my error, to prostrate myself and kiss the dust at her feet. But the cruel Serranita gave her arm to her partner, disconcerted me with a severe look, and disappeared, coldly remarking: "*A las pies de usted!*"

THE JEWS.

BY J. E. M'ASHAN, HOUSTON.

ISRAEL! What a wealth of memories rolls in upon the mind at mention of this historic name; image piles itself upon image, till a world of pictures fill the imagination, and all the galleries of memory seem hung with canvas glowing with the portrayal of the affairs of this people who have played so prominent a part in the concerns of the earth. And as we brood upon them, not only does the stereopticon of history cause brilliant scenes to pass before our mental vision, but signs and symbols centuries old, and songs mellowed by a multitude of intervening years, pass before us.

Israel! We speak the name, and go back to the twilight of history when this nation was first taking its place among the peoples of the earth. Israel! We articulate the sound and seem to hear the "loud timbrel" as it sounds "o'er Egypt's dark sea." Israel, again, and Moses, with little thought that future ages would decree that his words were as prophetic as historical, is saying: "Ye shall love the stranger, for an alien have ye been in the land of Egypt;" thereby inculcating a sympathy for others which the world has never accorded his people.

Israel, again, and we are in the land of promise. The wilderness has been left behind and forgotten, and at eventide in the beautiful Valley of Sechem, when the hills are purpling with the light of dying day; when the streaks in the East seem like tapestries woven by angel's fingers to hang about man's habitation; when the clouds seem glorious enough to be golden thrones upon which arch-angels sit and sing their praise to God, and when the seraphs are lighting the candelabra of the firmament, the people burn incense and chant the praises of Jehovah.

Israel, again, and the harp of David gives forth its varied sounds—now a song of jubilee, then a wail of agony; now an anthem, caught up and voiced by an entire people; then the slow and measured sounds of a dirge, breathing an agony known only to men of such grandeur of soul as David, and truly does his Psalter contain as many "hearse-like airs as carols."

Israel, again, and the magnificence of Solomon has come.

Israel, again, and prophets, burning with the fires of inspiration, stand upon peaks of vision "Olympus high," look down the centuries and tell of Him who should be the desire of all nations, and whose name should be called Wonderful.

Israel, again, and the peals of rejoicing are dying away, the knell of departed glory is sounding, and as the sceptre departs from Judah, time tolls a requiem as though some bright planet were extinguished and wandered darkening in the moonless air. Then, like that stream of the Rocky Mountains which flows for leagues and losses itself in the great lake of the West, so Israel, after flowing for a long time down the history of the world, suddenly lost its identity, and since then, as a nation, has had no chronicles only in so far as they have been connected with those of others.

To me this is the anomaly of history. Suppose an inhabitant of a distant sphere were to come upon the earth and read its records, how would his wonder grow when he approached this fact, and how fascinating to us is the same lofty theme. It has all the mystic charm of age, all the strange aroma of peculiarity, and in the history and traditions of this people are found all the brightness of glory and grandeur of wisdom, and to the student they speak with eloquent tongues. Men love that which has about it the sanctity of age, and with Israel every institution is as venerable as the secret chambers of the great pyramid. "Every sound is a voice that is gone, the touch of a vanished hand." Every scene a phantom like the "shadow shapes of memory." Every form crystalized with age and dust, the accumulations of multiplied centuries lie upon its records, while its very heresies are hoar with a traceless antiquity. But of Israel, before they became self-exiles, and, as a nation, took upon themselves the characteristics of "The Wandering Jew," we design saying little, but will regard them as they have been since then.

The first fact that strikes us as being peculiar about them is, how nearly the same has been their numerical strength in every age. To-day, if estimates be true, they number about seven millions, or according to an estimate that I now have before me, about the same they did in the time of David. Of these about five millions are in Europe, two hundred thousand in Asia, one hundred thousand in Africa, and about a million and a half in America;—and at all times their numbers have been approximately the same. And though in all respects they have been the wonder of history and have filled a large and honored space in the chronicles of nations, they are to-day the same peculiar people they were three thousand years ago.

Though proselyting batteries have been turned upon them and the flood-gates of oppression opened, they are the same in habits of thought, mind, person and feeling that they have ever been, and a Jew is the same the world over, and in saying this I do not say it as it is usually said—as a reproach—but quite the reverse, for it only shows how true they have always been to the faith which they profess.

The common idea of the Jew is a very mistaken one. In general terms he is regarded as a man who can frame his face for all occasions; who can act with duplicity, and at the same time assure you that he is an honest man. As a man, "fit for treason, stratagems, and spoils;" the motion of whose spirit is as dull as night, and whose affections are as dark as Erebus, or as he is described in the lofty words of Antonio: "I pray you, think you question with the Jew? You may as well go stand upon the beach and bid the main flood bate his usual height. You may as well use questions with the wolf, why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb. You may as well forbid the mountain pines to wag their high tops and make no noise when they are fretted with the gusts of heaven. You may as well do anything most hard as try to soften that, than which what's harder than his Jewish heart." But such descriptions are misrepresentations.

And is the Jew only as he appears to his enemies? It were as just to take a briefless barrister and call him lawyer; to take a man who never framed a law and call him statesman; call him a scholar who has never learned to read, as to say such is the Jew. You must look below the surface to find the true Jew. If you would know him, go to those who have sat at the feet of some Gamaliel and received knowledge; those who are familiar with the splendid theology and ethics of their religion, their past history, and who appreciate and glory in their lineage; those who hold high communion with the learned Rabbis, the sages of their people; those who have drank deep and often at the fount of knowledge as its redundant streams have poured from the Talmud; those who know that the light of Mendelssohn was as it has been described: "Mild and warm in the synagogue, freeing the truth from the frosts which ages had iced around it, giving birth to a spring where seeming life was extinct." Go to such men, and it will be seen that the Jew is not as he is commonly represented, and that Shylock is not a representative Jew.

The bad qualities, such as cupidity and extreme clanishness, which are usually attributed to the Jews, have been directly caused by the persecutions they have suffered. It is a well known fact that for ages

persecution of the Jews was considered God's service, although, happily, such fanaticism is now only known to history. Thus they came to regard all men as their enemies—their only protection was to band themselves together. All the sympathy that they ever received was from among themselves, and this fact, together with their peculiar past, caused clanishness and a suspicion of others to become a part of their very nature, for as nations are but collections of individuals, and as such would have been the effect upon individuals, as is evidenced by the character of self-made men, such was the effect upon them, "for truly our lives make a moral tradition for our individual selves, as the life of mankind makes a moral tradition for the race." The one great desire of the world is for sympathy, and men will always cling to those from whom they receive it. Such is the concurrent testimony of all history, and the Jews in contracting these habits, which, judging from the common standpoint, are vices, but judging from their own are virtues—for it is the same sentiment as patriotism with other nations—have only obeyed a great law of human nature.

Their persecutions were such that from a people devoted to agricultural pursuits, they have become a nation of tradesmen, so much so that an agricultural Jew is a sort of natural curiosity. The wonder to me is not that the Jews are clanish and shrewd, but that they have not been blotted from the earth as a nation; but they still live. Mysterious ashes of immortality have preserved them through the darkest ages, not only of their own, but the world's history. To-day they are as vigorous as ever, and judging the future by the past, there is no reason why we should not believe that they will be preserved distinct until the end of time.

Macaulay relates that the Arabs have this tradition: "When the great flood covered the earth, there was but one thing that survived its destruction, and that the great pyramid." So this people have stood through all the mutations of time; withstood all the floods of ignorance and superstition, and, like the great pyramid, maintained their position. They have been the subjects of every government, have spoken the language of the land of their adoption, but their thoughts, feelings and aspirations have always been Hebrew.

Rome, when mistress of the world, had Jews among her people, yet they were not Romans, nor did they become barbarians when the northern hordes overran that proud city, but were always Jews.

Greece, when the central sun of learning, had Jews; yet, when her lustre grew dim with age, her Jews were the same. Thus, though they have been the subjects of every government, they have failed to amalgamate with any other people.

The race of man is like the waters of the sea. Sea flows into sea, and ocean into ocean, and their waters commingle, but through them runs the gulf stream. An individual flood; and what the gulf stream is to the wide world of waters—as Senator Vance has well said—the Jewish people are to mankind. The Jews have always been among the best citizens of any government, as a little retrospect will show. Few Jews break the laws of the land, for in the prisons they are almost unknown. Among the Jews there are no paupers, pensioners upon the bounty of the government, and a public Jewish beggar is never seen, while all Jews have a respectable education. This is not the result of chance, but comes from two excellent causes. The first, that every Jew, though he has the wealth of a Rothschild, learns a trade or profession, and is, therefore, able to subsist without doing unlawful deeds. The second is their extreme clanishness, of which we have spoken; a feeling of true sympathy, a touch of feeling that makes the whole race kin. And it is a pity that there is not more clanishness of the same kind with the balance of the world. In practical charity and philanthropy it would be well for the Christian world to imbibe a few lessons from the lofty devotion of their Jewish neighbors.

The Jew has compassion upon a suffering brother, and acts toward him the part of a good Samaritan, while it is often too true that the remainder of the world act toward their brethren the part of the Levite, and as a general thing, not only pass by on the other side, but look the other way to keep from seeing them for fear of having their habitual tranquility disturbed, as it were.

Again, the Jews have always been a talented people. Many of the governments of the world have been served by them in the most august toile of State. In olden times it was the custom of eastern monarchs to make courtiers of their young Hebrew captives, both for fidelity and capacity. Such an one was Daniel, and also Hezekiah, the king's cup-bearer, and many others. This fact would be more conspicuous were it not true that they were forced not only to suppress, and, in many cases, abjure their religion, but to discard all that had the savor of Israel about them, oftentimes their very names. And in later times, among the distinguished of the world, many Jews have stood foremost. Had France ever a greater marshal than Massena? England a greater premier than Disraeli? Did master ever touch with such magic hand the slumbering cords of music as did Rubenstein? Has actor ever played upon the soul's passion like Bernhardt, or philosopher gone deeper into the mysteries of learning than Spinoza? And among modern educators a Jew in charge of the greatest Turkish university

is foremost. And not only is it true that these great lights of latter days have been Jews, but it is also true that many others distinguished, though not so prominent in every calling in life, have had the blood of Israel in their veins. While upon the commerce of the world the Jews, in proportion to numbers, wield an influence greater than all others. Some of them in wealth rival the fabulous treasures of Crœsus, and bring to mind the splendid days of Florence, when the magnificent and beneficent Cosmo and Lorenzo De Medici were ruling there. And it is said that in Europe the Rothschilds decide whether there shall be war or peace. Thus we see the Jews are still illustrious in commerce, letters, art and science, and have truly been a talented people.

Some historians of Jewish thought, notably Rabbi Leucht, in a recent lecture, divide it into three great eras, each marked by the advent of Moses. First came that Egyptian prince and Hebrew law-giver, Moses, of Sinai, who, having led his people the forty long years of their wanderings, before he left them forever, brought down from the burning mountain the laws which have always governed them, and gave them their first code. Then, after the lapse of many centuries, when Israel was succumbing to that universal tendency of all bodies, civil and ecclesiastical, that tendency to technical subservience which has blighted the usefulness of more institutions than all their enemies; "When in the Middle Ages this dangerous kind of mysticism had taken root in the minds of the people; a mysticism clinging with dangerous tenacity to the word and neglecting the spirit of the law," there arose one who, to the Jewish world, was what Luther was to the Christian. He was in truth the Jewish Luther. "This was the great Moses Maimonides, of whom it was written from Moses of Sinai to Moses Maimonides, none lived like Moses." Then, again, when the waves which had been raised by the power of this great man had been soothed to slumber by the siren voice of time, when, to use the beautiful words of Leucht, "The spirit of stagnation was laming the wings of the genius of progress, not that there had not existed enlightened minds at all times, but a gloomy persistence of the masses in all that having the halo of antiquity around its mouldering brow had stayed the cause of religious advance;" and here, for the third time, a Moses came to the rescue. Moses Mendelssohn held high the banner upon which was inscribed, "No barrier to scientific research; no fetters must be forged around the thinking faculty of man." These are the three great luminaries of the Jewish heavens, and like the greatest men of other nations, have arisen when the exigencies of the times demanded them. In the his-

tory of the world every great emergency has brought to light some mammoth genius capable of grappling with it; for great occasions and necessities develop great latent passive powers into active, positive forces; great events require great ideas to overcome them; great ideas make great men. "The hour must have its man." What a splendid trio do these great names form: Moses of Sinai, Moses Maimonides, and Moses Mendelssohn. They stand in the heavens of Jewish thought, not as revolving planets or fixed stars, but as a constellation of self-luminous suns, guaranteeing to their people light for all coming time; and to the Hebrew student they are the fountain of all light and knowledge; a pledge for his people's future glory, inviolate as the band of celestial promise spanning the heavens. Further, the Jews have the best claims to aristocracy of any other nation; aside from their splendid heritage of being a peculiar people, each Jew traces his lineage back to Patriarch Abraham, and if lineage entitles men to distinction, surely the Jews have it. The aristocracy of the Old World is honored, and the descendants of the followers of William the Conqueror and Charlemagne are doubly honored, because their forefathers established those dynasties whose histories are so brilliant. Then, how much more should the Hebrews be entitled to the claims of aristocracy who, for thousands of years, were the nobility of the Almighty; were the conservatory of the world's enlightenment, and from among whom came Him whose religion the Christian world believes, and whose self it adores.

They are entitled to this distinction, and the reason why they do not receive it is because of an unreasonable ostracism the world once imposed upon them, and which has come down the ages the relic of an intolerance which enlightened men should blush to own.

Buckle, in his History of Civilization, tells us that in proportion, as nations are nomadic or wandering, their civilization is low, for the desire for fixed relations is the standard of progress; but this universal tendency of nations has been conquered by these people; for two thousand years they have known no organic union. They have been as a barque upon the waters at the mercy of every tempest; have proclaimed the world as their country, and who shall say that the standard of their civilization is not high? Suppose a prophet had foretold this thing twenty centuries ago; suppose he had said that the fish of the deep, the birds of the air, the beasts of the wood, yea, the very insects, shall have order and rulers, while other nations shall have princes and potentates, but Israel shall have none. The universal voice of all mankind would then have proclaimed, Woe unto Israel, for she is lost; but this thing has come to pass, and Israel forever

and always the same has been preserved. Had such been the past history of any other people they would now be scattered to the circuit of the winds and utterly unknown. This they have accomplished only by the most stubborn maintenance of their convictions, and in this deathless devotion to their principles they have drawn upon themselves persecutions more horrible than those of the inquisition. Mankind has never been able to fathom or appreciate their devotion to their faith; but through every storm they have passed with patience, "for sufferance is the badge of all their race," until "the patience of a Jew" has become a proverb. They wait and watch for the time when they shall again be re-habilitated with their ancient splendor, and shine with their old glory. The world has persecuted them without any fear of retribution, for they have always known that behind this people there was no powerful government able to protect its remotest citizens from insult and injury; and knowing this fact, has been cowardly enough to take advantage of it, proclaiming the heresy that "might makes right." To the Jews has been denied political and civil rights. They have had no voice in the government whose laws they were to obey. They have been socially ostracised unless they would give up their religion. They have been denied the rights of intelligent beings to think and speak their convictions. They have been forced to live in garrets and cellars; to leave their dead unburied. Oft have eagles shrieked the only dirges that were sounded over their desolate graves, and wolves howled their only requiem. Yet, in all their distress, when darkness was their only pavilion; when ravens, those birds of gloom, were croaking their most dismal notes, when owls of the night screamed their doom; when hope itself seemed gone—gone for ever, like a rushing wave, and its last low notes wandered in broken accents on the air and died to an echo—Israel, confident of future brightness, has ever sung: "If I forget thee, oh Jerusalem, may my right hand forget her cunning." With a past so glorious, weird and tragical, Israel must live and return to Zion.

Prentice tells us that in the beautiful drama of Eon, the hope of immortality so frequently uttered by the death-devoted Greek, finds deep response in every thoughtful soul. When about to yield his existence a sacrifice to fate, Clementhia asked if they should ever meet again, to which he replied, "I have asked that dreadful question to the hills that look eternal, of the clear streams that flow forever, of the bright stars among whose fields of azure my raised spirit has walked in glory—all were dumb. But as I gaze upon thy living face I feel that there is something which mantles through its beauty that cannot perish. Clementhia, we shall meet again." So it is with Israel, when they have been far from the shores of any land, where the

lights of hope were burning, and have seen no sign of promise about them, the remembrance of their destiny and past have come like the invisible spirit of light, and when they have "looked and there was none to help," and "wondered that there was none to uphold," they have heard these words of the prophet, "in all their affliction He was afflicted, and the angel of His presence saved them." He bore them and carried them all the days of old. In their past they see the promise of national perpetuity. Mysterious voices tell them that Israel and her glory shall meet again. And they have felt that though they were under the shadows, the time was coming when the clouds would be lifted and scattered.

Israel, in her persecutions, has furnished some of the sublimest acts of history, and some of the most admirable characteristics of national life. If love of country, reverence for her heroes and traditions, jealousy of her honor and glory, be admirable, then are the Jews pre-eminently distinguished. What people love their country and her memories as they do? The impulsive Irish, when an exile from the Emerald Isle, sings of the shamrock and sighs for Erin. The Scot weeps when he hears in distant lands sounds that remind him of his Highland home. The stolid German sighs when he thinks of the songs that float upon the Danube at the close of day, but all these forget their nativities, and their children are never aliens to the land of their adoption. But with the Jews they are all citizens of Jerusalem, and from century to century their windows stand open toward the Holy City, and to them it is more sacred than the shrines at Mecca to the Moslem.

Men have always been taught to admire and venerate that nation which said it would never submit to tyranny so long as a male child was born in all its borders. Then how much more should we admire the Jews who, though they have had no country, have preserved inviolate their faith and refused to surrender their national characteristics? If the Dutch be admirable because they open dykes and flood their country rather than submit to the invader, how much more so is Israel, when they open every dyke of oppression for opinion's sake? We can easily understand how it is that men should defend home and fireside; that they should shed the last drop of their blood upon their country's altar if the sacrifice was demanded. We can understand that, for there is something tangible about it, but there are few who can appreciate how deep must be the convictions of him who, though far from his nativity, will surrender for opinion's sake the rights of man, of citizen, and oftentimes of intelligent being; but such has been the history of this race, and we say amen to the writer who says: "If there be ranks in

suffering, Israel is undoubtedly entitled to pre-eminence; and if a nation be famous for a few great tragedies, what shall we say of one whose entire life, since first it looked up at the stars of Egypt, has been one continuous deepening and increasing tragedy."

And we do not believe they have been following an *ignis fatuus*; but the time will come when this nation, so long bereft of national existence, shall be re-naturalized. Else why have they as a nation been so miraculously preserved in their integrity, and what means the gigantic schemes of colonization which have been projected in response to the great unvoiced throbbing of the universal Jewish heart? Then the twelve men of the Prophet "shall cling to the skirts of a Jew;" Jerusalem will no longer sit solitary; the green flag of the Prophet shall be torn down; the splendid temples rebuilt; the old altar fires rekindled, and in the transepts aureoled martyrs shall sit. The Holy Land shall again resound with glad sounds, and the olive and the vine once more fill the air with their fragrance. When that illustrious day shall dawn, what a spectacle will the holy angels be called upon to witness!

Suppose the scene: The ships which have sailed from the ports of the world have reached Palestine; the gray dawn is upon the mountains, and the vapors are lifting from the valleys; a mighty multitude, which no man can number, with rejoicing perched upon their banners, is pressing toward the City of David, and as the light of morn gilds her spires they chant "The Year of My Redeemer is Come." Then they who are upon the mountains shall catch from the lyre of Tasso the soul-stirring strains of Jerusalem deliveredd. Then they who watch upon the housetops shall swell the anthem, saying: "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of them that bring glad tidings." Then shall the Priest advance from the Temple and, as the multitude fills the city, swing his censer and chant: "Holy, pure, redeemed Israel, joined to its God forever." And as the heavens hold their breath, the people shall respond in reverence: "Holy, holy, the Lord God omnipotent reigneth; Heaven and earth are full of His glory."

SUNRISE IN THE SOUTHWEST.

BY H. F. O'BEIRNE, DALLAS.

THE moon ghost haunts the mountain height,
Her shadows droop, her beams are gone,
And mystic terror, stripped of might,
Flies from the footsteps of the dawn.
From far gray ridges, bald and bare,
Bewildered darkness glides away ;
The gaunt wolf, shrinking to his lair,
Howls dismal in the face of day.

The eagle, from his misty height,
Surveys the dawn with sanguine eye :
Beyond the distant shores of light
He sees the star of morning die ;
He spreads his wings above the peak,
The smoky vapors round him curled,
And rising, with exultant shriek,
Defies the entire feathered world.

As hope disperses human care,
So morning clears the mist away ;
There is a freshness in the air,
A vigor in the dawning day.
The clamorous flocks beside the flood
Fly from the timid-footed fawn ;
The whirling wreck of drifted wood
Rolls, and the river rumbles on.

And whereso'er the eye may rest,
From north to south, from east to west,
Rock, river, lake and mountain height
Are wrapped in universal light.
Sublimest work of Master hand,
The sunrise in a lonely land,
With naught that's human to impair
The luster and the glory there.

King of the choir, the mocking bird,
Remote in shadowy cedars heard,
Tells to the breeze with swelling throat
The wonders of his varied note.

Ere first the shadows have reclined
On waters brisk with morning wind,
Before the sunbeam reaches there,
A thousand voices fill the air;
Yet not a single bar is wrong
In all that wilderness of song.
What melody where every throat
Is gifted with a native note!
The very hawk on deadly trail
With stormy music fills the gale!
Whilst *we* in voiceless wonder stand,
Dumb dreamers in a desert land.

The longing eyes, the lips compressed,
Do well betray the yearning breast.
Our naked thoughts, like fledgeling birds,
Still flutter for their winged words;
Yet ne'er to mortal doth belong
The art to reach the depths of song.
We live and, with sublime distress,
Behold and feel what none express.

The poet, 'rapt in metric lore,
Is Nature's mimic, nothing more;
Poor mote of Heaven's central beam,
He reaches forth to grasp the dream,
As though his very soul were drawn
Beyond the red expanding dawn.

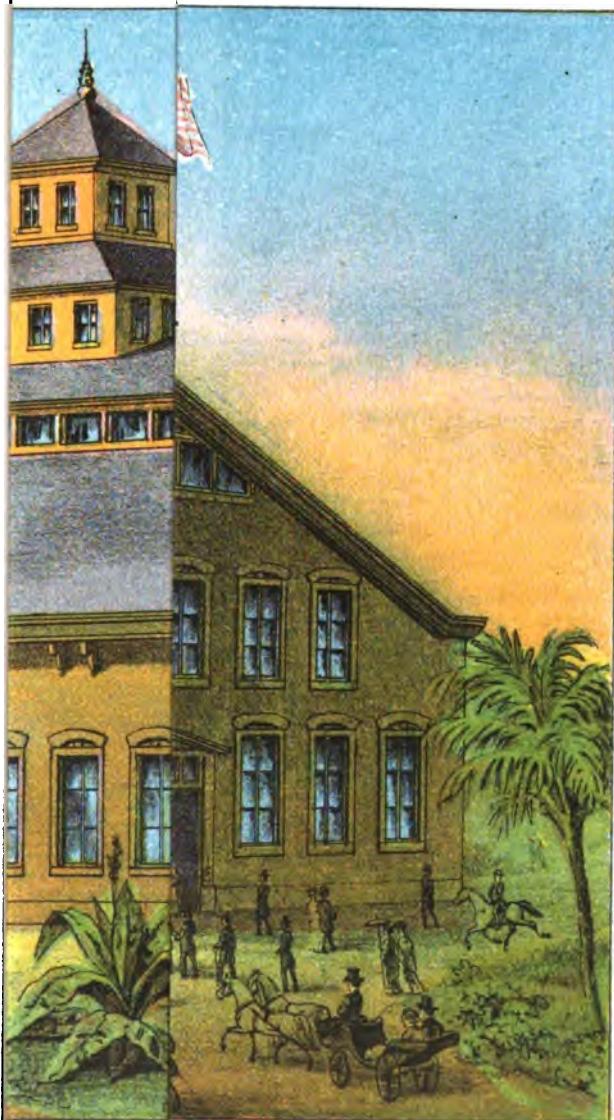
IN MEMORY OF LUCY BAKER TURNER.

BY MRS. S. I. BELL, HOUSTON.

SWEET and lovely as the dew-drop
Trembling on the vestal flower,
Gentle as the summer breezes
Floating in the evening hour;
Fragile as the early blossom,
Quiet as the hour of prayer,
Pure and true our precious Loved One
Mirrored all things good and fair.

From on high awoke the summons,
Heaven its portals opens wide;
With our treasures, holy angels,
Through the ether upward glide.
Take her, oh! Thou blessed Savior,
Fold her to Thy loving breast;
Near Thy heart, so true and tender,
Give our darling peaceful rest.

Oh! Thou good and gracious Father,
Send thy Holy Spirit down
On Thy children sore bereaved,
Grant affliction's brightest crown;
Let the light of sweet submission
Ever o'er their pathway shine,
Till they find its full fruition,
Till their souls are wholly Thine.



testoon of moss, twisted it around the earthen pot, passed his team, drawn

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LAGNIAPPE, THE FLOWER.

BY MOLLIE E. MOORE.

IT must have been eight years—perhaps it has been ten—since I first saw her. But I well remember the sunny morning in February, and the gay babble that stirred the warm air about me as I stood chaffering with old Antoine, just outside the French market. A mass of color gleamed at my feet, for the little pots of geranium, purple and blue salvias, and many colored *pensées*; and the ferns and sweet-olive plants and rose-trees, each with its root in a compact ball of earth, wrapped about with a wisp of Spanish moss; and the baskets of stiff little bouquets, and the trays of loose flowers were all spread out upon the *banquette*, around the bushy-browed Dago, who squatted upon his heels in the midst of them. I had purchased a handful of violet roots, sweet with the smell of a few fading blossoms that still clung to them, and was lingering in ecstasy, but undecided, over a *magnolia frascati*, not more than a foot high, yet trim, dainty, symmetrical, and hung from top to bottom with musky, cream-white, shining flower-bells.

"Ah, Madame," said the cunning rascal, in the wheedling tone I knew so well, for Heaven only knows how many of his plants had died already in the little court yard of my old house. "Ah, Madame, she are ve-r-ry ch-e-a-p. Madame will r-reg-r-r-ette much if she not to take her."

"But," said I, melting at once under the influence of that voice and the expressive gestures which accompanied it, "I can't carry it; if I only had some one—"

An instantaneous response to my hardly-expressed wish came from the half-dozen or more gamins who were assisting at the audience; and in almost as many languages. A black, wooly-head was thrust over one of Antoine's shoulders, and its owner spat upon his hands in token of his ability to "tote de pot;" the olive-hued face of a little Italian, not much bigger than the plant itself, smiled persuasively at me over the other; two or three small Creoles, with very black hair and very white foreheads, plucked at my sleeves and twitched my skirts, but I wisely held my peace and watched the deliberate motions of old Antoine, who shook out a long festoon of moss, twisted it around the earthen pot, passed his lean, brown

hand caressingly over the plant, and handed it without a word, but with a smile that lighted up his dark face, to a slim, bare-headed, foreign-looking child, a slip of a girl who stood apart and who had not spoken at all.

Hugging the heavy pot in her arms, she followed me silently as I threaded my way through the pushing, elbowing, good-natured crowd that surged around the vegetable and fruit-stalls of the market. I paused for a moment to buy a pinch of *filé* from the Indian women who sat on the flagstones at the edge of the low, dingy Bazaar; then hurried on past the moon-faced, gascon butchers, and across the prim little square (once on a time the famous *Place d'Armes*) in front of the old Cathedral, where the roses were sweetening the morning air, and the broad banana leaves swayed musically, and where the orange buds were all but ready to burst into bloom; and before long we turned down the dark and tunnel-like entrance to the old Spanish mansion, Rue Royale, which I inhabit. The little square, open court into which we emerged, surrounded on three sides by high solid-brick walls, with the curious balcony-hung, many-windowed facade of the house in the rear, was like a great well that morning, filled to the brim with fragrant, golden sunshine; far overhead gleamed the joyous blue of an unclouded sky; the tangled creeper which clambered to the top of the wall was gay with orange-colored trumpet-flowers and yellow with hovering butterflies; a musical drip-drop came from the mossy old cistern under the stairway, and a strange waxen perfume arose from a single lily that flamed in its blue jar in a shadowy corner.

The child paused with one foot upon the lowest step of the crooked stairway, with carved balustrade that twists up to the great hall, and looked at me inquiringly. "No," said I, sinking upon a low bench set against the sunny wall; "no, you need not carry it up; I shall have it planted there," and I pointed to the centre of the court, where two flagstones had been removed to make place for a formal little bed, in which a few geraniums and one of Antoine's rose-bushes were struggling for life.

"Ah, then," she cried, "'tis I will plant it for Madame;" and without awaiting my assent she deposited the pot upon the flags, dropped upon her knees, and began "grabbing" in the warm, moist earth with her fingers. Her voice, with its slight accent, caught my ear strangely. It was lingering and low, and un-child-like. I looked at her. She was older, I thought, considering her attentively, than I had at first supposed. A tangled mass of black hair fell over her face, as she busied herself above the flower-bed, and through it gleamed a broad, wide brow; the eyes, which she lifted from time to time, were not black like the eyes of most Creoles, but grey, deep

and shining, and shaded by dark lashes that swept down upon colorless cheeks; the small mouth was lovely when she smiled, yet in repose curved downward in a little grieved fashion that gave a curiously sad expression to her whole face. She was frightfully thin, the bones were almost pushing through the skin at wrist and elbow, and her head, with its wealth of hair, seemed far to heavy for the meagre little neck. She was clad in a worn calico frock; a faded shawl was drawn over her shoulders, and she was bare-footed.

I picked the drooping violets from the plants that lay in my lap and watched her silently for awhile; but presently I asked:

"Is Antoine your father, *petite*?"

"*Mais non!*" she exclaimed in a surpriseed tone, straightening herself up on her knees and sinking back, with her stained little hands folded in front of her. "No, Madame."

"No? What is your name?"

She looked at me a moment without speaking, then she shook the hair from her forehead and laughed musically.

"Lagniappe," she said.

"Nonsense!" I replied, laughing too, for *lagniappe*, as every one knows, is the Creole word expressing that small gratuity expected, nay, often demanded of every Creole vender by the purchase of his wares in the old French quarter of New Orleans.

"Nonsense!" I repeated.

"Oh of *couse* I am not *chrism* Lagniappe, but she — these were — I was —"

"Thrown in for lagniappe?" I suggested as the child hesitated painfully, a flush springing to her pallid cheeks. Then we laughed again together. But a shadow had fallen upon her face, and she bent over the flower again, silent. Other questions arose to my lips but a curious feeling of respect for the little waif kept them back, and I sat waiting quietly until she finished her self-imposed task and stood up. She shook her skirts, casting at the same time a bright look over at me, and spread out both hands slowly and turned them palm downward over the little tree. I crossed the court and stood beside her, looking down at her. She was so little! I was seized with an inexpressible longing to take the tiny, tattered creature into motherly arms and fold her against my heart. I did stoop and kiss the hollow cheek, which crimsoned at my touch, and I thought she seemed to shrink away from me.

So, gathering two or three of the musky magnolia bells, I arranged the

cluster of faded violets about them, and when I put a piece of silver in her thin, brown hand, I laid there also the little posy, and said gaily:

"For Lagniappe!"

"Ah, Madame, Madame," she cried, with strange and sudden passion, seizing my hand and pressing it to her lips.

And a moment later her flying steps were echoing down the corridor and the street door closed with a bang.

And then I noticed that she had dropped the coin I had given her, and it lay bright and shining upon the dark, loose earth at the root of the little magnolia.

"Ah, never mind," I said to myself, as I picked it up, "she will come back after it."

But she never did.

II.

AT THE OPERA.

Three or four years later I sat one night in a front box at the French Opera House. The curtain had not yet risen, though the members of the orchestra had crept one by one from the dim recesses under the vast stage, and were receiving the last instructions of their leader who, in irreproachable evening dress, passed in and out among them, gesticulating with plump, white-gloved hands. A subdued murmur arose from the resplendant circles that swept tier above tier almost to the dingy roof of the great building. Beautiful women—French, Spanish, Creole, American—filled the open boxes, and shone like stars half seen behind the lattices of *les loges grillées*; fans fluttered, and eyes and jewels sparkled, and the air was heavy with the perfume of costly flowers.

A sudden hush thrilled the house as the orchestra began the overture to the Prophet. The great curtain rolled slowly up, and at that moment I felt rather than saw that a belated party was taking possession of the box next to mine. During the slight bustle which accompanied their entrance and the arrangement of shawls and drapery, a bouquet, dropped by one of the party, fell over at my feet. I picked it up and returned it to the gloved hand reached out for it without looking, and scarcely hearing the softly-breathed "*merci.*" But I presently turned, impelled by some unknown influence, or drawn by the odor of the bouquet now lying upon the crimson-velvet edge of the box. It was a stiff, fragrant little affair composed of magnolia *frascati* blossoms set around with violets.

An elderly lady, large, fair and florid, arrayed in ample flowing robes of velvet, sat in front, and beside her a slender, beautiful young creature in all the perfection of early girlhood. Her face, white with the creamy tint of a magnolia leaf, delicate yet perfect in contour, arose like a flower from the light diaphanous drapery that seemed to envelop her like morning vapor. Her lovely arms were bare, and above them were wound strings of magnificent pearls, whose dewy and tender whiteness seemed almost to dissolve upon the smooth flesh; pearls, too, were braided in her dusky hair, and were clasped around her full, bare throat. Many eyes were turned upon this dazzling apparition, for she was evidently a stranger. But she seemed utterly unconscious; only I imagined that every now and awhile there was meaning in her eyes as she turned them upon me.

Behind these ladies sat two men, one middle-aged, dignified and portly; the other a fair-haired, open-faced young fellow, who leaned over from time to time to whisper to the young girl, with all his heart in his eyes. Indeed, I thought there was no mistaking the attitude of these young people toward each other. They were, plainly, *fiances*, and doubtless with the approbation of the older couple, who beamed and smiled upon them through all the pauses of the opera.

I stole glance after glance at my beautiful neighbor. What was it that I knew in those lucid grey eyes that looked out at me with subtle and hidden meaning from under their sweeping lashes? Where had I seen a mouth like that, that smiled and became so joyous, that ceased to smile and became so grieved? The shifting scenes of the opera, with its majestic music and its fluttering ballet, its solemn marches, its passion, its pathos went on before my unseeing eyes; and when, during the *entr'-acte*, the strangers went out into the foyer I hurried my companion there too, and sat upon a divan watching the flower-like face with its divine smile and trying vainly to remember.

At length the curtain fell upon the fiery finale. There was a clamor of applause; then followed the gentle tumult of departure. Chairs were pushed back; box-doors were opened and shut; gay greetings were exchanged and merry bursts of laughter chased away the last echoes of Meyerbeer's wonderful music.

My neighbors arose with the rest. The elder lady wrapped with tender care a shining mantle about the girl's shoulders, and threw over her head a cloud of fleecy lace, and gathering up her own trailing velvets, she stepped out into the aisle, saying, "Come, Stephanie."

But the girl lingered just a second, during which she leaned over toward

me and pressed her bouquet into my hand. Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes were shining. She whispered, "Lagniappe."

Before I could utter a word she had passed out of my sight, a vision of loveliness that seemed, nevertheless, to accompany me home, and to stand beside me in the silent star-lit court where the flower she had planted had long ago died. Then there seemed to steal from the dark corridor and stand with us that other little figure, pinched and ragged, with tangled hair, but with the same wonderful and unfathomable eyes.

III.

IN A STREET CAR.

On the last day of the carnival of last year I saw her again. For a long time after that night at the opera, I sought continually among the faces of the crowds on the street and elsewhere for hers. And I never found myself at the opera without a thrill of expectation that faded into disappointment as I scanned the shining circles. No one seemed to have known who she was, or who were her companions upon that memorable evening. "She was the meteor of a night," said one young man to me mournfully, when I chanced to interrogate him. I had gone down to the French market and questioned old Antoine, but he had persistently refused to remember anything. And after a time he too had disappeared.

Gradually her memory had faded from me, and it was with a shout and almost with a cry of wonder that I encountered her gaze fixed upon me that morning.

I had entered the car upon Canal street, toward which gay, noisy, excited crowds were pouring from all the narrow down-town streets and from the wider thoroughfares of the American quarter. A perfect mass of humanity was packed already into the wide boulevard, pushing and swaying good-naturedly, surging along the broad, neutral ground in the middle of the street and streaming up and down the sidewalks. Overhead balconies, windows, and housetops were thronged, where thousands of bright parasols, like so many strange flowers, were upspread, and fans, like huge butterflies, swayed to and fro. Gay banners fluttered on the breeze; grotesque maskers threaded their way through the multitude; a joyous murmur filled the air and rose to boisterous tumult now and again as some fantastic equipage freighted with Harlequin and Columbine, or with Uncle Sol and Aunt Dinah passed along the space kept open by good-humored policemen, for it was hard upon the hour when Rex and his followers should appear.

The car which bore us slowly through the midst of the crowd across Canal street and down into the old French town was almost empty, for the tide was flowing toward the heart of the city. I myself was bound only upon a hasty errand home. But the tall, spare old Doctor in the corner was really leaving that world of joyous excitement behind him, as was the starved-looking woman with a bundle in her lap, from which peeped a fold of shining satin; the one carrying his skill and the comfort of his presence into some stricken household; the other hurrying home no doubt to stitch steadily all day and into the night upon dainty robes for the adornment of some light-hearted girl at the carnival balls which mark the close of "the season."

I glanced at these, receiving a friendly nod from the Doctor, and then looked out of the window at the tall houses with their quaint balconies wreathed in colored streamers and gay with fluttering flags; but it was not long before those eyes drew me, as they had drawn me over before.

She sat just opposite me. Her hands were concealed in the long, loose sleeves of the nun's robe which enveloped her slight figure; a heavy cord was knotted about her waist, and her neck and chin were shaded by a flowing black veil. Her face, youthful still and pathetically lovely, was pallid and worn, and the hollows beneath her eyes were intensified by the white band which hid the wealth of hair I remember so well, and lay upon her forehead like a cere-cloth. But her eyes! They were the same deep and shining, yet mournful, mysterious, unfathomable eyes.

Her companion, a sister of the same order, was an elderly woman, with a wrinkled and placid countenance. She arose and pulled the strap, almost at the same moment that my startled gaze encountered that of her youthful attendant; and they left the cab. I followed hastily, walking just behind the slender figure.

Graceful even in its ungraceful dress. They turned into one of the narrow cross-streets, and in an agony lest she should escape me again, I reached forward and touched her sleeve. She turned, showing no surprise, and paused, while her companion moved on, apparently unaware of my presence.

Her eyes rested upon me an instant, then dropped slowly, and a faint red crept into her hollow cheek. Words came thick and fast to my lips, but my heart beat so painfully that I could hardly speak. She was so little, so tender; I longed as once before to take her into motherly arms and press her to my breast! "Oh, why"—I began in a passionate half-whisper. She lifted those strange eyes and in them I saw something which arrested

me even before the thin hand was sailed in a gesture of command and entreaty. I glanced down the street; the old man had stopped and was waiting. I fumbled at the tiny bunch of violets at my throat saying, as I detached them and held them out to her:

"*Petite*, oh pardon, Soeur,—Soeur—"

"Francoise," she murmured mechanically.

"Soeur Francoise, pray for me."

"Ah, madame," she replied in a stifled voice, "'Tis I who have need —*prie pour moi!*"

The little, half-withered bunch of violets dropped from her hand into the gutter and floated away upon a sluggish, yellow current. She half stooped as if she would have picked them up, but straightened herself suddenly and walked rapidly away, without a backward glance.

Afterward, as I looked dreamily down upon the glittering possession—for my heart was otherwhere—I said to myself, that a part at least of the story was easy enough to read.

"Poor child," I mused, "her lover has died, her heart has broken, and she has taken refuge in the bosom of the Mother Church."

But that was not the solution. For sometime that same winter I saw him. It was at the opera. He was alone, and he was looking in a listless way at the crowd which moved softly about the perfumed and lighted foyer. But I never saw him afterward.

IV.

"PAUVRE PETITE."

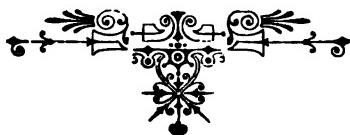
And now, this is what has brought it all back to me. I have not met her since that carnival day a year ago; though my heart has yearned many times after poor, mysterious, lovely little Lagniappe. But this morning I was sitting upon the bench set against the sunny wall of the court. Butterflies were about the scarlet creeper; a scent of orange blossoms was upon the air from a vigorous tree that stands in the middle of the little bed in the centre; violets were blooming around the border. I had come down to breathe the balmy breath of spring which begins to steal upon us so gently in February; and I was filled with so dreamy a sense of its beauty, that I did not hear the street-door open, nor the sound of footsteps in the corridor. But a shadow fell upon the sunny flags and I arose hastily and came forward to meet two sisters *en quête* for their convent. One of them I recognized instantly as the placid-faced nun whom I had seen a year ago in company with my little Lagniappe. I turned eagerly to the other, but underneath her coif bloomed a large, ruddy countenance, so

unlike the face I had hoped to see, that I could hardly restrain an exclamation of disappointment.

I turned back to the other as I took out my purse. "Sister," said I abruptly, "what has become of the young sister, Francoise, whom I saw with you last year?"

A sorrowful look came at once into her kindly eyes. "Ah," she replied, shaking her head, "Pauvre enfant! She was too *deliket*, madame: she had one cough; she have suffered much—*et elle est morte*, madame, since yesterday. All the convent mourn for Sister Francoise, *Pauvre Petite!* Merci, madame, merci. You will come to our fete nex mont *n'est ce pas?*. Adieu, madame!"

And they shuffled away.



CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

BY MISS CLAUDIA GIRARDEAU, HOUSTON.

WHEN skies are gray and leafless trees are brown,
And in the west burns low a fitful fire,
Chrysanthemums in crimson, gold and white
Lift up prim faces to the driving night
In quaint attire.

The hidden gray of earth and sky and sea
And moorland waste, is bleakly desolate ;
And yet, beneath some sodden turf, I know,
With purple petals hanging half ablow,
Violets wait.

And down the garden's path, through veils of rain,
I see a golden glimmer and a gleam
Of asters, and these quaint chrysanthemums,
Whose deep-hued crimson well becomes
A winter's dream.

They flaunt a rosy scorn at gray and mist,
And brighten bravely in the winter rain,
And lean elf-cheeks against the live oak's base,
Or in some drear and bleak, unlovely place
Autumn detain.

Were I a Knight, upon my sombre shield
These hardy autumn blooms I'd boldly limn :
And sorely pressed on many a deathly field,
Undaunted, to no disputing yield,
With courage grim,

Victorious conqueror, hailed from fight withdrawn.
I'd crown as queen my ebon-tresse'd maid
With these chrysanthemums, whose fiery glow
Would clearly shine upon her soft neck's snow
And silken braid.

When skies are gray and winter shivering stoops
To warm herself by faded moons and cold,
She presses poor, blue lips to many a pane,
And hugs her dark blue mantle from the rain
In rigid fold.

And close around her numb and frozen feet,
Like blood-drops on the newly fallen snow,
Chrysanthemums enfold them from the sleet,
And winter bends their welcoming to greet
With tears of woe.



IN THE CONFESSIONAL.

BY MISS CLAUDIA GIRARDEAU, HOUSTON.

LITTLE pink ear
Listen, I pray thee ;
No one is near,
Do not dismay me ;
What a delicious tinge
Creeps to the golden fringe
Of thy soft locks, love,
Curling in waves above.

How like a shell,
So delicate,
How could one tell
Thou'd be my fate ;
Soft little rosy rim,
Demure and sweetly prim,
Straight nose and wicked chin,
How shall I e'er begin ?

See, now a dimple
Distractingly dips,
Making a crimple
Near thy shy lips ;
Oh, how it mocks me,
Electrifies—shocks me !
Makes all my pulses thrill,
Dooms all my strength of will.

Incline thy face,
So purely oval ;
Its charming grace
Would have cost Jove all

His aulic glory
So famed in story.
It has cost *me*, dear,
Yet more than that I fear.

Be my confessor,
Little blonde saint;
Though no transgressor,
I've a complaint:
I cannot longer live
If you refuse to give
Me absolution
From love's intrusion.



LACES.

BY MRS. M. J. YOUNG, HOUSTON.

WE always adored laces, and yet worshiped as secretly as the mystics, having the fear before our eyes of ridicule from the stronger sex who always scorn anything less fragile than broadcloth, doeskin and patent leather. But now, when the Edenburg *Review* places them among the fine arts, and devotes ten pages to a learned and interesting criticism of Mrs. Bury Pallisser's "History of Lace," we throw off all disguise, and in the future shall boldly devote every spare dollar to making a collection, and feel all the pride therein that other connoisseurs display in pictures and statuary. And who shall say which possesses the most cultivated taste—he who glories in a gallery of Vincis, Geolras, Orcagnas, Fra Angelicas, Raphaels and Corregios, or she who goes into raptures over her gallery of Points, Burano, Alencon, Argentan, Angleterre; her Brussels Spanish giupure, Irish and Cluny laces?

If Fine Art is to be defined as the expression of the beautiful so that others may apprehend and feel it too, awakening through the physical senses those secondary ones of the soul, taste, imagination, beauty, then the simple German maiden in her cottage by the Rhine, and the Italian mother, under the mulberry trees of Lombardy, with thread of gossamer, with needle or pearly bone flying in giddy mazes over the cushion, evoking from a seeming worse than chaos forms of beauty, grace and harmony, is as true an artist as he who works in metal with the skill of a Benvenuto Celine, in marble with the master hand of Thorswalden, or evokes from the canvas forms and scenes that command the admiration of the world, like Raphael or Murillo.

We are almost tempted to say that the Lace expresses what even the two above mentioned arts do not. It is suggestive of more oppulent splendor, ease, refinement and elegance than they. It is the flower of high civilization; mere bread-winning being the root, commerce, manufactures, and the other arts the stem, and this the gorgeous efflorescence of the whole. Moreover, what painter or sculptor ever toiled oblivious of fame, the guiding star and goal of all his hopes? Somewhere upon his work he inscribes his name, that, if libraries should perish, and man's memory fail, his name

shall still have some hope of living with his work. But the lace-maker is cheered only by the sweet love of the work. The things of beauty that spring under her creative hand are set forth to delight and adorn, undefiled by any ambition for a selfish fame. So true is this that now in this day it is well nigh impossible to give the names of a dozen lace artists, or a correct genealogy of the many pieces of lace out of all the thousands that are heirlooms in the princely houses and ecclesiastical establishments of Europe. For the benefit of lady readers we will state that some one has arranged a plan of classing laces that have been happily denominated "the natural system," a very appropriate classification, by-the-by, for these flowers of tropical prosperity, the splendor of cultivated social life.

We quote: "Lace is of three kinds, needle-made or pointed, cushion-made or bobbin-lace, and machine-wrought; and these three are so distinct as to never be confounded, and to have their separate standard of merit.

"A fourth place might perhaps be found for that composite class of application laces, in which all these three methods are mixed, as when pillow springs of brussels, or honitan, are applied by hand to a ground of machine-made net."

Point lace is all needle-made, and is the oldest and most expensive way of making lace. "Its origin," like Mosheim said of a certain church, "is buried in the mists of antiquity." But we know it came from the East, that cradle of humanity, civilization and art, and was introduced into Italy and other south European States at a very early date. It is the most desirable of all, and is divided into several kinds: Rose or raised point, guipure or whipped, punti a maglia or work darned in upon a netted ground, laid work, drawn work, when the warp threads are drawn out and the woof drawn together and oversewed or guipured on a pattern.

The second kind of lace is the pillow or bobbin, also a hand lace. Here the threads are braided or plaited over a pattern traced on the cushion and marked out by pins, around and over which the lace-maker throws her threads with a celerity and accuracy that is perfectly astonishing to the uninitiated. We have sat and watched a lace-maker as she kept over two hundred bobbins flying from right to left and left to right, with an endless click like a dozen telegraphic batteries in rapid working, her tongue rattling almost as fast, and yet the beautiful brussels grew in perfection, not a fault in leaf, medallion, sprig or eyelet, until we have believed the assertion once made to us by a learned physiologist that the muscles of the hand are endowed with memory, and once having learned a thing can do it without any brain-thought—thereby explaining the mystery of seemingly mechanical

playing upon instruments by performers who frequently don't know themselves what they have been playing.

Auerbach makes the curious and yet seemingly philosophical assertion that carving in marble is cosmopolitan, while that in wood is provincial; and this seems true in this branch of art. Point lace is to marble what bobbin lace and applique is to wood. Nothing but its recorded history can distinguish where a piece of point lace has been made. It may be made in Venice, and yet called Flemish because bought there; while a piece wrought in Verona for the same reason may be worn down the ages as Milanese, or Valencia.

The bobbin laces have different designs in different countries; the coral patterns of Naples, the *Schlangenmuster* of Germany, and the sprigs of Honiton and Brussels.

Mrs. Pallisser asserts that laces in their *origin* were distributed geographically; point lace from the east early transplanted into southern Europe; cushion laces in northern latitudes, among the mountains of Bohemia, Vosges, etc.

Point lace will therefore suggest the perfection and precision of Eastern thought translated into majestic Roman and flutey Tuscan tongues; while bobbin lace will speak to us in the *patois* of the mountain maids, and almost thrill with the melodies of Dalecarlia or *Ranz des rach* of Tyrol.

The rapid increase of our population, the growing opulence of our people, and the display incident to all this, calls for an immense supply of such articles; and we are sure a little attention to the introduction and fostering of such employments would give our women a sufficient opening for their skill, without their troubling the bar or medicine, or going near the ballot box to regulate labor and capital.

France spent millions to introduce this art in the realm when there was not the market for it that our country now offers. And we hope the day is not far distant when the United States, taking thought of that large class of women who are too delicate for manual labor, and too proud to be dependent, drag out miserable existences, shall introduce and protect by wise legislation this vast field for woman's help and woman's skill, when we too shall boast of a "School of Laces." If our women will turn their attention from jury boxes and the polls and use their talents and influence for Point, Bobbin and Applique, we are sure that we all shall be better dressed, prettier, more refined, happier and even better Christians.

GREETING TO HOOD'S BRIGADE.

BY MRS. M. J. YOUNG, HOUSTON.

NOT with the tramp of martial train
And the stirring roll of drum,
Not with the trumpet's proud refrain
Do you, our heroes, come.

But we greet you with a gladsome pride,
In your pure and spotless fame,
No victor's crown could add a ray
To the lustre of the name

Of Hood's Brigade. Its falchion's light
Streams far o'er land and sea;
The dead bivouaced on a hundred fields—
The sentinel's now with Lee.

Your own true hearts and dauntless arms
Have covered it with glory,
And while a Southerner treads the soil
It will live in song and story.

Peace has her victories, too, and these
You have most nobly won—
The heritage of ages pure,
Bequeathed from sire to son.

The principles of seventy-six,
Though lost upon the field,
Are yet sustained in faith by you,
Who cannot, will not yield.

The mounds that strew our native land
Are watched by Heaven above,
From Sharpsburg to the Rio Grande
They're shrined in endless love.

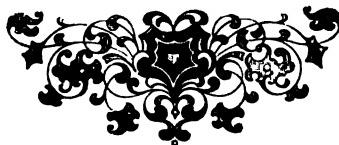
GEMS FROM A TEXAS QUARRY.

We think of them—thought can't be bound:
We weep—tears can't be stayed:
But Glory keeps her sentinel watch
Above each bloody grave.

We pledge them now, in their warriors's rest,
And again we pledge each other;
Thank God! so many live to-day
To say: "God bless you, brother!"

Uncover all! Up to your feet
We've guests ye cannot see;
The dead have heard our long roll call.
And answered it with Lee.

They're here; soul cries it unto soul:
They see and love us yet;
Living and dead together stand,
And neither can forget.



SAPPHO.

BY MRS. L. S. M'ASHAN, HOUSTON.

IN the most perfect of all languages, a polished linguist; in the most cultured of all civilization, a marvel of accomplishments; in the land of mental and physical perfection, a brilliant and beautiful woman—and in the country which produced and appreciated Homer, a poetess of renown, was Sappho, the Lesbian.

Sappho, the greatest poetess of antiquity, was born on the island of Lesbos, six hundred years before Christ. The Æolic language was the oldest, and therefore the simplest of the four Grecian dialects, being thus perfectly adapted to lyric poetry.

Poetry, to find an echo in the human heart, must come from some other human heart, and come in simple, stirring, touching tones—not fettered by the ornaments of an over-rich diction, but full of the power and pathos of the bard's mother-tongue.

The muse of Sappho ever bore a lyre, and the strains of that lyre found an echo in every listening heart. And many were the listeners. Her fame was spread throughout Greece during her life, and now that twenty-five hundred years have passed away, we still can read in "storied urn and animated bust" the history of her genius.

Sappho was married, and Athens, the center of wealth, education and refinement, became her home. There her beauty, grace and wit adorned and made more attractive the elegant home of her wealthy and hospitable husband. There she wrote her beautiful sonnets and odes, perfected herself in philosophy and music, and encouraged literature and art.

The Greeks selected the violet as the emblem of truth and purity, and only those who could claim these attributes were allowed to wear them. So highly did they esteem these little flowers, that violet-blue was chosen as the emblematic color of Athens, and at the public games a chaplet of violets was the prize given to the writer of the purest lyric poem. So perfectly did Sappho prove her "divine right" to wear this graceful crown and reign in the kingdom of poesy, that even her rival, Alcaeus, was forced to do her homage, calling her, "pure, sweetly-smiling, violet-crowned Sappho." What a tribute at once to the woman and the minstrel. Thus praised by

that writer of the *Æolic* school, who would certainly have borne off the prize but for her, but whose admiration of her genius and merit rose superior to petty jealousies. Sappho stands out from amid the dim phantoms of hoary sages and grim philosophers of time-worn Greece, like a dainty blue violet in the gray mosses of a stately ruin.

The Grecian lyric poetry was of two kinds—the Doric, intended to be sung by choruses in connection with dancing, while the *Æolic*, to which belonged the poetry of Sappho, was to be recited by a single person accompanying himself on a stringed instrument. We can picture the poetess in her pure Greek beauty; her broad forehead bearing the impress of vigorous intellect; her dark eyes glowing with happiness and enthusiasm, while her “sweetly-smiling” lips recite to Cercolas, her husband, the ode inscribed to him: “How blest is then my destiny, that I may love and honor, too, so bright, so brave a love that is allotted to me.” Oh happy Sappho! blest indeed was thy destiny! To many an one is tardy fame accorded—when the anxious heart has ceased its throbbing, and the weary limbs are laid to rest—but to thee was given all honor by thy country while youth and health were thine; while a noble husband rejoiced in thy triumphs and taught a beloved daughter to fondly lisp thy name.

The grandest creation of God is a true and pure woman, fulfilling her divinely appointed mission. Much of the choicest literature in every age is in honor of noble womanhood. Macaulay has said: “The most beautiful object is a beautiful woman.” John Randolph, of Roanoke, the woman-hater, said: “Woman, though she lost us Paradise, has gained us Heaven.”

Voltaire confessed that “all the reasoning of men is not worth one intuition of woman.” The history of letters is full of tributes to noble womanhood. Such expressions honor those who give them utterance, for the empire of woman is holy and refined. She reigns not only over the noblest of earth, but she moulds, moves and sways the fallen and vicious minds of men, and renews hope within the crushed heart.

Respect for the female sex is becoming in every writer. The tenderest memories of every person, the dearest and most hallowed associations of all men, are of women.

But in every age there exists a class of critics to whom nothing is sacred; whose love of creating a sensation destroys their sense of propriety and of justice, and makes them forget the truth.

Some of these literary ghouls vainly attempted to tarnish the fair name of Sappho. The worst thing they could prove, however, was that Sappho sat at her husband’s table, and with him entertained their guests—following

the old Greek custom which had fallen into disuse among the Athenians. As this was contrary to Pericles' dictum "that woman is best of whom least is said among men, whether for good or evil," it naturally caused some comment, but during her lifetime was fully understood.

So striking was the beauty of her compositions that even the wise Solon, on hearing his nephew recite one of her pieces, exclaimed, "I will not willingly die until I have mastered those lines."

Besides the poems on which her fame chiefly rests, Sappho wrote series and satirical articles on various subjects, and studied music as a science. She was the first to employ the Mixolydian mode in music, and she invented the metre which is called after her.

Numerous collections of her poems, with critical notes annexed, have been published of late years. Only one complete poem remains, but fragments of many others are still in existence. In all of these is evident her love of nature and her passion for the beautiful.

" Through all her tuneful art how strong
The human feeling gushes;
The very moonlight of her song
Is warm with smiles and blushes."

Sweeping down the ages rushes a flood of grandest music. It echoes and prolongs the names of Homer, Socrates, Plato, Pericles, and other synonyms of intellectual splendor, but in the midst of these heroic strains there steals upon the ear a softer note, whose silver tones repeat the name and fame of Sappho.

KING GOLD, FIRST KING OF THE U. S. A.

BY MRS. MARTILLA D. PATTERSON, UNION.

THE coronation is complete,
King Gold is on his throne ;
Ye cowering subjects at his feet
Your meek submission own !
Ye have no wills, ye servile slaves,
Obsequiously ye bow ;
Your tyrant king his sceptre waves,
Where is your freedom now ?

Your boasted freedom, where oh where !
Where now your commonwealth,
The liberties ye held so dear,
Your great Republic's health ?
Your nation's honor, nation's pride,
Her glory and her song,
The rights for which your fathers died,
Which ye have cherished long ?

Have guarded as ye guard your lives,
Have watched with jealous care,
Is it indifference now deprives
Your minds of dread or fear ?
Does unconcern your vision cloud,
Or deadly stupor blind
That sons of freedom erst so proud
Will now so tamely grind !

Grind, grind the mill, yourselves to crush.
At the usurpers word,
Will all demands for justice hushed
And never more be heard ?

Will ye in timid silence quake
Nor dare to raise your voice
While tyrants fast your fetters make?
Have ye, indeed, no choice?

Will ye submit to paltry gold
And tolerate this king?
And shall his sordid agents bold
Your land to serfdom bring?
O! rouse ye up, my countrymen,
Sons of Columbia's soil;
Ye sturdy sun-tanned workingmen
Claim justice, ye who toil.

Accept no king of gold-dust made,
Your sovereign rights maintain;
Pause not 'till low in dust is laid
His kingship and his train!
A bloodless king is this King Gold.
So bloodless be the war;
Manly and firm your colors hold,
Your bugle sound afar.

Resolve to conquer and bequeath
A heritage unstained,
More proud than bay or laurel wreath
Proud victor ever gained.
Hurl gold away from halls of State,
Spurn! spurn his crown and rod!
Indignant spurn him ere too late;
Heed not his beck and nod.

By all on earth ye sacred hold,
By honor, country, home;
By patriots names on Fame's proud scroll.
By hopes of years to come;
By that solicitude ye feel
Posterity to bless,
By all your yearnings for their weal.
By all this tenderness

GEMS FROM A TEXAS QUARRY.

Arouse ye ! Shake your fetters off,
Defy the power of gold !
Heed no poor, petty tyrants scoff,
Your numbers are untold.
You will not see your sons enthralled,
Their birthright bartered, see
Ye will not, though the heavens should fall,
Ye can and dare be free.

Up ! up ! and let your voice be heard,
Count *one* each manly heart ;
With Right's fair badge your breast begird,
And act a patriot's part.
Ye only need awake and speak,
Ye are the Nation's strength ;
Your foe is weak, and very weak,
Your stupor is his strength ;
Dispel that stupor, sap that strength,
And freedom is your own,
And from your nation's breadth and length
Be hated king-craft flown !



WHICH ONE?

THE BACHELOR'S QUANDARY.

BY MISS BELLE F. BURDETT.

DR. HERBERT KEYSER sat in his inner office. He was a good-looking bachelor with a lucrative practice. Around the room and ranged on the mantel were some reptiles of different species preserved in alcohol, and on a shelf some human bones artistically arranged. In the far corner was a grim skeleton forever presenting its *memento mori*, and near the pleasant, sunny window, which looked out on the grassy lawn, stood the book-case with its valuable and varied stock.

It was into this private office the doctor retired when he wished to read or write undisturbed by intruders. But to-day, while the laughing May gamboled over the fields, he did not seem to be poring over any new diagnosis or puzzling his brain about the abstruse science of pharmaceutics. On the contrary, Dr. Herbert, as he was familiarly called, held in his hands a small volume of poems fresh from the bindery; and before him, in a delicate vase, was a small bunch of spring beauties and violets.

The doctor certainly seemed to be in a profound reverie this beautiful spring morning, as he alternately read and dreamed. Occasionally his eyes were directed to the bottle of pickled snakes or the osseous figure in the corner, as if calling upon them to indorse the roseate sentiments just now bubbling up in his heart, or to second the gigantic project he was then and there planning.

But see, his lips move! he speaks, and now, if we but listen to his soliloquy, we shall be in the secret.

"Yes, I must marry; I have settled that question beyond a doubt. I have now attained an age at which every man should be provided with a wife. My profession yields me a comfortable living, and I am certain the ladies are well pleased with my appearance and general manners. I consider myself not far behind Lionel Hayes, whose wealth and personal attractions seem to render the 'conquering hero' of this town of Middleton.

"But the most important question is, whom shall I marry? Finding a wife to exactly fill the bill is rather a difficult matter. I must have one that is intellectual as well as domestic; and then as to beauty, she certainly must be possessed of great personal charms, or I never could fancy her. And

about wealth, let me see; well a little 'filthy lucre' wouldn't be amiss. There is Helen Dunlap, who, in point of wealth and beauty, excels them all. The glorious brunette is perfectly dazzling, and then her father's coffers are running over. I am certain I could get her at the drop of a hat (glancing askance at the mirror), but, bah! she wouldn't suit me at all. Illiterate, shallow and insipid—not a domestic trait about her. All she thinks of is company and gewgaws—not the wife for me. Now there is Bertha Reynolds, who is as sweet as a clover blossom with her bonny brown braids turned around her Madonna-like brow. There seems an irresistible charm while in her presence, and she is so domestic withal. She would be a perfect treasure. The artistic arrangement of all those lovely flowers, besides the excellent management of the little house and household, are all due to her refined taste and domestic culture. I declare, if other things were equal, Bertha should soon become Mrs. Keyser. But the thought is not to be entertained for a moment; for they are very poor, besides I should think the lady's intellect was not of a very brilliant type, though I must say she sustains her side of a conversation very well, and I have never put her capabilities to a very deep test. I will take this volume of poems to her and see what she thinks of Viola, and let her criticisms guide my judgment in this matter. Yes, (once more glancing at the poems) Viola is my ideal. The eloquent thoughts from her glowing pen affect my soul as nothing ever did before. I am certain she is my affinity if I can but ever find her. I have never failed to read her weekly production as it appeared in the Middleton *Gazette*, besides her other contributions to the standard periodicals. Yes, I am unquestionably and irrevocably in love, and Viola is the goddess I worship. With what delight I hailed the publication of this volume of her poems, as they came in a priceless collection, all beautifully bound, and it is owing to their perusal that I find myself in such sentimental mood this morning. But I don't know after all, upon a second thought, literary ladies are generally fearfully plain and devoid of all those virtues that brighten hearth-stones of homes. Was ever mortal in such a quandary?"

Here he resumed his poetry, and soon all doubts as to the fitness of his unknown love vanished as the sweet rhythm wove itself into his soul.

He was soon interrupted by the entrance of Jerry Little, whose sign hung out across the way, bearing the important words, "Attorney at Law," but from any sign of clients, he might well be termed "The Briefless Barrister." Jerry, learning of the doctor's whereabouts from the office boy in the outer room, assumed the privilege of an old and intimate friend to walk in.

"Ah! doctor, reading Viola's poems, are you? Charming, isn't she?"

"Yes, to both questions; but, Jerry, can you tell me who she is and where she lives?"

"You know she signs herself Viola, Ivy Cliff. That place is somewhere in the interior of the State, I think. One could find out from the editor of the *Gazette*. You know she has been a contributor to our paper for some months."

"The very thing, Jerry; I have a particular reason you see—hem—and I'll send him a note this very afternoon."

While they conversed, the answer came. The editor was inexorable—would not reveal the name of any one writing incognito, etc.

At this information, Dr. Herbert Keyser frowned, struck his palm down on the table and seemed to get excited.

"I'll tell you, Dr. Herbert, Lionel Hays might know. His position gives him an extensive acquaintance all over the State; besides he is something of a literary genius himself and prides himself upon his knowledge of authors and their productions. And then aside from all that, if she is a lady possessed of any points of attraction, rest assured he knows her if she is within a thousand miles of here."

The next day as the elegant figure of Lionel Hays was passing leisurely along, Dr. Keyser rushed frantically out and dragged him into his private office, carefully closing the door behind him.

"Mr. Hays, pardon me, but I have a favor to ask of you."

"Pray proceed, doctor," said Lionel, looking puzzled.

"Well you see it's about a lady," glancing at the volume of poems and growing red. "Do you know who Viola is?"

A peculiar glance in Lionel's eye led the doctor to believe he was in the secret.

"She is the lady who wrote those poems you have in your hand, and she resides at Ivy Cliff."

"Ah! you are too provoking, but do you know her?"

"Truth compels me to reply in the affirmative."

"What is her name?"

"I cannot tell you."

"Is she married?"

"No."

"Young?"

"Yes."

"Pretty?"

"I can tell you no more. Tastes differ as well as styles. I think her beautiful; but if you would know more, write her a note. The publisher would deliver it, though in duty bound to withhold her name. But why all this anxiety, doctor; has your obdurate heart been touched at last?"

"To tell you the unvarnished truth it has. I am actually in love."

"Ha! I am happy to hear it, for none of the Middleton belles suit you, I think you have told me at different times."

"You are quite right; but you are the last one to speak to me of this when every girl in the place is actually dying for you."

"Ah! You flatter me. You are mistaken."

"Not in the least, but it is no wonder; for one of your unbounded means, your extensive travels, and other advantages is not expected to woo any of our rustic beauties."

Dr. Keyser was fortunate in having his glowing epistle sent to Viola, and very soon received a reply; and thus becoming more in love, he exhaled his whole being in those tender love notes until the summer was spent and the long season passed away.

When the crimson maple leaves began to weave a carpet along the streets of Middleton, Dr. Keyser poured out his whole soul on two or three sheets of rose-tinted paper, beseeching his fair inamorata to accept his hand and heart and put him out of his misery. He waited in the greatest suspense during the intervening days; but what was his rage and chagrin when the lady politely declined the proposed honor.

His nervous system underwent such a shock at the lady's bad taste and folly, that he packed his valise and left suddenly for a short trip.

He was gone two or three weeks and returned in a calmer frame of mind, but with a firm resolve to marry some one in Middleton, notwithstanding the fact that he had heretofore taken every occasion to raise his nasal organ at any mention of them. His first thought was of the beauty and heiress, Miss Helen Dunlap; but the news greeted him upon his return that she was married—and to Jerry Little.

"Then it's Bertha Reynolds for me after all. I thinkshe was intended for me. I wouldn't give her sweet face and tidy figure for all the rest. I have been in love with her all the time and didn't know it, and she—well if she is not already in love with me I can very soon make her. As for this Viola, she is doubtless some slatternly shrew."

Meeting Lionel Hays a short time after that he told him of his poor success with Viola, with a sprinkling of invectives, and furthermore unfolded his plans in a confidential way about Bertha, "though," he added, lowering

his voice, "the girl has some faults, I must confess; I don't consider her my intellectual equal by a great deal. You see, a few days ago, I sent her Viola's poems to read, and last night I inquired her opinion of them merely by way of drawing her out to find out what she knew; and would you believe it she looked as silly and confused and could not give me a single idea of the work; but of the gifted authoress she spoke in demeaning tones, which in my opinion showed a mean envy."

At this stage, Lionel, who had never been accused of an impolite act in his life, burst out into a laugh right in his friend's face, and then turned suddenly around and commenced drumming on the window with his fingers.

There was a peculiar expression on his face which led Dr. Keyser to believe it was something more than the incident he was relating that caused it. He did not like the act, and especially the laugh—there was something derisive in it.

"Why do you laugh, Mr. Hays?"

Here Lionel turned politely around, and with an interested and innocent expression remarked, quite naturally, that he was a little amazed at the way things had turned around; that he wished to marry one about whom he had so often expressed himself in terms not the highest, and especially that he could criticise her at the very moment that he announced such a serious intention concerning her.

"Yes, I am fully determined to marry her," said the doctor, not feeling altogether satisfied with Lionel's reply, "and I shall hasten the matter, too, so if I should soon follow in the wake of Jerry, don't be surprised."

Lionel smiled pleasantly and, assuring him that he considered it a wise selection, they parted.

A week after that Dr. Herbert Keyser, in his best black suit with the momentous question ready in the most approved style, ascended the eminence on which his Bertha's cottage home was situated. As the mellow rays of the moon lit up the vines and shrubbery, he considered it the loveliest place in the world. His heart was full of love and hope and he felt happy and exultant.

On arriving at the vine-covered portico and inquiring for Miss Reynolds, he was told she was not at home.

"And when will she return?"

"Indeed, I couldn't exactly tell you, Dr. Keyser," said Bertha's mother, "not for two or three weeks though."

"Two or three weeks! Is she out of town?"

"Oh, yes; she went away this morning. She has gone on her bridal tour."

"*Married!*" gasped the doctor, feeling stunned. "To whom?"

"Yes, she was married this morning. The cards are now ready and will be sent out to-morrow. There is one for you, I will go and bring it; but won't you come in?" kindly asked the lady. He shook his head, and in his weak condition leaned against the trellis for support.

Presently Mrs. Reynolds returned with the snowy envelope. It was with difficulty that his unsteady fingers could extricate the delicate paste-board, and then he read from the glimmer of the hall lamp: Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Hays—Miss Bertha Reynolds.

Slowly he returned home, in such amaze that he could not comprehend what it all meant. When within a few feet of his office he met Jerry Little, and blustered out spitefully:

"So, after all, Lionel Hays has gone and married that poverty-stricken and illiterate girl!"

"Mrs. Lionel Hays cannot be very poverty-stricken, neither can I understand how Viola can be called illiterate."

"Hang Viola! Who's speaking of her?" said Dr. Keyser wrathfully.

"In alluding to Mrs. Lionel Hays you speak of her."

"How? I don't understand," said the doctor, faintly, toppling against a lamp post like a drunken man.

"Viola and Bertha are one and the same. I never knew about it until last night when Lionel told me all about it; and would you believe it, Ivy Cliff, that we both considered a town, is the name of their residence. You know the cottage is situated on a vine-covered and terraced hill. I remember, too, that those vines are nearly all ivy. They have been engaged several months."

Herbert Keyser waited to hear no more, but reeling into his office closed and bolted the door, and then sunk powerless into the first chair that offered. With his head bent on his hands he passed the wanning hours of the night. The blue and gilt poems of Viola lay near by all unheaded, while the serpents and skeletons were his only sentinels through the vigils of the night.

Though a desperate remedy, Dr. Keyser became a wiser man, and was careful ever after to place a higher estimate upon woman, the knowledge dawning into his benighted brain that a lady may write beautiful poetry and still combine all the graces of the heart and mind and be indeed the angel of the household.

AN ARMY WITH GREEN BANNERS.

BY AURELIA HADLEY MOHL, HOUSTON.

NEAR by a quiet live-oak-bordered lake
We sat, a friend and I;
Above our heads the changing sky
Shone through a canopy of hanging moss,
And vines, and glistening leaves. Across the lake
Came ever and anon the wild duck's call,
Mingling with the crane's weird, solemn cry,
That sounded like a warning of some evil.
Other birds too, some joyous and some sad,
Joined in the concert on the reedy lake.
From the green prairie too came other sounds:
The melancholy low of patient kine—the chirp
Of blackbirds, the plaintive coo of doves,
And the melodious tinkle of a bell
Which told its tale of straying sheep that fain
Would wander from the fold.

Now and again
Raindrops came pattering down between the leaves
And fell on the soft earth—but not on us,
For we had found beneath a live-oak tree
A shelter safe and sweet. Beneath our feet
Lay many colored pebbles, scattered o'er
And forming a rich mosaic on the ground.

At a little distance wound a path
Round gnarled roots, and under tufts of grass,
Avoiding large pebbles, and deep tracks
Made by the thirsty cattle ;
A tiny, tiny path,
Fit only for light, fairy feet, I thought.
But my eye, wandering amid our talk
And taking in and painting on my soul
Each separate beauty of this golden day,
Espied an army marching in this path!

GEMS FROM A TEXAS QUARRY.

A host innumerable, silent, swift ;
Each tawny warrior bearing o'er his head
A banner bright and green—emblem of hope !
With no apparent leader, on they marched,
Nor turned aside, nor paused, nor looked around,
But on, forever on, the pigmy host
Marched by us silently toward its goal !

Then I, not willing to enjoy alone
This wondrous sight, bade my friend pause
And pointed out this “ army with green banners.”
Smiling at the quaint conceit, my friend
Said, answering, “ your fancy bright transforms
This drove of drudging ants into an army ;
Yet 'tis a pretty fancy”—and we took up
Our still “ unraveled skein of talk.”

Ah, what a talk was ours that happy day !
We talked of what had been, what was,
What ought to be—and is not—in this world ;
Of friendship which we dreamed of in that hour,
As something more—far more—than the mere name
Which the sad poet called it years agone ;
And as we talked that tawny pilgrim host
Still bore its banners past us silently,
While in my heart a busy host was gathering,
Of thoughts and memories.

Each memory its banner green
Bore high aloft. Each happy fancy raised
Its gonfalon of hope, and the bright band
Began its swift march through my joyous heart
That glorious golden Southern winter day !

Many a winter day has passed since then,
And still, methinks, that host bears up its banners
Beneath the live-oak trees beside the lake.

The wild duck's call
And the crane's solemn cry still fill the air
About the reedy lake ; and all the sounds
That made the spot melodious keep it so,
For nature is eternal.

Through my heart, too,
A silent host still marches. But alas!
Its banners are no longer green,
For Sorrow's frosts have come and withered some,
And others have been pierced by the shaft
Of ruthless Time, and some—ah me—
Are trailing in the dust!

The fancies bright
That bore them up have fainted by the way,
And feebly now sad memory tries
To lift them up again! In vain—in vain!
The voice of youth that called into being
That "rare and radiant" host is silent now,
And all the host has died.

Now, in its stead,
Within my heart, with slow and weary step,
A band of wan and sad-faced memories
Has driven out the army with green banners.



STORY OF A CLOCK.

BY MRS. MARY STRATTON HEWETT, DALLAS.

I HAVE occupied my present position in the Slocum family for almost a century, and have kept up a steady tick-tock day after day and year after year, only when silenced by trembling fingers; then my face was covered with a black pall that I learned by observation always meant death, for when the dark drapery was removed and I again busily measured off minute and hour, I always found sad faces and tearful eyes; and as they gathered around the evening fire, I would listen in vain for some dear familiar voice or gaze about the room for some loved face that never more would lift laughing, questioning eyes to my face, or charm with the sweet musical tones that had grown so dear.

Thus one by one they had drifted out over the waveless tide, till only two of the old household remained; and one of these, my little fair-haired Amy, had grown to womanhood and linked her happiness with one she loved, and was battling with poverty and pride in a distant home—banished forever from the dear old house by her cold, hard-hearted brother, Hugh, because she chose the impoverished but noble teacher who had once earned his daily bread in the proud Slocum family.

I was sick and heavy-hearted in the old house without my bright-faced Amy, but in time partially forgot my sorrows as I watched the fresh young faces that blossomed in the old home and filled it again with childish music.

I ticked on, joyfully keeping time to their bursts of laughter, and thanking the slanting rays of sunshine that occasionally brightened up my old face till it seemed to beam with happiness upon them.

All their sorrows were mine; then when the shadows were lifted and sweet peace folded her wings and rested by the fireside of the Slocum's, how happily I plodded on my rounds and gaily marked off the fleeting seconds.

The Slocum family now consisted of father, mother, two daughters and one son.

The youngest was a little fair-haired, frail creature, who seemed rightly named Lilly. Gertie, the second, had grown to womanhood and had her love dream, but just now seemed so sad and drooping, and her eyes so full

of pain and vague unrest, that I longed to reach forth my aged hands, that had always been so faithful, and touch the sweet bowed head with tender sympathy. I noticed how the postman's ring always sent a vivid flush of red to her cheek, and then watched the bright look of expectancy die out of the face as he brought no tidings from Neal Ransom; but still the patient face smiled on through many tears.

How I longed to tell her that the long expected letter had been dropped in my old fashioned case by a careless hand, and that Neal was waiting in vain for some word in reply to the offer of his love; yet I could only tick out, wait, wait. Once the sad eyes were lifted to mine suddenly, and the soft hands touched my face caressingly as she whispered softly, "Dear old clock, what are you trying to say? You heard him whisper, 'I shall not forget you, darling, and have something to tell you;' but he has forgotten." Poor brave heart; the sadder her heart the sweeter her life, and I kept thinking to myself that in some way the gathering shadows would be dispelled when tender hearted Gertie had learned well the lesson of submission. The eldest and only son, Paul, had gone out from home into a distant city, a promising young lawyer, possessing a warm true heart; but I noticed every letter brought a shadow over the faces gathered around the evening fireside, and heard them speak softly but sadly of the wayward boy, who was plunging deep into the dissipations of the city. Oh, how I longed to lift my warning voice and ring out an echo from home that might turn my wayward boy into the paths of peace!

Mr. and Mrs. Slocum made a visit to the city; when they returned the father's face was stern and set; the mother's worn and weary, and her eyes heavy with tears. I heard her speak to Gertie of Paul's wild career; the fierce recriminations, and at last utter estrangement that had taken place between father and son. The father had sternly requested—nay, commanded that he should be an unspoken one henceforth; the poor broken-hearted mother bowed her head in agony. Old Nancy, coming in just then, lifted her apron and wiped the tears from my worn old face, calling attention to the dampness of the room, when I in my sunny position should be covered with moisture. Poor, faithful old Nancy, she had lived in the house almost ever since my busy wheels had been set in motion, but little she knew of the agony of my poor heart; yet I noted the tears stealing down her withered cheeks as she turned away, for she too had fondly loved the young Master. Day followed day slowly and sadly, and in the sorrowful stillness of the old room it often seemed as if I grew noisy, and I tried in vain to muffle the tick-tock that sounded so noisy and oppressive.

Once little Lilly looked up into my faded old face crying, "Busy old clock you are the only cheery thing here." Just then the sunlight flooded the room and I noticed how wan and frail she was growing, and my heart gave such a great throb that for the first time in all these years—unless silenced—I failed to mark the time. Mrs. Slocum looked up, declaring old Nancy must have forgotten to wind me. Gertie's soft hand gently set me in motion, and as she felt carelessly after the key her taper fingers wandered over Neal Ransom's letter, and then fluttering out made fast the door, unwittingly locking within the dearest hopes of her heart. I saw just then through the slanting blinds the postman's form and after his quick, sharp ring had died away a great yellow envelope was laid upon the mantel by my side and my old heart fluttered wildly as I read the post-mark of the town where Mr. Slocum's sister—my little fair-haired Amy of the long ago—lived. The letter was read and duly commented on by all. Amy was no more. Widowed, with one child, she had fought, single-handed, the battle of life till death had suddenly claimed her, and little Hugh, poor little creature, deformed and frail, had been left alone. Kind friends ministered to his earthly needs, but his mother's last request was that little Hugh might find a home in his uncle's family. Mrs. Slocum's motherly heart responded at once to the call, and the quick "oh, yes!" from the daughters met with an imperative demand for silence from the father, who sternly said little Hugh would remain where he was. He would meet all pecuniary demands for his needs, but never should he enter the old home his mother had desecrated. My heart throbbed with indignation, but I still listened hopefully to the united persuasions of mother and daughters for the little waif, but their tender pleadings were of no avail.

One by one they departed silent and sad for the night, leaving me alone and desolate. How the bright, restless fire seemed to mock my anguish by its sparkling happiness. It danced and shimmered on the wall in fitful fantastic gleams, casting its glow over my worn old face, mocking my misery as I thought of poor little Hugh weeping and sorrowing alone, and being on the point of striking four, I pealed out such a strange, unearthly sound that old Nancy came in, rubbing her eyes and wondering what all the confusion meant. She wandered off toward the nursery to look after Lilly, her pet, and soon the house was all commotion, and in the dawning light I saw them wheeling in a little low bed, and there rested the form of our darling, breathing heavily; her white, up-turned face reminding me strangely of a broken lily. Oh, the long, long dreary days that followed. How eagerly they watched that no hour might slip by unheeded, and as I found they

depended on me to mark the precise moment when the healing remedies should be administered, I felt as though the frail thread of her life depended upon my faithfulness, and so fearful was I that I might lose one second of time that I kept sleepless vigil with the faithful nurses. One morning just as the dawn was breaking, I caught a glimpse of the little wan face resting so peacefully upon the laces of the pillow, with such a glory shining in the beautiful eyes, I felt the death angel was hovering near. Just as the first gleam of sunshine flooded the room with its brightness, resting on everything like a blessing, she looked up, saying with a smile, "I am going to make room for Cousin Hugh, papa," and the sweet spirit was with God who gave it. Old Nancy came in and silenced my noisy grief, but for once my face was left uncovered. The blinds were not drawn and the great loving sun lit up the room with his golden frescoes, and the throbbing air seemed to waft in its sweetest breezes laden with the perfume of woodland blossoms, while the chamber of death was glowing with the tints of roses; but none looked so fair and sweet as the broken lily in her white robes of death. Old Nancy's face looked pinched and wan amid all this brightness. But I heard her muttering, "no gloom for her, no darkened room or covered faces for my darling."

So all night long I gazed down on the peaceful features of my treasure, and mourned for the happy-hearted child who had loved me so. Old Nancy sat upright and rigid by her side, never uttering a moan or word of complaint, with such a look of anguish on her poor old homely face that I, in my own misery, longed to be able to comfort her. They laid her to rest on the sunny hillside, and every morning the sun smiles and the birds sing sweetly over the flower-covered mound, and when the soft south wind comes drifting over the hill-tops it brings the sweet perfume of flowers to me as I still plod on. After they had carried the little white casket away and the house was still once more, Mr. Slocum was absent for several days. At last, as the gentle twilight was creeping silently over all things, we heard the roll of wheels. A moment after Mr. Slocum appeared, leading a little deformed child, whose white face of almost divine beauty was framed in a mass of golden curls. It seemed as if Lilly's glorified spirit had returned to earth. But in answer to Mrs. Slocum and Girtie's bewildered questionings, he drew off the wraps, gently saying, "Lilly's cousin, Hugh." Every endearment was lavished on the little stranger, and he was soon the one bright sunbeam of our sorrowing home. Climbing upon Uncle Slocum's knees, with grave, questioning eyes looking into his face, he would plead to be told more of the sweet little cousin who had gone to live with his mama in

that beautiful land. Very strange this seemed to me, but stranger yet the peaceful light of Mr. Slocum's face.

One evening as he stood before the fire in the gathering darkness, and touched my old face with his trembling fingers, I heard him moan: "God be merciful to me, a sinner." Then I knew Lilly's death and Hugh's coming had not been in vain. Days afterward, when he held the frail, white-faced, golden-haired little Hugh up to me, telling him how his own angel mother had grown up under my watchful care, the warm baby fingers strayed over my face and down into my bosom till they clasped the long hidden letter. Ah! the glad light that beamed on Gertie's radiant face as she said, quietly: "Dear old clock, you held the fate of two fond hearts in your keeping."

A week later Neal Ransom held her sunny face upon his breast. Later I saw my old master and mistress weeping over little Hugh, who was prepared for a journey. Old Nancy's palsied hands shook strangely as she drew the cap over the shining curls, and taking his little hand in hers, went away in the gray of the morning. The house seemed still and desolate, and I sadly missed the two faces—one so sweet and fair, the other so wrinkled and faithful.

After weary days of waiting, just as Hugh Slocum was whispering sweet words of hope to his wife, I saw old Nancy coming up the walk, followed by a strong, manly figure bearing little Hugh in his arms, who knelt by the hearthstone, saying: "father, mother, forgive." They smiled on him through glad tears of joy. I ticked on right merrily as Paul Slocum arose, saying fervently: "By God's help I will redeem my lost manhood." Out upon the hillside now rises another little mound, and the plain cross bears this simple inscription: "Our Hugh."

My weary eyes often stray out of the window and rest lovingly on the graves of my darlings. But last night I pointed out the hour when Gertie's baby boy entered the old home. In the rosy light of the morn, Hugh Slocum and his wife stole softly in to bestow their blessing upon their first grandchild. Old Nancy whispered: "shall we call him Paul?" But they answered reverently and gently, "call him Hugh."

Mark, that's the charge—see what has made me one ;
For look, I'll show you all my traitorous acts.
Here in my hand I hold the commission
That makes me the peer of this Cicero,

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GEMS FROM A TEXAS QUARRY.

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EXTRACT FROM THE LIGHT GUARDSMAN.

BY J. W. MITCHELL, HOUSTON.

GEN. EVELYN. Has the prisoner anything to say in his defense before the Court proceeds to pronounce its judgment?

MAURICE LIVINGSTON, (*who has been abstracted, thoughtful during the trial, rises slowly.*)

In my behalf I did not think to say,
In palliation of this grave charge, one word;
Because I relied, with a conscience
Free from guilt, upon my innocence
For 'quittal. But standing within the maze
Of a tangled web, woven by hateful hands
For my destruction, silence, I fear,
Would seem but an admission to the truth
Of what is basely false—I, a traitor!
My words shall be few, and if they taint of
Conceit, the one fact that they are free
From guile will, I trust, excuse it. Mark you:
Not for mercy do I speak; to do so
Would be an insult to the justice
That would be mine, from you, were truth's light free
For what I ask. Am I forced to play
The role of Cataline to this Cicero's
Honey-coated speech, that covers over
The poisonous drug of hate, for what I ask?
Were my will free to tell what I do know,
The one most active to charge me amiss
Would stand worse than traitor, criminal,
Before you here. If I am a traitor—
Mark, that's the charge—see what has made me one;
For look, I'll show you all my traitorous acts.
Here in my hand I hold the commission
That makes me the peer of this Cicero,

GEMS FROM A TEXAS QUARRY.

(God save the mark) bestowed upon me,
An humble private—because I am what?
A traitor? or because when amid the
Battle's din and roar—the sound rings still
In memory's ear—when bayonet, sword and ball
Pierced the clouded air, laden with death,
And confusion, rout, despair, the ranks did take;
And that proud battle-flag a captive taken,
By the enemy trailed in the dust—
Who pierced their bristling, deathly ranks
And bore it back from shame to honor? Who?
'Twas I! A traitor! this hand—traitor's hand!
When in retreat, your hero, General,
Rushed to the fore to rally for the fray
Our outnumbered braves, the treacherous sword
Sought to sheathe within his life its blade,
Where did the blow find vent? Here! here
In this arm! a traitor's trait'rous arm!
This is all my offense to cause and country;
If for this I am judged a traitor,
Then would I die—die only traitor!
Your judgment. . .

(Commission confer for a moment.)

GEN. E. Tried and convicted traitor,
Is the sad, inexorable sentence
That my tongue halts, falters to pronounce—
The saddest words that stern duty ever
Charged me utter. Evidence—circumstance
Belie the innocence I would truly hope—
And nay, almost believe—is yours.
I now but echo the regretful sentence
That the proof demands: To-morrow at noon
You will be taken hence—upon the grave
Made to receive the lifeless clay, when soul
Has sought the other realm—by your comrades
To meet a traitor's bitter, shameful doom.
May God have mercy on your soul.

CURTAIN ON ACT III.

THE HON. JEFFERSON DAVIS.

BY EX-GOV. FRANK R. LUBBOCK, AUSTIN.

I WAS appointed in 1863 an Assistant Adjutant General with rank of Lieutenant Colonel in the Confederate Army, and assigned to duty as such upon the same day that I ceased to be the "Governor of the State of Texas."

In the summer of 1864 I was nominated, by the President of the Confederate States and confirmed by the Senate, aid-de-camp to the President, with the rank of Colonel of Cavalry. I was advised by Mr. Davis of my appointment and confirmation which, as he said, "was made without opportunity for consultation or information as to my wishes, for the reason that he required at once the services of some one well advised as to the wants and wishes of the trans-Mississippi Department." He desired, should I accept, that I would repair to Richmond as soon as convenient. In a few hours after receiving my commission I left the army in Louisiana, repairing to Richmond to report for duty. My reception was all I could have desired. Mr. Davis, always kind and polite, assured me of his pleasure at my coming so promptly and made me feel quite at home in his military family. My first impression, when I entered into his presence, confirmed my previously formed opinion of his grand and dignified character, of his patriotism and devotion to the cause to which he had been called by the people. Constant attendance day by day upon the Executive while in his office, or during his visits to the field, the camp and the hospital, founded in my heart a strong love for the man, and still more increased my admiration for the soldier and the statesman. Frequently visiting his home in Richmond and seeing him with his talented and lovely wife and surrounded by his children, I knew him as the noble husband and affectionate Christian parent.

Beside the happiness of his family, he appeared never to be concerned about anything but the welfare of his people from the day I took service with him to the very moment that we were separated, subsequent to our capture. He forgot himself and displayed more self-abnegation than any human being I have ever known. While commander-in-chief, with thousands at his bidding, in the most unpretending manner he would visit the lines of the army, oftener with one aid than more. While social and fond of society, he rarely if ever sought it during the war, it being his pleasant duty

to give every hour of his time to his country ; while burdened with weighty matters, kindly attentive to all classes of people, he was as polite and affable to the humblest private soldier or his messenger boy as to the officer of highest rank in the army, and for this reason he was loved by all who served near his person.

It has been asserted that he was harsh and imperious to those from whom he differed. This was an entire misapprehension of his nature and disposition. While tenacious of his own opinion, and quite fixed in his judgment when formed, he seemed to me to be much more tolerant than other men of ability and power with whom I have been associated.

I shall not speak of him as an orator, seldom equalled ; as a conversationalist he surpassed all I have ever known. His accurate observation and extensive reading made him most charming as a companion, and as a traveling companion the life of any party. I had the pleasure of being with him in England, France and Scotland. He would astonish the residents by his glowing description of their historical events. I recollect on one occasion, in company with several Scottish gentlemen, his delineation of many of their great battles amazed his listeners. He quoted Scott repeatedly, and the remark came from one of them that if Scott's works were destroyed they could be re-produced by the "ex-President of the Confederate States."

If, however, Mr. Davis was great during the war, he was grand when disaster and defeat overtook the Confederate cause. I had loved and admired him while in power ; as the head of a lost cause, a captive in the hands of his foe, I loved and admired him still.

His great dignity and firmness of character did honor to the people whom he represented, while his brave resignation adorned the Christian religion. No murmur escaped his lips, while the blood of indignation filled my heart and tongue at the petty indignities heaped upon him in his most trying hour.

Since then, thank God, he has lived long enough to win the respect of his intelligent enemies by his manly bearing, and to secure the gratitude of his friends by giving us a history that tells both sides of the question. And now, though he is deprived of his citizenship and made the mark at which the shafts of bloody-shirt politicians are hurled, he stands before the united country recognized as the greatest living man of the day. When he departs hence, a great and good man, a Christian, pure and unsullied, will enter the better land in which his citizenship will not be denied him, and where his noble soul can put forth its full energies and be happy, while impartial history will freely accord to him greatness and goodness.

SHALL WE DIVIDE THE STATE?

BY MRS. HAMLETT.

DIVIDE the State? Who dare suggest
Such act of sacrilege?
Who from us thus would basely wrest
Our holiest heritage?
Bought with a price, it is our own!
Nor can we rend in twain
What was cemented into one
By blood of heroes slain!

Divide the State? How then appease
The blessed *manes* of those
Who guard, with ceaseless jealousies,
Their ashes long repose?
Say, for which portion Travis fought,
For which did Crockett die,
For which hath Houston's pleadings bought
A nation's sympathy?

Say, which shall claim Jacinto's plains,
Which own the Alamo,
To which belong the gory stains
That wrapped our flag in woe?
The Rio Grande is *our own*!
Excellent, broad and free,
It sweeps in grandeur and alone
Right onward to the sea.

The San Antonio waters wide,
Its green and fertile hills;
San Gabrielle its silent tide
From crystal streamlets fills;
The beautiful San Marcos glides
'Neath azure skies serene,
And sweet Cibola laughing hides
Its willow banks between.

GEMS FROM A TEXAS QUARRY.

The giant Colorado sleeps
 Begirt with flowery meads ;
Salado smiles, Aquilla weeps,
 Lampasas proudly pleads.
The Gandaloupe bends his haughty course
 Beside the loved Loean ;
And Brazos blends his breathings hoarse
 With Ocean's constant moan.

The Trinity her valley crowns
 With fields of waving green,
And Angelina darkly frowns
 Beside the lone Sabine.
Say, shall these names be sundered,
 These names to Texas dear ?
They were bequeathed us by the dead !
 Shall we that gift forswear ?

Divide the State for which they bled !
 A goddess grand and good,
And rear upon its base instead
 A pigmy sisterhood ?
NO ! 'Tis her broad square miles that make
 Her destiny so great ;
And glory will her soil forsake
 Should we divide the State.

No North, no South, no East, no West,
 Let this our motto be :
Our State is one. So let it rest ;
 United, great and free ;
Let one grand center call her sons
 To legislative halls ;
Let one grand voice, in thunder tones,
 Guard well her "outer walls."

THE VIGIL OF THE VIOLETS.

BY MRS. H. E. WHITE.

"In May the violet loses its fragrance, then ceases blooming."

SPRING comes with smiles—tears in her eyes—

And lilies on her breast,

A nameless grace around her lies,

Restless and yet at rest.

The buds just kissed by sunlit showers

Dance in her hazy air,

And yearn to burst forth into flowers

To make her path more fair.

With smile on lip and tear in eye,

Oh, happy, tender May!

A wondrous grace in field and sky,

So sad—and yet so gay.

Ah, languid and yet glorious May!

Ah, still and odorous air!

The soul could dream itself away,

And naught would miss it here.

For one, the sweetest of the flowers

Has passed away from earth,

Yet is not missed! The winged hours

Are told by some new birth;

It came with winter's weary dearth

And smiled away the gloom,

It passeth meekly from the earth,

A green leaf for its tomb.

But you and I—ah, let us weep

Above the sweet, dead thing!

A dreamy vigil let us keep

For memories it doth bring.

For me there lies in this wee flower,

This modest purple bell,

A magic scent, a subtle power,

A strange and potent spell.

GEMS FROM A TEXAS QUARRY.

Ah! brings it not to every breast
Some vision sad and sweet,
Of some loved memory laid to rest
In violet-scented sheet?

Remember, dear, the babies fair,
The dainty household pets,
With clasped hands and curling hair
Strewn o'er with violets.

Remember, love, the mother dear,
Who unto God hath passed,
Beneath the violets lying there
In slumber sweet and fast;

In life among the violets she,
With reverent feet, hath trod;
'Tis meet in death that they should be
In bloom upon her sod.

Yea, think, dear, of each happy day
That with a violet lies,
In some old book embalmed away
Apart from common eyes.

Now, while May revels in the glow
Of gold and purple hues,
And perfumed winds blow soft and low
To bear the early dews,
One tiny, tender, purple bloom
Falls scentless to the earth;
Alas, that death should be its doom
Amid the May-day mirth!

But blooms it not in better lands,
Where saints of noiseless feet
Shall gather flowers with holy hands
To weave in garlands sweet?
Go softly to the spirit land
And rest beside its streams,
And bloom upon that golden sand
As thou dost in my dreams.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

BY MRS. C. M. WINKLER, CORSICANA.

A LADY said to me recently, who watches the affairs of the nation with a good deal of interest: "You are an independent, thinking woman. I wish you would give your ideas on the woman suffrage question through the columns of your magazine."

I told her that while at Austin, Texas, during the session of the legislature last winter, when the mixed question of "free grass," "wire-cutting," etc., was on the tapis, a member, who was an old subscriber for my periodical, said: "Madame, before renewing for another year, like all wise politicians, I want to know how you stand upon the subject of free grass." I replied: "Decidedly upon the *fence*, and just there I am upon this great subject which is absorbing popular feeling at the present time.

I confess I am rather glad to have an opportunity of ventilating my thoughts upon the subject, and enter upon the discussion with far less trepidation than I have felt in expressing anything else I have ever written, simply from the fact that I speak from a stand-point which has been reached through a baptism of fire and a bitter experience through a scorched, blackened path, which only a few women have been called upon to tread. If I am severe I make no apology, for I am forced to the conclusion that intelligent women have to contend with the deepest sorrows that are inflicted upon any other creature who breathes, and if dependent upon her own exertions, she has to be subjected to the criticisms of the whole world in armed opposition to all her efforts. There are knots upon the body politic, but to my mind the right of suffrage is not the pruning knife to be used in this case. I am familiar with all the arguments upon the subject—taxation without representation, a purification of the political atmosphere by the voice of woman at the polls, etc., but I am afraid that emancipation is a privilege which, as a class, women are not ready to receive. I don't understand how the right to *vote* will place woman in her proper position in the world, which is at present such a peculiar and paradoxical one.

There must first be a great social revolution in which she will become

interested, before anything can be accomplished tending to strike off the shackles which bind her to old prejudices, and in this movement she must throw all the influence of her best powers, and stand in united action with her sisters who are struggling in the battle of life.

Now, after these preliminaries, we will proceed with some of the *rights* I would have women assert and demand: Purity of thought and of life, consistency of conduct, self-protection and the power of self-maintenance should be allowed to all the daughters of Eve, and her conscious uprightness should so envelop her at all times, that she should never forget she is the peer of any other woman, and the equal, certainly, of any man.

In this country, where fortunes are made and lost in a day, it seems to be particularly absurd to educate woman in a life of listless extravagance, dependent upon man; and those of the sterner sex are beginning to see the folly of not preparing girls for the active duties of life as well as boys. In other words, no matter how great the wealth a person possesses, that woman is utterly helpless who knows nothing of business affairs.

It is only men jealous of women who marry and place their wives as pensioners upon their bounty. They should not marry at all if they have not confidence enough in a woman to believe she will judiciously expend the money which he is expected to provide, and into no other partnership is the man disposed to eke out the dollars stingily except in the marriage relation. This is all wrong. A married woman should not be reduced to the extremity of *begging* her husband for money, or going into his pockets when asleep for a little spare change, as I have heard some assert they did—and I think that would be sufficient ground for divorce—but regularly he should keep his wife informed of the state of his finances, and *give* her for family expenses all she may need. Any woman thus trusted, with a single grain of common sense in her composition, will never be disposed to plunge into the follies of useless expenditure,

Man is himself more of a dependent in this relation than woman. He knows nothing of mending his clothing when out of order, nothing of keeping his room even in a respectable condition, much less a house of several rooms, and not much of the culinary art, so really he is the helpless one and not his partner. Besides, it seems entirely absurd for men not to wish women to know anything of business matters, when statistics show most conclusively, that even with the added burden of maternity which woman has to bear, she is longer-lived than man. For him to treat her as a slave, or a pretty toy to be fondled and caressed in an hour of leisure, is very foolish, when the possibility is that he will die first and leave her the burden of life

to bear alone. How much better to allow her the right of thinking and advising upon the practical duties of life, thus enabling her to be ready for any emergency that may arise.

Another thing: I have never been able to understand *why* it is not creditable for women to mingle with men in the business circles as well as the social. The world says female clerks, female helps about trade establishments, about the departments of State are not in their proper position; that they have no right to be thrown so constantly with men, that they lose all their delicacy, and men, by associating with them in the every-day affairs of life, fail to feel that high and mighty reverence which women should inspire. Away with such maudlin sentimentality. It is highly unpopular for a woman to be a lawyer's clerk and sit at her desk working under his direction during business hours, but altogether the thing to sit alone in the parlor at home with the rest of the family asleep, until the "wee sma hours," engaged in conversation or music. Wrong, decidedly wrong for a woman who has to struggle with life daily to make a support for her loved ones, to go about the marts of trade to dispose of any article for which she may have an agency, but entirely right for that same woman to go driving with gentlemen three or four miles from town some moonlight night. It is strong-minded for her to open a store of her own, she thereby exposes herself to public view, and a woman should stay in the back-ground, be modest and unassuming, and remember she is a woman. It is, however, beautiful and lovely and dainty in the extreme for her to dress in the extreme of fashion, and with arms and neck bare to the gaze of vulgar men parade a ball-room floor, and dance with every perfumed exquisite who chooses to clasp her to his bosom. Oh ! ho ! this is not demoralizing ! Neither is it out of the way for her to occupy a private box at the theatre and have every opera-glass in the house directed towards her, and her personal charms discussed from lip to lip by men who have no respect for female virtue; but a good-looking woman who has to be around business houses is avoided like a rattle-snake. Women, more fortunate women, who live lives of luxury and ease, shrug their dainty lace-covered shoulders and wonder why these women go amongst their brothers, fathers and husbands; that it is too utterly awful to see how a woman tries to push herself where she has no right, and they openly express the wish they would veil their faces and stay away from their lords and masters, for they are evidently only doing this to attract attention and leave the impression they have more intelligence than others.

It is, however, very nice and prudent and far-seeing for a woman to link her destiny for life with any man, however depraved, who has money

enough to buy her, whether there is a particle of congeniality of taste, thought or feeling. Marriage is their normal condition—a lottery, a speculation, at best, and if she can make a good trade, why, so much the better. It is only a civil contract at best, and if the silken cords grow wearisome, the golden bars become fetters, the courts will grant an easy divorce and my lady, with added interest surrounding her, starts out to hunt another victim. There is no publicity in this. It is classed by the world as an unfortunate alliance.

Marriage, in my estimation, is a sacrament, the holiest of all relations, and that woman who would marry for an establishment, who is willing to take a husband upon any terms—who gives her consent to be unequally yoked with one whose only recommendation is the bright shining dollars laid away in his coffers—is emphatically a *criminal*.

Divorces have become more and more frequent, and sensible people wonder at the increase of blighted homes and severed ties, but to my mind it is clear that this very thing is the cause of so much dismemberment of the most beautiful relation in the social fabric. I want to see women so determined on this subject they will embrace no opportunity to marry simply to escape the ills of life, preferring to make their own living than being supported by a man who is entirely an uncongenial companion.

When a couple are united by the ties of a pure affection, the annals of the divorce courts do not show an instance where the woman has deserted the husband when time of trouble came, when sickness fastened its fangs upon the loved one, but with devoted love she places her own shoulder to the wheel and cheerfully helps him out of his difficulties. When we remember the vast army of invalid brothers, fathers, sons and husbands who are daily being supported by their female relatives, it is utterly nonsensical to say such women have no place in the world and no right to adopt any honorable means to pay their just debts.

God gave to man more physical strength, and therefore the positions which a woman can occupy, consistent with her powers of endurance, should be within her reach. I have always admired the action of that senator in the Texas Legislature who so appealingly advocated the employment of women as department clerks at Austin; but the bill was frowned down by the rest of the members, and these places are held by men who are entirely able to engage in other avocations.

Women who work and do the same kind of work as men should be allowed the same compensation. But it is generally considered a deed of charity to give these places to women. I have been around stores, offices,

telephone exchanges, etc., where women have the work to do, and I see a great wrong. Their employers are willing to exact the last exertion they can make, but the male clerks get all the loaves and fishes, the women only the crumbs, and poor ignorant beings, they humbly accept them instead of demanding equal wages for equal work. When a woman has to earn her own dollars it is called, as I heard a lady say recently, "a fearful struggle with poverty." With men, a struggle with life. Poverty! How I detest the word, because it is only applied in speaking of *women*. It isn't trying enough to be compelled to make every dollar they earn, but they must also bear the humiliation of having it thrust into their faces at every turn, just as if it were a crime to lose relatives who have shielded them from every blast of the world.

There is a great satisfaction to a sensible woman in making her own money. They have the same right to say *my business* as a man. Does he call it asking for charity when he opens a store and advertises his goods? Is it charity to hang out a law shingle or a doctor's sign and invite patronage? Do they expect to say, I am supporting my family in this way and demand clients and patients because it is charity? Is it charity to publish a newspaper and solicit subscriptions? No! not if it is a man, and the world is so much interested in progress that every one gives him a helping hand. He is doing a grand, a noble work, developing the intelligence of the country, but if it is a woman and she is using the talents God has given her to excite an interest in a literature above the trash which is hawked through the cars, around the streets and over the counters, demoralizing the youth of the rising generation, and they dare to fold their arms in happy innocence and inquire why this woman is not at home taking care of her children; but they fail to give an adequate conception of how this is to be accomplished without money.

Now I say to the women of to-day, clamor not for female suffrage. Talk about slavery, talk about oppression, but I was a slave-owner, and I unhesitatingly say that the blacks under the old regime never knew anything to compare with the burdens the educated, refined working women of the South have to endure, the women whose lives are poems, rhyming musically in supplying the wants of helpless childhood, broken-down manhood and decrepit age. They would rather die than become dishonored, and it is your duty to gather them into your homes and into your hearts, to cheer, strengthen and help them maintain themselves and their loved ones genteelly and frown down and cry against every male biped who dares point the finger of scorn against their best endeavor.

Ladies' aid societies and benevolent associations are doing good work ; but where is the society for the prevention of cruelty to the working women ? Where is the divine sympathy we should feel for another's woes ! Get closer to your sisters, bridge over the chasm which stretches between their lives and yours ; help them bear the trials of which the world knows nothing ; honor them, love them, care for them tenderly, remembering that united we stand, divided we fall.



LA MODESTIE—MODESTY.

Translated from the French of M. Jean Simon Chaudron.

BY ELLA HUTCHINS STEUART, HOUSTON.

VIOLET,
Free from pride,
How you hide,
Blue-eye'd pet,
In your quiet close retreat!
Ne'er hath belle
Ever strove
Half so well
With her love
To entice him to her feet.

Through the air,
From your bed,
How you spread
Odors rare,
To advise us where you bloom:
All the same,
Modest friend,
'Tis your claim
We should bend,
'Ere we pluck such sweet perfume.

See, I kneel
But to rise
With my prize,
And to feel,
Like Gethsemane's conqueror,
Bowed with grace:
On her breast
I will place
You to rest,
Scenting all the breeze for her.

GEMS FROM A TEXAS QUARRY.

Ah, 'tis clear,
Robed in blue,
Bathed in dew.
Angel's tear
Penciled you in Heavenly hue.
Sweet when flushed,
'Tis decreed
That when crushed
Till you bleed,
Like that Christ you still are true.

Chere Lizette,
Belle amie,
Don't you see,
Proud coquette,
Humility becomes the fair?
In the glade,
Near the ground,
In the shade,
All around
It attracts us everywhere.



INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

[EXTRACT.]

Delivered in joint Session of the Eighteenth Legislature, January 16, 1883.

JOHN IRELAND, AUSTIN.

GOVERNOR IRELAND addressed the joint session and his fellow-citizens as follows:

Gentlemen of the Senate and House of Representatives, and Ladies and Gentlemen:

In assuming the duties of Chief Magistrate of this the most splendid commonwealth on earth, I do so with doubts and forebodings as to my capacity for the task.

Looking back a few years, we behold Texas a part of the Spanish kingdom. By the revolution of 1824 she became a part of the republic of Mexico. Mexico refusing to her distant territory that just and equal place in the family that was due to the people, and Texas having been sought by blood that knew what freedom and equal rights were—this blood, aided by many noble families descended from that of Castile—soon inaugurated the movement that culminated at San Jacinto and spoke a new nation into life.

For many years the republic of Texas consisted of her ancient and noble settlement in eastern Texas, the lower Brazos settlement and the Missions, including San Antonio. Her progress was slow, but soon the idea of annexation began to grow, and was made a finality in 1845. Her population was then about 150,000 souls, and as late as 1870 the total population was but little over 800,000. Up to near that period we had no disturbing questions about public lands. Our free schools consisting in what was known as the indigent system. We had no perplexing questions of taxation. The penitentiary was almost mythical, and our asylums were only known in name. The principal duty of the executive was to sign patents and look to the frontier.

How changed the scene! Over two millions of population, and instead of the small settlements before mentioned, we find the entire country “from the Red river to the Rio Grande and from the coast to El Paso” peopled, and yielding all the material products for the consumption of our race; while the Pan Handle supplies Chicago, New York, the Indian tribes and

portions of Europe with beef—each section constantly struggling for the mastery and endeavoring to impress its ideas and laws upon the State.

The public lands are exciting that energy and calling forth that same spirit of gain that the gold fields of Australia and those of California did. The growth and settlement of the distant parts of our territory have demonstrated the fact that laws that are suitable for the Red river country do not prove beneficial to the Rio Grande, and those that the coast desire are not welcome at El Paso. With all these difficult and conflicting elements and interests must we deal. Shall we float along in the avenues of the sluggard, caring nothing for the future, or shall we deal with these great interests as though we, and not posterity, are to be affected by our action?

Prominent among the subjects that will challenge the attention of this administration are:

The preservation of our common school fund, including the lands set apart for that purpose, and the improvement of our school system.

It is known to the country that, prior to my nomination at Galveston, I severely criticised the practice of paying forty per cent premium for our bonds, and no amount of reasoning or financial skill can satisfy me that the practice is justifiable, either in retiring our bonded indebtedness, or as an investment for the school fund.

It seems to be admitted by all that the constitution should be so amended as to permit the legislature to levy and collect a school tax, without reference to the amount of the general revenue that may be necessary.

Another amendment to that instrument will be necessary with reference to the school fund—

The permanent fund belonging to the common schools can only be invested in bonds of the Federal agency, and of the State.

The United States are refunding at so low a rate that their bonds are not desirable for that purpose, and very soon we hope the State will have no bonded debt outstanding, and we must therefore seek some other mode of investing our permanent school fund.

Shall we guard, protect and increase this fund as a sacred trust, or shall we throw it away by paying forty per cent premium for an investment?

The university was early contemplated by those who have gone before. No one questions the usefulness or propriety of such an institution, and we suppose a retrograde movement with reference to it is not contemplated.

THE PENITENTIARY—WHAT SHALL BE DONE WITH OUR CONVICTS?

It would seem that experience has taught us that there are but few

"penitents" and but few reforms accomplished in that institution, and, therefore, that it is probably misnamed. It will be for the wisdom of the law-making power to prescribe the proper management. I do not doubt but there are numbers sent to that institution for petty offenses, who should be punished in some other way; and for youths a house of correction or other place of confinement and punishment should be devised. I doubt the propriety of sending any, no matter what the age, to the penitentiary for short periods of time.

The earlier idea about occupation tax was that it should be laid on those occupations and pursuits that were to be discouraged; but the modern practice appears to be to raise money, even at the expense of those most useful and desirable. As to an ad valorem tax, there is no just power to take from the citizen one mill, if it is not absolutely required to carry on his government in an economical manner. What belongs to the citizen is his absolutely, and his agents have no right to demand more than is necessary. Again, no greater temptation and invitation to extravagance, and even corruption, can exist than a plethoric treasury. We need no other evidence of this than that offered in our landed system. After all the headrights, the augmentations, the donations and the bounties had been provided for, there still remained, say one hundred and twenty million acres of land. This was about the sum at the close of the war between the States. These lands then began to attract the attention of the capitalists, the land-hungry and greedy, and scheme after scheme was resorted to get hold of them. When standing in the Thirteenth Legislature there were a few—a splendid band—who protested against opening the door that was felt to be the first break upon these lands. These men stood amidst the jeers and scoffs of those who were clamorous for the golden egg, and casting a glance to the distant future and foreseeing that this rich field could not be longer guarded, as a last resort they introduced and had passed a law setting apart one-half of the entire public domain for educational purposes. They took the only step left them to secure to posterity a small pittance of that splendid educational fund; but the door was broken down, and it has gone, until now there is but a remnant.

I think I see away down the corridors of time, this splendid territory teeming with millions. No more public lands; no more cheap homes—poverty and squalid want gathering fast and thick around the inhabitants; when some one of them will gather up the fragments of our history and read to the gazing and mind-famished multitude how this generation had in its power and keeping a fund that should have gathered like the snowball

as time rolled on, and how; if we had been true to ourselves, to posterity, to *them*, they could have educated all their children, paid all their taxes, reared school houses, built roads and bridges—and then I see them turn with deep mutterings from the wicked folly that crazed our people from 1865 to 1882.

I know that there is a popular fallacy abroad that finds expression in such language as “damn posterity, let it take care of itself.” I pity the heart that can thus speak. Not so spoke our ancestors—the fathers. They saw not *to-day*, but looking with an eye of faith and wisdom away in the distance, they saw *us*, and labored and toiled for us.

* * *

Our laws on this subject are defective. There seems to be no reason why all who own property or reside near the roads should not contribute to support them. The youth, the aged and the non-resident, having property that is benefitted by a highway, should bear a proper proportion of its burdens, as well as those within certain ages.

The constitutional requirement that the Legislature shall pass laws to regulate and control these institutions has only been partially performed. The people demand the fulfillment of this plain constitutional duty.

It is not the work of an hour, nor to be performed without mature study, These railways are our institutions; their value and utility to the country are not to be questioned; their management has challenged and baffled the highest order of talent; and whatever is done, it is to be hoped will be done in the spirit of justice and equity, that will prove adequate to our wants without crippling or injuring the railways.

That the time is rapidly approaching when we will have no frontier, in the sense of an Indian border constantly subject to the incursions of hostile savages, is certain; and yet those familiar with our borders and the enforcement of our laws, will readily concede the fact that the time has not yet arrived for the disbandment of our State forces.

There are three things imperatively demanded to a proper execution of these laws:

1. We must have a good judiciary, which cannot be had—but in exceptional cases—without better salaries.
2. A salary to the prosecuting officer that will ensure talent and fidelity to duty, that will be equal to our young, vigorous and splendid bar; and
3. A higher sense of duty on the part of our juries.

This is a theme dwelt upon by statesmen of all parties, State and Federal; it goes forth in State papers of the most solemn character; we get it

in prose and poetry; and no sooner has the party triumphed by the force of its logic than it dies, often a silent death, without so much as a prayer being offered at its obsequies.

Happily for the American people, the last and most glaring breach of public decency has been rebuked by an outraged people, in a manner so severe that we shall not likely, in the next few years, hear of a Hubbell organization, or a cabinet minister tendered by the Chief Magistrate of our Federal agency for governor of a State, or of quarantine guards or revenue officials undertaking to conduct elections. While these things have been severely rebuked, it has not been done by a people unfaithful to the spirit of our institutions, for all governments here are the people's, no less that of the States than the Federal, and whether improper interference with the freedom of elections comes from those in authority in the State or Federal government, it is the right and bounden duty of the people, to rebuke it—the more severely the higher the source from whence it comes. * * *

In assuming the duties of this very responsible office, I do, to-day, although elected as a partisan, declare that the oath of office disarms the politician and leaves me free to deal with all alike, and whatever asperities may have been engendered in political contests, I thank God that I have moral courage enough to remember that I am the Chief Magistrate of a great people and State, and that it is their affairs, and not my own, with which I have to deal.

To those around me, charged with a portion of the same public trust, I have to say, that while a degree of individuality in all is a necessary ingredient, still I trust that we meet with that spirit of forbearance and concession that will render the aggregate will useful to our country, and in inviting their hearty co-operation, I deem it proper to say that they will find in me at all times, not only a willingness to hear others and consult their views, but to make all necessary concessions in order that the incoming administration may meet the expectations of this splendid commonwealth.

Fidelity to the Constitutions of our country, State and Federal, is the true test of loyalty, and he who tramples upon these, or does other illegal acts in the name of the law, is the vilest of law-breakers.

May we hope that our school lands and common school fund will be guarded with that spirit of jealousy and devotion to trust and duty that the magnitude of the subject demands.

It is not unknown that the section of our State where these lands are situated feels a deep interest in the subject, and while the public servant must do nothing that can be avoided to retard or annoy any section, still I know

that that gallant people will not require a guardian of a great public trust to lose sight of the fact that he does indeed represent all the people and all sections of our State, and that devotion to this great trust is of the first and highest consideration.

Shall the institution intended for the treatment, care and cure of this unfortunate class be longer a thing in name, or shall we make it equal to the demands of justice and humanity?

These and many other subjects, not necessary now to enumerate, will receive more elaborate attention in direct communication to the two houses.

With regard to the management of our various institutions, or appointments to office therein, I wish to say that the first great consideration has, and will continue to be, the good of the public service, and when I do not think this service can be bettered, no removals will be made.

I believe in the fullest und freest ballot and do not cherish the slightest animosity toward those who offered a manly opposition to my election, and as the Executive, I have no enemies to punish.

We can have but few State secrets; this government belongs to the people; it is republican in form, and should be in fact; the people's agents in time of peace can rightfully have but few matters before them that should be withheld from the people. If unjust criticism ensues, a discerning and just public sentiment will sooner or later do justice.

The true theory of republican government is that each individual shall have an equal chance in life, and exclusive or extraordinary privileges should be given to none. Let each pursue the journey of life in his own way, the government taking care only that no one obstructs or molests the other, so long as each attends to his own affairs.

Let us multiply the machinery of the government as little as possible, adhere to the simplicity, purity and honesty of the fathers, and see how best to excel in virtue, purity of character and in all those things that make us a light to our race.

We are blessed by nature's bounties far beyond the majority of our race. That these blessings are appreciated by the world is shown by our wonderful growth. Where, in the history of the past, has a State risen from less than a million to nearly two millions of people in one decade? When before has the wealth of a people grown as ours in the last ten years?

To share these wonderful blessings of climate, cheap homes, fertile soil, health and low taxes, we invite and welcome the industrious, the well disposed and enterprising of all the world.

SONG OF THE WELSH BARD.

BY MRS. MARGARET M. HOUSTON, HUNTSVILLE.

BE still my harp, thy chords no more
Must breathe my country's lay:
All silent now its ancient lore
Must pass from earth away.

Thy chords are hushed, lest their wild song
Should wake the dreaming land,
Whose patriot hearts have slept so long
Beneath the tyrant's hand.

And I must die,—Ah, yes, for thee
My country, I must die!
Beneath thy conqueror's stern decree,
This heart forgotten lie.

My native land, 'twere sweet
Upon the battle field,
Where brave and noble spirits meet,
My ebbing life to yield.

Freely should my heart's blood flow
In battling for thy fame—
But to be hunted like the roe,
And die without a name!

Is *this* my fate? Then let me brush
My harp-strings once again;
Ah, yes, and though the mandate hush
To silence their wild strain,

The torrent's voice it cannot still,
That breathes of other days,
Nor sweep from vale nor hill
The theme of minstrel lays.

GEMS FROM A TEXAS QUARRY.

Each mountain side and old oak's shade,
The quiet woodland stream,
The lone, deep lake, the shadowy glade,
With wild tradition teem.

Where now the moon-beam's silent sheen
Falls on the ruined fane,
The valiant and the great have been
And left a deathless name.

When Druid's tuned the rude harp here
Beside the echoing cave,
There dwelt within this forest drear
The noble and the brave.

They've passed away—they've passed away—
And Briton's name no more
Must swell the minstrel's martial lay,
Those valiant names of yore.

And I, the last lone bard, shall soon
Within the valley sleep ;
Nor would I linger here alone,
And linger but to weep.

Farewell, sweet land—thou rugged glen
And fastness wild, farewell !
And thou my harp, breathe one low strain
Within this quiet dell ;

And as my dim eye wanders o'er
Each scene to boyhood dear,
Perhaps the spirit worn may soar
Beyond oppression's sphere.

SAN MARCOS SPRINGS.

BY ISAAC H. JULIAN, SAN MARCOS.

THE source of the San Marcos river is a great natural wonder, well worth going a long distance to see. About a half mile above the town it surges up from the rocky base of the mountains, a full-born river, as Minerva sprang armed cap-a-pie from the head of Jupiter, in classic fable. Fifty yards above you have no trace of its existence—the dusty valley is as silent as was the Highland pass ere the whistle of Roderick Dhu filled it with the serried ranks and waving pennons of his clansmen. Descending, after passing several minor springs, you all at once behold the river boiling up from the bowels of the earth, filling a large basin in the hills and woods, and then rolling grandly oceanward. But the half has not been told; the water is the purest spring water, clear as the very air, revealing every fish and pebble for many feet below. Its depth is seldom found less than mid-sides to a horse, while it is often twenty feet or more. It abounds in fine black bass (here improperly styled trout) and other fish. It affords ample power for all sorts of machinery. It could be used in irrigating the valley below, as it is now conveyed to supply the town with water. During the driest season it is not often known to fail an iota; on the contrary, it is said to run stronger in summer than in winter. This, it is conjectured, is owing to the melting of the ice and snow at its far subterranean source, but where that is, is yet but conjecture. Be that as it may, it is certainly an inestimable blessing to a thirsty land like Texas.

During the coldest days of winter, steam as from a boiling cauldron rises from the surface of the water, as in smaller springs.

The finest view of the river is to be had by going on a boat on its upper waters. The many-colored flowers, plants and stones on the bottom give out from its crystalline depths all the varying hues of the kaleidoscope, forming a fairy world of wonders of incomparable beauty.

The San Marcos is indeed a joy, glory and blessing forevermore to all the lovely region round about.

Bishop Doggett, of the Methodist Church, South, visited San Marcos in the spring of 1877 and wrote a letter to the Richmond (Va.) *Christian*

Advocate, descriptive of a boat trip he made to the head of the river, from which we make the following extract:

"It has no preliminary or tributary streams. It bursts immediately from the limestone ledge at the bottom of the ridge, and boils up with immense volume, like a vast cauldron underneath the surface, with a violence which agitates the mass of water for a considerable distance, and which threw the boat from the ascending column. Its average depth for the distance specified is fifteen or twenty feet, and its width about fifty yards. Above the point of emergence is neither chasm or depression. The earth is level and cultivated up to the mountain out of which it bursts, latterly and perpendicularly. Its temperature is uniform winter and summer, at about 60° Fahrenheit. The water has a slightly alkaline taste. It is as transparent as the atmosphere, and one could apparently read an ordinary newspaper at the bottom. Every object is perfectly distinct, as in an aquarium.

"The marvel of this wonderful river, however, is not its abrupt origin or its crystal clearness, but the wealth of sub-aquatic vegetation. Its margin is not only lined with overhanging shrubs and clustering heaps of wild cresses, and its surface in many places floating with wavy tresses of long and silken grass springing from its depths and floating in the current off for twenty or thirty feet, but its entire bottom is covered with an almost unbroken tissue of delicately tinted and beautifully variegated vegetation blooming beneath the surface, under whose picturesque foliage the lithe and agile fishes perform their graceful motions, and whose crystal caves the imaginative Greek would have peopled with laughing water nymphs. I doubt if any water scene of the same extent abounds with more transcendent beauty. It is a genuine, original green-house. It is nature's own conservatory where her rarest productions are preserved in amaranthine freshness, encased in a framework of rustic grandeur, and seen through surfaces of perpetual purity. Could the San Marcos' natural museum be reproduced in the Eastern States and in a higher latitude, it would attract the attention of the fashionable world and arouse the enthusiasm of rival artists. One must be incurably obtuse to look into this mirror of nature and not be transported with its exquisite imagery."

The above are but samples of countless similar testimonials from visitors to the incomparable beauty of this paragon, in its way, of nature's handiwork.

We must not fail to notice the San Marcos River Springs and surroundings with reference to their adaptability as a watering-place. We predict that they are bound ere many years to take their place among the most

famous watering places and summer resorts in the South. The grounds are susceptible of fine improvements for boating, bathing, riding, driving, etc. A good hotel on one of the adjacent heights will soon be a matter of necessity.

It would be unpardonably unjust both to the author and her theme to omit, in this connection, the fine poems of Mollie E. Moore. Though entitled "The River San Marcos," it relates entirely to it at and near its source. We have several times copied it before, but our supply of copies was as often exhausted. The author—now Mrs. Davis—is perhaps the most spirited and original of Texas poets. As is indicated in the poem, she spent her childhood in this place, residing on the banks of the river just opposite the "stately hill," now a part of the Judge Wood property, and near the "fairy isle" described in the poem. Any one familiar with the scenery would at once recognize it in her description.

There are two references near the opening of the poem which would not be understood abroad, first as to the "Race-paths." These constitute one of the most singular features of our mountain scenery. Almost every woodland elevation throughout that region is encircled a considerable distance below its apex by one of these race-tracks. They bear a striking resemblance to those made by art, and some of them are quite as smooth and beautiful. The track around the hill referred to in the poem is the most beautiful we have seen. It is fully a mile in length and perfect in all respects. Inside, the hill, crowned with cedars and other trees, rises a good deal higher and commands a view of the "track." The whole scene, though in a perfect state of nature, suggests preparation for a fair or horse-racing. Again, "the nest the falcon built," though it has now disappeared, is remembered by our first settlers.

THE RIVER SAN MARCOS.

BY MOLLIE E. MOORE.

FAR o'er the hills and toward the dying day,
Set like a heart, a living heart, deep, deep
Within the bosom of its wide prairies,
Lies the valley of San Marcos. And there,
A princess roused from slumber by the kiss
Of balmy Southern skies, the river springs
From out her rocky bed and hastens on
Far down the vale to give her royal hand
In marriage to the waiting Guadalupe.

Like some grim giant keeping silent watch,
While from his feet his recreant daughter flies.
Above the hoary mountain stands, his head
Encircled by an emerald-pointed crown
Of cedars, strong as those of Lebanon,
That bow their sombre crests and woo the wind,
Drunken with fragrance from the vale below.
About his brow, set like a dusky chain,
The mystic Race-Paths run—his amulet—
And nestled squarely 'gainst his rugged breast,
Perched quaintly 'mong the great scarred rocks that hang
Like tombstones on the mountain side, the nest
The falcon built still lingers, though the wing
That swept the gathering dust from off our shield,
Hath long since dropped to dust!
Now wooed by dusky glooms on either side,
Now whirling round the craggy banks, now stayed
By tangled vines that stretch their arms across
The river, glideth farther from her sire.
Below, an ancient mill, with laggard wheels,
Is mirrored in her glassy depths, and broad

The mill-race reaches out his arms, all decked
With pebble-stones and fringed with purple flags,
And strives to bar her onward course—in vain ;
For, nerved with sudden fear, she springs, and bright
Her rainbow garments glitter in the sun
As on she pants toward the shallow ford.

And here, down sloping to the waters' marge,
The fields, all golden with the harvest, come ;
And here the horseman reining in his steed
At eve, will pause and mark the village spires
Gleam golden in the setting sun, and far
Across a deeply furrowed field will glance
With idle eye upon a stately hill,
That girt with cedars, rises like a king
To mark the further limit of the field.

'Twas there, between the hill and river, stood
A shaded cottage ; and its roof was low
And dark, and vines that twined the porch but served
To hide the bleakness of its wall. But then
'Twas home, and "*Heaven is near us in our childhood,*"
And I was but a child ; and summer days

That since have oftentimes seemed long and sad,
Were fleeter then than even the morning winds
That sent my brother's fairy bark, well-balanced,
In safety down the river's tide. Alas !

Is there, can there be aught in all the world
To soothe the sick soul to such perfect rest
As filled its early dreams ? Is there no fount,
Like that of old so madly sought by Leon,
Where the worn soul may bathe and rise renewed ?

And up and down the banks before our door,
Now gathering up the yellow lily-buds
That lay like golden flagons on the stream,
Now idly bending down the ragged ledge
That rustled in the lazy summer breeze,
And now among the grape vines, where they hung
In light festoons above the water-edge,
With careless step I roamed.

Well I remember,
Down where the river makes a sudden bend.
Below the ford and near the dusky road,
Upon her bosom sleeps a fairy isle,
Entwined about with snowy alder-boughs
And tapestried with vines that bore a flower
Whose petals looked like drops of blood,
(We called it "Lady of the Bleeding Heart.")
And through it wandered little careless paths
That writhed like wounded snakes among the beds
Of tufted grass, and o'er this living gem
The very skies seemed bluer, and the waves
That rippled round it threw up brighter spray.
Upon the banks for hours I've stood, and longed
To bask amid its shades, and when at last
My brother dragged, with wondrous care, his boat,
Rude-fashioned, small, and furnished with one oar,
Across the long slope from the stately hill
Where it was built, ne'er did Columbus' heart
Beat with a throb so wild upon that shore.
Unknown to any save to him, as ours
When, with o'erwearied hands and labored breath.
We steered in safety o'er the dangerous way,
And stood the monarchs of that fairy realm!
My brother, how I wish our wayward feet
Once more could feel that lordly pride—our hearts
Once more know all their cravings satisfied!

Sweet Valley of San Marcos! few are the years
That since have linked their golden hands and fled —
Like spirits down the valley of the past—
And yet it seems a weary time to me!
Sweet River of San Marcos! the openings seen
Between the moss-hung trees, like golden paths
That lead through Eden to Heaven's fairer fields,
Show glimpses of the broad, free, boundless plains
That circle thee around. Thine own prairies!
How my sad spirit would exult to bathe
Its wings, all heavy with the dust of care,

Deep in their glowing beauty! How my heart,
O'ershadowed with this cloud of gloom, would wake
To life anew beneath those summer skies.

My home is nestled now among the hills,
The wooded hills, like those of that fair State,
That queen among the daughters of the South,
That gave me birth; and gayly flits the breeze
Among the boughs of oaks whose trunks
Are wedded with the rings of centuries;
And maples, cloaked like princes, wave their flags
Above the serried armies of the fern,
That march along the forest stream, where low
The beeches sweep their brightly-gleaming leaves;
And one tall pine, a sentinel, keeps watch
Before my very door.
The trees, the forest-trees! My heart beats full
And high beneath their stately limbs! And yet,
At times methinks our mountain air seems thick;
And the green tresses of our forest trees,
They choke my very breathing! Then, oh then
I fain would spurn my native shades, and fain
Would sweep with untamed wings across the broad
And boundless prairies of the West, and breathe
My freedom back beneath unshadowed skies!

Oh, River of my childhood! fair Valley-Queen!
Within thy bosom yet at morn the sun
Dips deep his golden beams, and on thy tide
At night the stars, the yellow stars, are mirrored;
Through emerald marshes yet thine eddies curl,
And yet that fairy isle in beauty sleeps
(Like her of old who waits the waking kiss
Of some true knight to break her magic sleep,)
And yet, heavy with purple cups, the flags
Droop down toward the Mill. But I—oh, I
No more will wander by thy shores, nor float
At twilight down thy glassy tide no more!

GEMS FROM A TEXAS QUARRY.

And yet, San Marcos, when some river-flower,
All swooning with its nectar drops, is laid
Before my eyes, its beauty scarce is seen
For tears which stain my eyelids, and for dreams
Which glide before me of thy fairy charms,
And swell my heart with longing,

Sweet river of San Marcos!



A MEMORY.

BY MRS. AMELIA V. PURDY, HOUSTON.

A BOUQUET of memories sweet as a pink,
I made in the rare Long Ago ;
Tis twenty years since, yet their fragrance floats forth
And its lily yet rivals the snow,
Unsullied by sin or the passage of years,
Though the lily buds now are in blow.

Ah ! well I remember the Queen of those hours,
Of that summer that time has embalmed,
When my life-barque, long tossed on the billows of fate,
Lay off in the harbor becalmed.

Ah ! the sloe black eyes, the marvelous eyes,
Eyes that a girl ever craves,
Winning, repelling, haunting and making
Men that they look upon slaves ;
Beautiful eyes, rare, eloquent eyes,
The eyes that I won by the waves.

And the orient grace of my proud fair love,
Again as of yore I see ;
And I list to the musical song of the waves,
And a voice that is pure melody,
And I look on a face that an angel might crave,
That is perfect as perfect can be ;

White as the snow, ere it falls to the earth,
Or the rarest of sea laved-pearls ;
And her rich gold hair lay over her head
In the daintiest tendrils and curls.

GEMS FROM A TEXAS QUARRY.

The grand black eyes, and the cold pure face,
The black lashes, sweeping the cheek,
The proud red lips, and the arched black brows,
With features the rarest of Greek;

I see her thus, as she looked that eve,
In the Summer of Long Ago;
She is changed, they say, but I see no change,
And therefore I answer, No!
The buds of my lily inherit her grace!
Perhaps they are but in their blow.

Oh, fair young bride of the perfect flower,
Buds that are fresh as the dew,
Ye may bloom out in beauty and dazzle the sense,
And a father's true pride in you
I shall feel, but the one by the moon-lit waves
Is the fairest the world ever knew.



THE FATHER OF TEXAS.

STEPHEN FULLER AUSTIN.

BY MRS. M. J. YOUNG, HOUSTON.

"How seldom, friend, a good great man inherits
Honor and wealth with all his worth and pains!
It seems a story from the world of spirits
When any man obtains that which he merits,
Or any merits that which he obtains."

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

PERHAPS none more than the historian feels the deep and sad significance of the Lama prayer, "*Om mani padme haun*" (Oh God, consider the jewel in the Lotos!) for none, save those who make the motives and actions of men their conscientious study, can know how much there is false and selfish, crooked and perverse; how much there is that is less than of no value recorded as true and valuable history, thereby concealing the good and the true, the patriotism separated from the patriot—"the jewel in the Lotus"—which experience teaches none, but the great God *can* consider and save.

Madame de Staël said no true history would ever be written, because to be true it should be chronicled hour by hour as events transpire; but events that make history are generally occurring when human passions and feelings are at white heat, bringing to the surface so much dross and evil that the good man, disgusted, refuses to record, leaving the unscrupulous man to make his notes agree with the ambitions, prejudices and desires of himself and his party.

To the "old Texan" these reflections are very significant, for in no country and among no people has divine truth halted so long behind fame.

The latter has rushed forward and crowned many less worthy, while the true hero has, hand in hand with the former, walked the tranquil ways of duty, leaving the "jewel" to be guarded by a power higher and greater than himself—more anxious for the influence of his deeds to live than his name.

Stephen Fuller Austin was, of all men who helped build our republic, *the man whose wisdom, integrity, true courage, and steadfastness of purpose*

were the corner-stone, arch land key-stone of the structure—the very pledge and fulfillment of the promise of success. Yet he took no care of such things as recognition, praise, the verdict of posterity, etc.; content to build that others might inhabit; to sow that others might reap. But justice is a heavenly maiden, and though coyly she may linger, she rarely loses sight of the true hero; and to-day, when the fame of other Texans have, like the eucalyptus, grown into gigantic trees, absorbing all the rivulets and rills into their shining foliage and stately trunks, she walks the waters no longer rocked by passion, strife and invective, and pointing to the lotus says: "The name of the founder of your greatness, the life and vitality of your true history—Stephen F. Austin—will be found inscribed upon the jewel therein."

Stephen F. Austin is destined to be recognised by posterity as he was in life esteemed by his compatriots, not only as one of the wisest and purest of patriots, and most noble and unselfish of men, but he to whom Texas owes her existence to-day, and the foundation-stone on which the glories of all her history was laid in the past. Gentle and refined as Hamilton, patriotic and incorruptible as Washington, gifted with the political prescience of Patrick Henry, calm and patient as William of Orange, he presents in his life a type of manhood that sheds honor not only upon his State, but upon the whole world.

Many have an idea of a rough, unlettered pioneer, a man fond of the excitements and dangers of a frontier life, half hunter, half soldier, going with equal ardor into a deer chase or an Indian fight. How contrary the facts! Small in stature, delicate in physique, modest in deportment, poetical in taste, refined and cultured; ever inclining more to books and the sweet voices of nature than the rough companionship of border-men. Yet with moral courage and firmness of purpose that enabled him to meet the exigencies of every hour and to conquer circumstances, making of the most adverse of them the obedient servants of his will.

Of the parentage of Stephen F. Austin, nothing need be said, as it is too well known to need repetition here; but to the philosophic mind who may agree with Herbert Spencer's theory advanced in his "History of Sociology," confirmation may be found in the long series of preparation for the "Man of Destiny," who was to work the task of planting a colony and nursing it into a stalwart nation of free and independent people. Every circumstance in his father's and his own life moves on like the scenes in a Greek drama over which an unseen, inscrutable, inexorable *necessity* presides. Fortune herself, sitting like the fabled Parcae, and while seemingly marring the web, yet

bringing order and beauty, strength and perpetuity, unity and design into the fabric that eventually should become a flag of triumph to the oppressed—a gonfalon of hope and cheer to every weary, exiled patriot heart.

Born at Austinville, Virginia, on the 3rd of November, 1793, he was six years old when the Spanish government conceded a league of land, including the mine—a Barton mines—to his father, Moses Austin, who immediately moved his family to the then far-away upper Louisiana, now included in the State of Missouri.

This was the cradle of the infant Stephen, fitting him to become the leader of his people into the promised land. His surroundings were in every way exceptional. The leaders of the community were men of birth, education and refinement, while the body of the people were brave, industrious pioneers, whose axes and rifles were speedily converting the wilderness into a garden and making desert places blossom like the rose, their hostile neighbors, the Osage Indians, serving as a fine training school in all that watchfulness, self-reliance, coolness and intrepidity which subsequent events in his life made so necessary, and of which he showed himself such a conspicuous possessor.

The years from 1804 to 1808 were spent in academic pursuits in Connecticut. Thence returning to the west he entered Transylvania University, Lexington, Ky., and was proudly and fondly remembered for years afterwards by his classmates for his scholarly attainments, gentlemanly bearing, and his high character of integrity and manly independence.

At this period the great financial losses of Moses Austin, growing out of the failure of a bank where he had large deposits, compelled him (by a nice sense of honor) to surrender his vast possessions, and in his fifty-fifth year, when most men are looking about for a quiet retreat in which to pass in rest the evening of their day, and would have been bowed to the earth in inert hopelessness by such a great and unexpected blow, he, true to the old "May Flower blood" in his veins, rose in courage and determination commensurate with the hour.

" Aside the dust cloud rolled—
The waster seemed the builder too;
Up-springing from the ruined old
He saw the new."

Calling his son into consultation, he unfolded to him his great plan—*the colonization of Texas.*

The gulf coast, intersected by the Brazos and Colorado rivers—one of

the Eden spots of the earth; soil rivaling that of the Nile; waters teeming with fish, mollusks and crustacea of every kind and description; forests full of game, a sky as bright and clear as Hellas, with a climate as soft and salubrious as fair Italy—had been selected by Moses Austin for settlement. After a thorough exploration the son concurred in this opinion.

Governor Martinez requested Austin to prepare a plan for the distribution of land to each settler. Austin did this, making one that was highly advantageous to the settlers, and at the same time regardful of their safety, which, in the wilderness condition of the country, required that the colony should be compact to secure safety against the Indians.

The basis of the plan was, that each head of a family was to receive six hundred and forty acres of land; for the wife three hundred and twenty, an additional one hundred and sixty for each child, and eighty for each slave. When this plan had been presented in writing, Austin was granted authority from the governor to promise each settler this quantity. He was also commissioned to exercise full authority in the local government of the colony until it should be otherwise organized.

When Austin returned to New Orleans he made his design public through the newspapers, inviting immigration, stating the number of acres granted each settler, also that every one must pay twelve-and-a-half cents per acre; Austin taking upon himself all the expenses of surveying and all other charges whatsoever in procuring titles, translating deeds, etc. This twelve-and-a-half cents was designed as a fund to furnish poor immigrants with necessary supplies, to construct defenses against the Indians, and to defray the expenses of the local government.

"Without entering into a detailed history of the settlement, and noticing all the difficulties, privations and dangers that were surmounted by the first immigrants, it is sufficient to say that such a detail would present examples of inflexible perseverance and fortitude on the part of these settlers which have been seldom equaled in any country or in any enterprise."—(*Laws, orders and contracts for Austin's colony.*)

The immigrants were compelled to pack seed-corn from Sabine or Bexar, and it was very scarce at the latter place. They were totally destitute of bread and salt; coffee, sugar, etc., were remembered and hoped for at some future day. There was no other dependence for subsistence but the wild game, such as buffalo, bear, deer, turkeys and wild horses (mustangs). The Indians rendered it quite dangerous ranging the country for buffalo; deer were very poor and scarce, owing to a failure in the mast, and poor venison, as is well known, is the poorest and least nutritious of all meat kind.

Mustang horses, however, were fat and very abundant, and it is estimated that one hundred of them were eaten the first two years. The Karankaway Indians were very hostile on the coast; Wacos and Tauwakanies were equally so in the interior, and committed constant depredations. Parties of Takaways, Lapans, Beedies, etc., were intermingled with the settlers; they were beggarly and insolent, and only restrained the first two years by presents, forbearance and policy; there was not force sufficient to awe them. One imprudent step with these Indians would have destroyed the settlement, and the settlers deserve as much credit for their forbearance during the years of 1822 and 1823 as for their fortitude. Long details cannot be given, and this is only inserted to give a general idea of what must have been the difficulties, privations and dangers which had to be borne and overcome during the first years of the settlement.

The independence of Mexico having been declared, Austin was advised to go at once to Monterey and confer with the authorities, and if nothing satisfactory could be arrived at short of the capital, that he should by all means proceed thither and procure from the executive power such ratifications and guarantees as should place him beyond the risk of a peradventure. Immediately after the first of January, 1823, Austin, with the aid of Governor Martinez, Don Andres Quintana and others, succeeded in gaining a decision, and on the 14th of February the emperor published the decree granting Austin the power he sought and investing him with full authority to govern the colony.

At Monterey, where he repaired for specific instructions from the commandant general, Felipe de la Garza, of the Eastern Internal Province, his rank and powers were more fully defined. He was made lieutenant colonel, was allowed to make war upon hostile Indians, negotiate treaties of peace with them; Galveston was made a port of entry for the colonists through which they could receive supplies; and he was to distribute law and justice as seemed to him good, reporting proceedings from time to time to the governor of Texas, Don Lucian Garcia.

July found Austin once more with his colony. The trial of his absence had been like that of Gideon's army, some had gone back to the United States, some to the eastern border, but the handful that stood the test—about one hundred—was of such stuff as would have made the fulcrum that Archimedes desired when he said, if he had it he could overturn the world.

"Happy are all free people too strong to be dispossessed,
But blessed are those among nations, *who dare to be strong for the rest.*"

This little band, like Arnold Winklereid, were ready to offer their breasts as a sheath for every adverse lance. With their shining axes they cleared the forests, cultivated the fields with their rifles on their backs, filled the echoes of the grand old woods with their lusty songs of cheer, rode to the battle with the grim determination of Cromwell's "ironsides", and planted the woodbine and honeysuckle around the rude cabin doors with the tender grace of women. They were *sui generis*, and stamped like a die the character of Texans forever.

"Their hearts leaped with a burning glow
The wronged and weak to defend,
And struck as soon for a trampled foe
As they did for a soul-bound friend.
They nurtured in deep and honest love
The passions of faith and pride,
And yearned with the fondness of a dove
For the light of their own fireside."

Baron de Bastrop, commissioner of the port of the government, acting upon order of General Garcia, in conjunction with Austin, proceeded in July to divide the lands out to the immigrants and to lay off the capital, named by the governor San Felipe de Austin, in testimony, he said, of his "high respect for Austin, thus uniting his name with that of his patron saint San Felipe."

He was their translator, their agent, did all their business for them, even in some cases selecting and locating their lands and delivering their deeds to them.

All this we see one man doing, unsupported by the strong arm of government, that great sustaining power in all other like enterprises, without an army; even the laws of the land unfamiliar to the governed, and in a language unknown to them, no wise friend for counselor—he the adviser and counselor of all—one stops in amazement in contemplating his work and character, and exclaims, truly the man must have been inspired. And he was—by that noblest inspiration, a love for his fellow men, and a deep and settled purpose to serve them.

Even the love of fame, that fine incentive of generous minds, could neither betray him into ostentatious display of virtue, nor induce him to practice those specious arts that cause applause and often supply the place of merit. The little ambition of rising above his colleagues was foreign to his heart. In struggles of that nature he knew that victory may be obtained without glory, and that defeat is certain disgrace.

Gen. Houston was elected the first president of the republic of Texas, and with that fine sense which some one has said was the greatness of good Queen Bess—the wisdom of choosing wise counselors—offered Gen. Austin, whose services he knew were indispensable in the organization of the government, the post of Secretary of State. Austin, influenced by a sense of duty which he kept always unsullied by a breath of self-love, accepted and soon after died, as he had lived, laboring for his country.

The War Department issued "General Order."

COLUMBIA, Dec. 27, 1836.

The Father of Texas is no more! The first pioneer of the wilderness, General Stephen F. Austin, Secretary of State, expired this day at half past 12 o'clock at Columbia. As a testimony of respect to his high standing, undeviating moral rectitude, and as a mark of the nation's gratitude for his untiring zeal and invaluable services, all officers, civil and military, are requested to wear crape on their right arm for the space of thirty days.

All officers commanding posts or garrisons, or detachments, will, so soon as information is received of this melancholy event, cause *twenty-three guns to be fired, with an interval of five minutes between each, and also have the garrison and regimental colors hung with black during the space of mourning for the illustrious dead.

By order of the President.

W. S. FISHER,

Secretary of War.

His remains were escorted by the president, members of the cabinet, all officers of government, and a host of truly sorrowing friends, to the family burying ground at Beach Point, in Brazoria county, where the great and good man sleeps well, leaving his memory as a precious legacy enshrined in the heart of hearts of every true Texan.

We know of no man possessing those lofty and stern attributes necessary for the honorable and successful career of a leader, the protector of justice and maintainer of right, who had such a large share of what our French friends would denominate *tendresse*, that lovingness of disposition which made Austin win the affections, as he inspired the confidence and veneration of all who approached him.

His high sense of honor, with a total abnegation of self, knit him to the hearts of his people in a way that was as beautiful as it is rare.

We think that the most ardent admirers of Washington feel a lack of something difficult to define or express. Was he "too faultlessly perfect,"

* The number of counties composing the republic of Texas.

too high above all his fellows? We think not. It seems to us that the great element, tender love—that feminine side of the manly heart—was lacking, or at least concealed under a deportment too reticent and self-restrained to let even the eye of a friend detect its presence.

Although this domestic quality, if we may so term it, was never developed in Austin by the sweet and tender ties of wife and children in his young manhood, still he had loved ardently and sincerely, and when the deepest and best feelings of his heart for one in every way worthy of his affections, had to be sacrificed upon the altar of honor, it bred not, as disappointments often do, asceticism and selfishness. His heart, like his own beloved prairies after being swept by a fire, only blossomed into fresher verdure and brighter hues. He made his colony his bride, his people his children; and wherever he went, from the stately homes of the wealthy planter to the rude cabin of the hunter and trapper, he met everywhere the greeting given to one all loved and all delighted to honor. Children ran forward to clasp his hand; mothers busied themselves to spread the bed and deck the board with the best they had; the father's brow cleared as he detailed his successes, confided his troubles, and received the advice of his trusted and beloved chief. In very truth he was their *Father*. Nothing too high and difficult for him to achieve for them; nothing too lowly and homely for him to render his advice and give his sympathy.

Changes so rapid and tremendous, so stirring and eventful have swept the country since the summer of 1821, when Austin first entered the province of Texas, that but few have ever stopped to take breath and think, much less has any correct history been written of the days and men that are gone.

Many false impressions have been made upon the public mind *outside* of Texas in regard to the non-election of Austin to the presidency of the republic.

The Good Book in giving the history of Joseph, after telling of all his goodness and greatness, saving the people from famine, elevating Egypt, protecting Israel, concludes with these significant words: "And now there came a king who knew not Joseph."

The tragic story of the Alamo, the dastardly deeds of the enemy at Coletta, swept the United States like a great tidal wave of horror, admiration and passionate sympathy.

From the pine clad hills of New England to the orange groves of Florida and Louisiana; from the banks of the Mississippi, the blue waters of the Ohio; from the cool lakes of the north to the tropical shores of the Gulf, armed men sprang, as the belted Highlanders at the first breath of the

bugle of Roderick Dhu. Soon Texas was filled with brave, helpful brethren, strong and true. They understood our cause—the resistance of wrong and oppression—but they were ignorant of our history and of our men: “they knew not Joseph.”

Texas was exceptional in the men that framed and formed her destiny. No colony or state ever boasted such an array of intellect, culture, noble birth, and chivalrous devotion to “freedom secured by law” among her pioneers as the land of the Lone Star. Moseley Baker, the two Whartons, Navarro, the two Jacks, Peter W. Grayen, Rusk, the two Zanallas, Pinkney Henderson, Manchaca, John R. Baylor, E. B. Baylor, Levi Jones, Michael Menard, Sam Williams, Tom F. McKinney, Mirabeau, Lamar, David Burnet, James Love, Sydney Sherman, James Morgan, Robert Calder, Judge Waller, Commodore Moore, Capt. Lathrop, Edward Burleson, and a host of others. Men who could have been men of mark and renown, leaders in any country and in any age. Each and all were firm friends and supporters of Austin. Proud to acknowledge him as their chief, confident of the wisdom of his counsel and the perfect purity of his patriotic purpose. However much in the ambition of their youthful hearts they vied with each other—for no one will deny that these “Cæsars *were* ambitious”—they gracefully recognised the pre-eminent services of Austin, and always accorded him the palm of honor and gratitude, as the one who had blessed them “by labors, cares and counsels for their good,” and whose death “shocked and opprest”

The land which loved him so
That none could love him best.

IL MODELLO D'AMORE.

(MODEL LOVE.)

Translated from the Italian of Giorgio Bertola.

BY ELLA HUTCHINS STEUART, HOUSTON.

NINETTE lives for her Corilo,
And Corilo but for Ninette ;
He, a dashing, jovial beau,
And she, a careless, bright brunette.

He never fears the rival beaux,
And she in peace each rival leaves ;
He leads them all, full well he knows,
While she in jealousy ne'er grieves.

In temper sweet the lad excels,
Like sparrow on its easy wing ;
Ninette surpasses all the belles,
A lively swallow of the spring.

At eve no sighings and no tears,
With sweet adieu they separate,
To dream of nothing than "douceurs"
Awaiting them at morning's gate.

And then a future fair to see,
They paint from out a past so dear ;
Yet sweet howe'er that past may be
Hope is more sweet than souvenir.

And if, perchance, these cooing doves,
Should, truant, flirt with other face,
They soon return to their first loves,
And laugh at their coquettish grace.

Upon the self-same spring-time stem
These two young flowers bloom as one ;
And if the winds dissever them,
'Tis only for a moment done.

Look at them now in joyous speech,
Where yonder oak spreads wide its shade,
Their sly "amours" confessing, each,
And laughing at the tastes that fade.

And if, perchance, a cloud should flit
Across their breasts, 'tis ne'er a storm,
Their steadfast hearts are closer knit
By e'en a chance of slightest harm.

On their defects they are as one,
Well knowing none can perfect be,
So scarcely has one a wrong done,
Forgiven straight is he or she.

Suspicions nor mundane desire
Disturb that sweet affection's chain ;
Their pleasures burn in Love's pure fire,
And thus they ne'er can feel its pain.

If in Corilo's cap is seen
A flaunting rose just newly blown,
Ninette observes without chagrin,
Nor asks how came such favor shown.

And if Corilo one detects
Upon the breast of his Ninette,
He stoops to scent, and ne'er suspects
An indiscretion by his pet.

Oh, lovers, look ! Behold these two !
True constancy thus ever show ;
And with such "model love" by you
Be as Ninette, or Corilo.

WITH A ROSE.

BY ELLA S. JOHNSON, HOUSTON.

GO to him, rose, and tell him
All my passionate pain;
Tell him the heart is breaking
Where lately thou hast lain.

Oh tell him since I left him,
Moments have seemed like years;
He in the light and splendor,
I in the night and tears.

Unclose thy blood-red petals
Unto his searching eye,
Till warmed by thy breath his spirit
Breathes an answering sigh.

Go to him, rose, and tell him
All my passionate pain;
Tell him the heart is breaking
Where lately thou hast lain.

TO MERINDA.

BY ELLA S. JOHNSON, HOUSTON.

MERINDA, fair and stately one—
Thou of the soft yet thrilling eye,
Upon the altar of thy heart
Permit this simple wreath to lie.
Thy charms—how varied and how pure,
Thy matchless voice and perfect grace,
Thy lithesome form and royal mein,
Thy tender, proud, patrician face;

Thou mak'st me think of shaded nooks
Where violets bloom the whole year 'round;
Of calla lilies serene and cool,
Of gay parterres where flowers abound.
I link all lovely things with thee—
The birds and flowers, the tinted skies;
The hardest heart that beats would melt
Beneath the magic of thine eyes.

Pensive at times, at others gay,
Thy every word becomes thee well;
Thou'st like some glorious gleaming star
That loves in every heart to dwell.
I dare not muse upon thy charms,
My pen cannot with thought keep pace;
Upon the altar of thy heart
This simple wreath I humbly place.

A PRINCELY REMINISCENCE.

CONNECTED WITH TEXAS.

BY ASHBEL SMITH, HOUSTON.

" How carols now the lusty muleteer!
Of love, romance, devotion is his lay,
As whilom he was wont the leagues to cheer
His quick bells wildly jingling on the way?
No! as he speeds he chants *Viva el Rey*
And checks his song to execrate Godoy,
The royal wittol Charles, and curse the day
When first Spain's queen beheld the black-eyed boy
And gore-faced treason sprung from her adulterate joy."

Childe Harold.

PARIS has been the harbor for the civilized world in which every one in all the varied category of political misfortune, dethroned prince, luckless intriguer, or expelled favorite has found a safe port for the dismantled wreck of his fortunes. An unseen detective may watch his goings out and comings in; still he may, in undisturbed leisure, ponder over his broken fortunes; he may contemplate the errors by which, in his imagination, he failed of success, without molestation here on the part of the government, provided he does not violate the municipal laws of the country which now shelters him. It is a proud prerogative of Paris, all drunk with pleasure as it is, that once within its generous walls the refugee is safe between the horns of the altar sacred to misfortune.

What has all this to do with Texas? I proceed.

Forty years ago I met repeatedly in Paris a personage very noted in European history during the early years of the present century, the Prince of Peace, Il Principe de la Paz, Don Manuel Godoy. This personage said to me that his master, Charles IV., king of Spain, had bestowed on him the Province of Texas to be an apanage of the house of Godoy. The king had also assigned to him the young women in the asylums of Spain to go thither—that is to come hither—together with 2,000 soldiers for the settlement and permanent inhabitation of this, our present State of Texas.

The soldiers were designated, the transports were being got in readiness to sail. The French invasion of Spain by Napoleon at this moment made the soldiers needed at home. The enterprise was arrested. The Spanish damsels were restored to their asylums. The mighty events in Spain, following in quiet succession and involving nearly all Europe, prevented the enterprise of Godoy from being ever resumed. There appears no reason for doubting Godoy's navigation. The whole is a fitting incident in the history of the Spanish count during those hideous times.

When I used to see Godoy, then seventy-six or seventy-eight years old, he still exhibited traces of that beauty of Antinous which more than thirty years before had wrought the infamy of the count in which he ruled, the all-powerful favorite of the king as well as of the queen. There was a small published memoir of the prince which I found on a book stall. I said to him that I had read it. He corrected an error. The memoir stated his age at seventy-eight; he was only seventy-six. Did this form of vanity survive the tremendous vicissitudes of a life like his?

At this period, when I used to meet him, Prince Godoy was living in a very plain apartment on the fifth story in a small street near the boulevard. His sole means of subsistence in his age and in his poverty, he said to me, was 5,000 francs paid to him annually by King Louis Philippe, a salary he was once entitled to as a grand officer of the Legion of Honor. Suggested, as it seemed to me, by the mention of this incident, Godoy added that he had received from the sovereigns of Europe, in the period of his prosperity and power, more orders and decorations than any hod-carrier in the street could carry. But that now in his want and adversity not a single sovereign had ever paid him the poor courtesy of an inquiry after his health or means of subsistence. I sometimes saw the prince wrapped in a Spanish cloak, almost to concealment, sauntering solitary on the boulevard, gazing at things displayed in the shop windows. He wore no jewel or other insignia, but his manly form bowed with age, clothed like a gentleman in plain black, he moved slowly along, his face generally averted, with never a recognition of any individual.

Speculation on events, which had they been different, would have changed the fate of a people or the fall of a country, though often indulged in by the historian, serves as much probably for amusement as for instruction. The facts related above seem to invite such speculation.

Had Napoleon listened to the admonition of Talleyrand, the boldest and most farseeing of all his counselors, and avoided the Spanish imbroglio and turned Soult and his legions elsewhere, Prince Godoy would then with-

out hinderance have poured into Texas his armed Uhlans, wived with the maidens of the religious houses of Spain, making for the latter homes and families, and creating for themselves the strong local attachment of home. In numbers and by their training as soldiers they were able to keep their homes and to hold these goodly lands, now our own. The Spaniards were once an eminently war-like race. They have shown that they are a colonizing race, founders of empires, in these respects inferior only to the great English speaking people. What would then have been Texas to-day? Who shall tell?

According to my understanding of history, relentless Destiny—God's government of the world—rolls on regardless of accidents, contingencies, obstacles, though it might seem to human short-sightedness that a trivial circumstance could change or divert its course. Such circumstances are only a fly on the wheel of the chariot of the human race. Texas, slightly modified, perhaps would, in the main, have become what it is this day.



TO MISS IVY HEARN.

BY REV W. R. RICHARDSON, SAN ANTONIO.

"I'VE brought thee an ivy leaf, only an ivy leaf,"
 'Tis memory singing an old, old song,
"Only an ivy leaf, only an ivy leaf."
But ah! what sweet mem'ries to it may belong;
Ivy sprays toy with the breezes at play,
Its rootlets cling close to the turret so gray,
It drapes with its beauty both tower and hall,
It mantles the ruins just ready to fall;
And the churches of God with its glittering sheen
Are decked as for Christmas with the "ivy green."
And so from the ivy, dear, thou mayest learn
Full many a lesson of *Faith, Love* and *Truth*;
Of *Faith*, like eternity, deathless and green,
Of *Love*, that ne'er faileth nor flies with thy youth;
Of *Truth*, pure, unfading, revealing its power
When adversity comes in sorrow's dark hour;
To heal the heart broken, to succor the weak,
And "peace, troubled soul," thro' the Savior to speak.
And when in the bowers of Eden so fair,
Beyond the dark valley and shadow of death,
Where the River of Life washes evergreen shores,
And the Tree of Life perfumes the gate with its breath,
When the dear Lord of Heaven His jewels shall wear,
And be crowned with *Immortelles* that grew for Him here;
And the bright rose of Sharon, dyed red with the gore
That fell from His brow when the thorn-crown He wore,
And the vale's snowy lily, and the passion flower's glow,
And treefoil, and heartsease, and all flowers that blow
In the fair fields of Eden shall be twined in that crown
For the dear Lord of Heaven, who to earth came down.
Oh then, in that garland so pure and so fair,
A place for an ivy leaf sure shall be there.

GEMS FROM A TEXAS QUARRY.

And oh! may the ivy leaf, fadeless and true,
That is found in that garland, dear Ivy, be you.
"I've brought thee an ivy leaf,"—so goes the song.
Be the virtues it symbols your grace and your power.
And so, dearest Ivy, your garlands among
The fair buds and blossoms of maidenhood's hour.



GENERAL HOOD'S LAST CHARGE.

BY MRS. MARY HUNT M'CALEB, GALVESTON.

THE twilight of life is beginning to fall,
Death's shadows are creeping high up on the wall ;
Eternity's waters are plashing
So close I can hear the wild waves as they roar
And sullenly break on the surf-beaten shore,
Their silver spray over me dashing.

The old camp is fading away from my view,
I hear the last stroke of life's beating " tattoo"—
The sound wears the muffle of sorrow,—
My campaigns are ended, my battles are o'er,
My heroes will follow my lead never more,
No roll call shall break on my morrow.

But now I am fighting them over again,
On fields that are gory 'mid heaps of the slain,
The enemy swiftly are flying ;
The shrieking of shell and the cannon's deep boom
Are thundering still at the gate of the tomb,
The rattle of grape-shot replying.

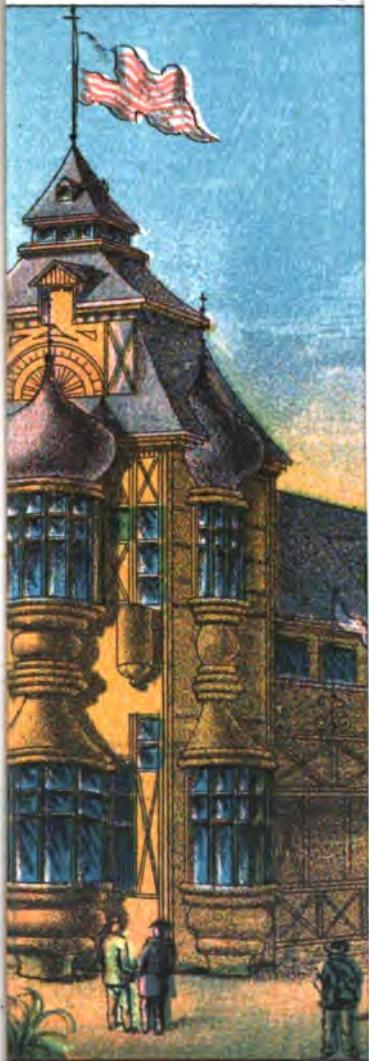
But, ah ! the last enemy conquers to-night,
And death is the victor—in vain is the fight
When God and His creatures have striven.
The struggle is over, life's colors are furled—
Are lost in the dark of the vanishing world—
The bonds of the spirit are riven.

But ere I go down 'neath the conqueror's tread,
And lie white and still in the ranks of the dead,
Through silence for ever unbroken,
To you, my old heroes, my Texas Brigade,
From the dimness of death, from the cold of its shade,
One last solemn charge must be spoken :

GEMS FROM A TEXAS QUARRY.

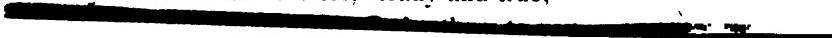
My faithful old followers, steady and true,
My children are orphans—I give them to you.
A trust for your sacredest keeping.
By the shades of the heroes who fought at your side,
By the few who have lived and the many who died,
By the brave army silently sleeping,
By the charges I led, where you followed so true
When the soldiers in gray met the soldiers in blue,
And the blood of the bravest was flowing—
Be true to this last and this holiest trust,
Though the heart of your leader has crumbled to dust
And grasses above him are growing.





GEMS FROM A TEXAS QUARRY.

My faithful old followers, steady and true,



ORIGIN OF THE WILLOW TREE.

(A LEGEND OF TUSCANY.)

BY MISS MAY EUGENIA GUILLOT, DALLAS.

A N olden place in Tuscan lands,
A shining beach with silver strands.
A mountain range so grand and proud,
A sea that wraps its gleamy shroud
In light fantastic mists, and sprays
O'er sloping shores and land-locked bays.

An orient land, where skies are bright,
Where soft stars float like dreams of light
Thro' trackless seas of summer sky,
Past winds that faint—and moons that die—
Past ship-wrecked stars in purple shrouds
And shining bands of darkling clouds :

A land of wierd and wild romance,
A land of revel, song and dance,
A land of gorgeous eastern moons,
Of lazy glens and bright lagoons ;
Where fire-flies wing their gleamy flights
'Mid drowsy, hazy summer nights,
Where music floats on every breeze,
And in the moonlight by the seas
The dark-eyed scigniors and their maids
Light dance among the orange shades,
With "twinkling feet" and flashing eyes,
Till "envy thrills the starry skies!"

GEMS FROM A TEXAS QUARRY.

A battle scene in Tuscan fields!
The glint of steel, the flash of shields,
The gleam of swords in battle crossed,
The glow of lance in conflict tossed,
The wavering lines that onward surge,
While swells the trumpet's martial dirge;
The ranks of horsemen brave, that fall
'Neath volleys vile of cannon ball;
The hiss of bullets whizzing on—
The panting horse—his rider gone—
The bursting blood that smokes around,
While crimson grows the tufted ground;
The banner torn andrecking red
With blood that hero hearts have bled.
The battle wanes, the victory's won!
Now sinks in blood the Tuscan sun,
And twilight's silvery fingers bright
Are weaving spangled stars for night.

The broken lines now quick retreat;
The clanging sound of chargers' feet
Grow dim, and dimmer, 'till it seems
The echoes are but *dreams of dreams!*
The orient stars in splendor float,
And o'er the battle wierdly gloat,
While breezes sweet from dells of flow'rs,
And wanton winds from orange bow'rs,
Float lightly with their nectral flood,
And shiver o'er the field of blood.

The moonbeams gild an upturned face,
A face of bright and boyish grace,
Whose shoulders epauletted tell
Why in the foremost rank he fell.
A face that great Canova's genius bright
Would glorify in marble white;
A chiseled face, so young and fair,
Framed in a crown of jetty hair;
A gaping wound—a hero's heart,
Pierced by the foeman's javelin dart!

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And o'er him kneels a woman worn,
Her head is bare, her kirtle torn,
And wild she sobs, and tearful weeps,
While death shades near and nearer creeps.
Now sadder grows the Tuscan skies,
The bright stars weep with gleamy eyes,
The gondolier's light call "Stali"
No longer bursts in strains of glee.
The sea is sad—the white spray cries,
And o'er the rocks in anguish flies.
The poor waves weep, as mothers weep
O'er babes they love in death asleep.

Break! break my rhyme-hearts! quickly break,
Your broken strings may music wake;
Be sad, my muse! woe-wing my rhyme,
A mother weeps—'tis midnight's prime.
A battle field with carnage strewn,
A ghastly, dismal Tuscan moon;
A mother prays, with tearful face—
Her boy is still in death's embrace.

Now swept an angel, winged with light
And crowned with stars from shores of night,
And sadly, dimly hovering near,
In pity sheds an angel's tear!
And lo! from out that tear-drop bright,
There rose a willow tree that night!
A tree that rustles, sobs and weeps
When orange breezes o'er it sweeps;
A tree that, quivering, droops in fear,
And sighs and moans in anguish drear
Forever in the Tuscan glen
Where fell the hosts of valiant men.

Thro' ages—long and dreary years—
The willows weep their leafy tears
In graveyards dark, o'er tombstones white,
Where wild ghosts stalk in moonless night;
The willows sob, and moan, and weep,
Like Æolian harps, where death-winds creep.

BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

BY JULIA PHIFER TRUITT, HENDERSON.

JUST an airy wedge in the sunlit skies,
And a sound of far-up bugles blowing,
And the wistful wonder of lifted eyes
That follow far where the birds are going;
A thrill to the heart as of some regret,
Some want to the soul of wings for flying,
While the airy wedge to the north is set,
And the bugle call on the ear is dying.

They have brought a dream of a tropic land,
Where the lakes lie wrapped in summer glory
And the mute old mountains in silence stand,
With not a poet to tell the story.
But the sea has sung it from age to age,
The pines grow sad with its faltering failing,
And these birds that pass on their pilgrimage
Have caught the voice of its mystic wailing.

But where is the poet can sing the song,
And where is the seer can tell the story?
For the sphynx has sat by the roadside long,
And lo, the mountains grow old and hoary.
Still we wait, and question; and still there lies
A dark beyond that is not for knowing;
Still the wistful wonder of lifted eyes
That follow far where the birds are going.

ZEPHYR WINDING.

BY MRS. L. W. CANADY, LAMPASAS.

THE winter day was dark and drear,
Fast fell the rain in torrents blinding,
Indoors we sat with chairs drawn near,
While we were zephyr winding.

Fast flew the skein from off my hands,
She, all my awkwardness not minding;
Her dark hair lay in shining bands,
While we were zephyr winding.

I silent sat, but longed to speak
Soft cords of love my heart were binding;
I watched the roses on her cheek,
While we were zephyr winding.

O Cupid! gentle God of Love,
Obtain for me a promise binding,
Thro' weal or woe I'll faithful prove
While loves' soft zephyr winding.

REPORT OF
THE TEXAS STATE COMMISSIONER
TO THE WORLD'S EXPOSITION.

To His Excellency John Ireland, Governor of Texas:

SIR—The 18th Legislature which convened last January passed a law providing "for the appointment of one Commissioner to the World's Industrial and Cotton Centennial Exposition, and eleven assistant Commissioners." The law further provides that "said commissioner should at once enter upon the discharge of his duty, which shall be to collect specimens of all the products of the State, natural, artificial, manufactured, agricultural and mechanical, and also to collect data pertaining to the several industries of Texas, and to effect the best possible arrangements with railroad and other transportation companies for the conveyance of same to said exposition and back, and to arrange for ample space and grounds for the Texas exhibit, and at the expiration thereof to have returned to the city of Austin all articles of whatever nature donated to or purchased by the State, and to make a full and detailed report to the governor of the services by him performed."

In conformity with these requirements, I now beg to submit my report of the work thus far done. Upon receipt of my commission, on the 7th of last May, I entered vigorously the field with a fixed resolve to achieve success for Texas if continuous efforts in all the proper and varied channels could do it. I appreciated fully the paramount importance of the great, the unequaled opportunity to our State in her exhibit before the assembled world, and from which she had been soliciting capital and immigration, while I keenly felt the inadequacy of the appropriation for the due presentation of our enormous and attractive possessions, resources and possibilities. Other states had been happy habitues at previous expositions and would come with an accumulated fund of offerings collected through State bureaus, and with their rich experiences, and assisted by individual exhibitors, while Texas had to start with not one of these advantages, her people made to feel for the first time the value of the rare advertisement, their ambition aroused, their energies enlisted in what might seem to many as only remote or indirect benefits. The time, too, was inauspicious as the

season had been to us one of remarkable drouth with its attendant evil of distressingly short crops; there was a financial panic and commercial depression prevailing that discouraged whole communities; besides, the public mind was absorbed with the great national and state politics and positions at issue. It was, therefore, no easy matter to excite the desired interest and thus secure contributions for the Exposition. Undiscouraged I labored day and night in all the cities and towns that time and transportation facilities enabled me to reach, and by addresses, letters, circulars, etc. I concluded under all these circumstances that the organization of exposition societies was the most expedient agency of obtaining required results, and accordingly I urged the plan which I can now say worked to such superior success.

EXPOSITION SOCIETIES.

In June last I appointed Mrs. C. M. Winkler, of Corsicana, to the duty of organizing Ladies' Associations, well knowing it is most generally through the zeal and patriotism of the fair sex that all such enterprises are advanced to the highest possible point, and purposing, too, that the world should be made to observe through their handiwork that Texas, besides being a paradise of plenty for the poor man and the rich man, was at the same time the home of domestic comfort, skilled intelligence and educated elegance. How ably Mrs. Winkler acted her role the press has frequently announced, and the "Woman's Work" on the Texas space, now presided over by Mrs. Terrell and Mrs. Foster, of Houston, attests, while the wonder and admiration at our display therein by citizens from all the states and the old countries is the highest encomium upon those Texan women who have thus told to the continents that Texas of to-day is the unsurpassed abode of peace and prosperity, where is best recognized the law of the liberty of all, limited by the liberty of each.

THE TIMBER AND GRASS EXHIBIT.

Anxious for the more material products display, I appointed Dr. J. F. Joor, of Houston, to collect the various woods and grasses of the State, and to this end he has been indefatigable since last July, ably aided by J. F. Riggs, Esq., of Marshall. Under their supervision we now display some 153 varieties of timber, which, so far as I can learn, is the largest *bona fide* list ever exhibited by a State at any of these Expositions. As a consequence of this exhibit, two wealthy capitalists—one from England and one from Michigan—will shortly visit the walnut region of Washington and neighboring counties, with the view of there establishing a furniture factory. Of

GEMS FROM A TEXAS QUARRY.

grasses we have exceeding 360 varieties. To best display these, I ordered a number of frames 24 by 36 inches, protected by glass fronts, wherein the same will be mounted and attractively hung on eight screens, each 10 by 12 feet in size. I can learn of no collection of grasses either here, at Atlanta, or at Philadelphia that equals this.

THE MINERAL EXHIBIT.

The mineral exhibit is excellent. The granite, (the peer of the New England variety in composition and in crushing strength, and possessing in addition hornblende making it when polished susceptible of a handsomer appearance) sandstones, limestones, and other building stones are exhibited, both in the rough and the dressed conditions. These are mainly from Burnet, San Saba, and Travis counties. Northwestern Texas sends us coal, gypsum, copper, lead, etc., forwarded by Prof. W. F. Cummings, of Dallas; while from El Paso a magnificent display of the more precious stones is made by Mr. Jay G. Kelley. From eastern Texas we have iron, kaolin, etc., although the latter article from Robertson and Limestone counties is particularly noticeable. A lump of kaolin from the last named county has much interested a New Jersey gentleman from that high Parnassus of pottery whose now fine porcelain rivals the celebrated "Egg-shell" of the Chinese in delicacy and lightness, and whose numerous factories make that State's capital the Staffordshire of America. He states that if this kaolin is equal in purity to anything to be found there, and if in sufficient quantities, he will probably establish a factory near the beds.

I appointed Dr. A. Gregg, of San Saba, in charge of the Mineral and Soils Department, who is ably assisted by Dr. Wm. De Ryee, of Corpus Christi. Their department is arranged with such admirable skill and taste that it is much visited daily by both sexes.

THE AGRICULTURAL AND POMOLOGICAL EXHIBIT.

It was a difficult matter to induce our people last summer to properly keep for this winter desirable specimens of our vegetables, fruits, etc., and the lack of effective preservative receipts and the trouble entailed, have prevented such a display in agricultural and pomological departments as I had hoped for. But I appealed, and with ready response, to the Missouri Pacific Railway Company, and through their energetic action we make a very fine showing in the lines indicated, as well as of our cereals, both in the grain, sheaf and straw. Our tables and booths fully sustain all that has been proclaimed of our ability to produce the equals of those States that are

justly famed for their productions. In this same department are also shown about fifty bales of cotton, upland and alluvial, long staple and short staple, and also bolls of cotton on the stalk, seed, etc. We also show sugar, in the barrel as well as the cane, tobacco, wool of every sort, as well as jute, hemp, and other fibres. Preserved in liquors, transparent as rain water, are most superior specimens of our apples, pears, peaches, berries, grapes, and other fruits. We also show in glass jars, jams, preserves, jellies, marmalades, butter, figs, raisins, catsups, sauces, oils, flavoring extracts, and indeed all the vegetables and fruits.

A noticeable article is a very excellent champagne wine made from tomatoes, which in body and flavor is said to excel the now celebrated California wine extracted from the grape. The variety of healing and mineral waters also forms a conspicuous feature. Many of the articles above mentioned, but more especially the cotton and sugar, will be put in competition for prizes.

THE EDUCATIONAL EXHIBIT.

Our Educational Department, though not neglected, is not at all what it might be. Early in the fall I requested the Hon. B. M. Baker, State Superintendent of Education, to secure photographs of our many public school houses, which the communities seemed willing to furnish free of cost; and I also requested him to have the same economically framed. He has accordingly sent to me nearly 200 of these. The superior architecture of these structures as shown has solicited many expressions of surprise and compliment. The Blind Institute likewise furnishes some valuable and interesting contributions. Besides these things I have caused to be published some 10,000 copies of the Resume of our public schools, laws, system, etc., prepared by Mr. Baker, and which are now being generally distributed to parties interested. At their assembling here the Texas Teachers' Association considered and determined on certain matters in connection with this Exposition in the State educational interests which will be brought in due time before your Excellency and the Legislature.

THE NATURAL HISTORY EXHIBIT.

In the zoological, ornithological and entomological departments, Texas is more than well represented by those skilled and laborious taxidermists, Messrs. Gustave Toudouze and H. P. Atwater. Here we have the most artistically stuffed and mounted specimens of animals and birds, such as inhabit the woods and prairies; as also an unequalled collection of insects, such as live among the shrubs and trees, due to Mr. Heidlebrot, of Bastrop.

Not only does this display interest and attract, but it gives to the European and American scientist a correct idea of our soil and climate, and so verifies without their personal observation the statements about our industrial capabilities. For the proper care of these a large number of show-cases had to be purchased. To secure them at cheapest figures, I took sealed bids from St. Louis, Chicago and New Orleans. The St. Louis bid being the lowest and best I, as in all such instances, so awarded the contract. We now have nearly two hundred running feet of cases.

WOMAN'S WORK.

With our woman's work, I at first experienced some embarrassment, as in the space allowed in the building to "Woman's Work for the United States," there was an utter insufficiency of room, as Texas had many times more in this branch than any of the other States. To have cared for it ourselves would have entailed an expense for show-cases, shelving and miscellaneous carpenter work, material, labor, etc., amounting to several hundred dollars. To have seceded would have been to deprive ourselves of our share of the \$40,000.00 allowed. We devised the proposition to make an "annex" of a portion of the Texas space. This met with favor and satisfactorily solved the problem, and thus not only saved to our fund a large amount of money, but consolidated and placed to better advantage the splendid offerings of our ladies, and the entire State exhibit. The woman's display from Texas concededly leads all the States in its line, and is attracting universal comments and commendation, and a consequence is new views are engendered as to the social status of our state. A complete revolution in this regard has thus been brought about, and a superior immigration will henceforth be induced through this noble agency.

THE MANUFACTURES EXHIBIT.

Of manufactured products we have but little to boast thus far. Some saddlery, harness, flour, medical preparations, agricultural implements, brooms, etc., chiefly from Dallas; woolen and cotton goods from New Braunfels; canned fish from Corpus Christi; and a few other articles comprise the list. Arrangements are on foot to increase the supply.

LIVE STOCK AND POULTRY.

I have appointed Mr. A. S. Stonebaker, of Waco, to secure the poultry exhibit for our State at a cost not to exceed \$150.00, which he estimates will be quite sufficient for the purpose. In the matter of live stock, nothing has thus far been arranged or determined on, and I fear the appropriation

will not permit a display in this line, although I recognize the fact that a State so deeply concerned as is ours in this interest, ought to be thoroughly represented.

A TEXAS GARDEN.

The United States Commissioner, Colonel Gammage, and myself have selected and had duly assigned to us two acres of ground, situated on the great thoroughfare, between the Main Building and the Horticultural Hall. This spring, this triangular space which a landscape gardner has plotted for us, and which will be graveled in the walks, with a beautiful fountain at the apex, all without cost to us through the courtesy of the management, will be in full blossom with every variety of Texas shrubs, fruit trees, flowers, cacti, grasses, and other Texas growth.

OUR CRIMINAL DATA.

To Mr. Norman G. Kittrell, of Jewett, I am indebted for a vivid presentation of our criminal data, showing in succinct, clear outline, in accurate detail, the system of criminal jurisprudence which obtains with us, as also many valuable statistics demonstrating to the enquirer the very enviable position that Texas occupies in this matter as compared with the other States of this Union. I have ordered to be printed several thousand copies of this excellent contribution for general distribution to the end that many erroneous conceptions about Texas criminality may be forever removed.

We have also a large amount of furniture from the Huntsville and Rusk penitentiaries, consisting of desks, chairs, tables, wardrobes; also wagons and wheel-barrows.

THE TEXAS SPACE.

Through the forethought of your Excellency, and prior to my appointment, space in the Government Building for Texas was secured, although it was not until November that the precise locality was finally designated to us. Fortunately for Texas it is, we think, and it is generally conceded to be, the most desirable of all the assignments. In dimension it exceeds that of any other State by three to one, being nearly 19,000 square feet, or 360 feet in length by fifty-five feet in width. It immediately adjoins the United States exhibit, while through it run the two main aisles, thus securing to us the largest percentage of circulation of visitors. I herewith enclose ground plan for the purpose of giving you a more perfect idea of our installation, or arrangement of our department. This space has been well enclosed (with gateways) by a gilt iron railing. At the one end thereof we

have what is termed Reception Headquarters, being about fifty-two feet in length by twenty-five feet in width, for the entertaining of visitors and guests. Here we have placed a register for all these latter. Just beyond this is a unique and handsome two-room portable house of curly pine, put up without nails or screws, by Mr. John Boyd and associates, and presented to the commissioners without any cost whatever. Over the balcony of this is to be placed an immense picture of our new State capital. In the very center of our space I caused to be erected an octagonal pagoda thirty feet in diameter by thirty feet in height. As illustrative of our leading products, it is made of pine lumber, roofed with grain in alternate sections of red, white and blue colors, with pillars of wheat grain capped with rice, and all surmounted with a six foot dome covered with cotton, and from which projects a flag-staff of sugar cane supporting a five point or Texas star. Over the eight panels of this octagon on the outer side just below the ceiling I have had painted on white oil cloth in attractive five inch gilt letters the following data: "Wealth valuation, \$1,045,317,136;" "School fund, \$80,000,000;" "State tax, twenty cents on the \$100;" "Area, 274,346 square miles;" "Cereal products, 77,211,485 bushels;" "Live stock, 13,000,000 head;" "Population, 2,215,709;" "Cotton production, 1,467,824 bales." These figures have astonished all and have been published far and wide in the eastern and northwestern newspapers. On the other end of our space I have caused to be conspicuously placed three immense screens or display boards, twenty feet by twelve feet. On these respectively is a large six foot star made of pure white cotton, fringed two inches deep with yellow corn grains, and this being on a blue field is emblematic of our State colors. Above this is a fifteen inch lettering, of one inch corn cobs with grains of corn and wheat handsomely intermingled, the invitation, "Welcome to Texas." Next, I have sketched the famous map of Mr. Atkinson, of Boston, giving a graphical presentation of the comparative areas of the States of the Union and the countries of Europe—omitting Russia and Alaska—thus vividly showing Texas, with her 274,346 square miles, to be larger than any. Also a smaller scroll on the same twenty foot screen giving the comparative status of her population, to-wit: 1870, 819,579; 1880, 1,521,749; 1884, 2,215,709. Also her railway mileage, to-wit; 1870, 865 miles; 1880, 3,293 miles; 1884, 6,737 miles. Also a series of data showing other evidences of progress made by our State within the past decade. All of this proclaims the fact that Texas of to-day is not only first in area, but first in cotton production, first in public school fund, first in live stock numbers, fifth in railroad mileage, eighth in

population; that she is producing one-fourth of the entire cotton crop of the Union, and one-fourth of the beef yield; while she is making unparalleled strides in the supply of wool. On the third screen is being designed in the most artistic style and finish symbols of the vast, varied and industrial possessions which are ours. A female figure dressed to this view, in cotton, grain, sheaf, mineral, etc., is the basis of said design. The following superscription embodies the idea:

"Cotton" or "corn" a "king" may seem,
But field and forest, mine and stream,
Combine within our "Lone Star State"
A peerless goddess to create.

The above, uniquely worked in letters made of our products, was done to offset special powers flauntingly proclaimed by certain other states respectively.

TRANSPORTATION FACILITIES, ETC.

In the matter of the transportation of our exhibits, I held frequent conferences with the Texas railway companies, and finally agreed with them to have transported free of charge all exhibits donated to the State, and at one rate for all other material loaned to help Texas make a creditable display. The arrangement made with the Exposition societies, and with individuals, thus aiding by loan to our collective exhibit, was that they prepare and place at their proper expense, at their own county depot, their contributions, the State fund would thenceforth care for the cost. Had I depended solely on donations to the State there would have been little to exhibit. I would here say that at the close of the fair all the woods, grasses, samples of grains, natural history specimens, will be forwarded to Austin for the use of our people as shall be designated.

PASSENGER FARES.

The Texas railway trunk line companies have liberally responded to my request made at the instance of thousands of our citizens. They have latterly advised me that on and after the 11th instant very low round trip rates will be charged, the which will be not much in excess of one cent per mile. This concession will bring considerably over 100,000 Texans to this great Exposition, and thus put them in contact with myriads of men as living advertisers of the glories of our State and as important inspirators to a fresh impetus to induce capital and labor into our midst. Besides this I propose to inaugurate, at an early date, cheap excursions into and through Texas, so that all who may choose to personally inspect our resources and experience our delicious climate, and to view our wealth of forest, prairie,

stream and mountain, will have the amplest opportunity of so doing.

THE BENEFITS TO BE DERIVED.

The benefits to accrue to Texas from this Exposition, held at her very door, which will soon be the entrepot for the South American and Spanish American, Central American, and Mexican commerce, as well as for the Pacific slope and our northwestern states and territories, are beyond estimation.

The Atlanta Exposition started southward battalions of people and millions of money. The Philadelphia Centennial gave to Kansas in ten years eighty per cent of her present population. What then may not this International Exposition do for the great Empire State of the South, with everything unsurpassed and rarely equaled in her soil, climate, and other capabilities, if by energy, perseverance, patriotism and tact we engage attention toward the investigation of our attractions? We used to regard a slave as worth from \$1,000 to \$2,000 in money valuation, and skilled labor is surely worth much more; and if we succeed in bringing only 1,000 good freemen into our State, with their abilities to say nothing of their capital, and do nothing more, we shall have imported a valuation of a \$1,000,000. If all the other states of the Union, many of them thousands of miles away, deem it wise to be here; if foreign countries can undertake to put in most creditable and even expensive displays; if individual exhibitors assert it highly profitable to expend from \$20,000 to \$50,000 each for such world-wide publicity of their peculiar products or wares, surely Texas, with the infinites, must be benefited correspondingly with her variety of rich offerings. I have earnestly solicited by circulars, letters, through newspaper articles, and by personal appeal, the active co-operation on these grounds of representative men of our State, that their intercourse with this mass of humanity might be productive of untellable advantages.

TEXAS DAY.

Some day in the Spring will be designated for our own especial celebration, to be denominated "Texas Day," on which occasion an appropriate oration and social entertainment should be had. If each citizen will appoint himself, on that day, a sort of missionary or committee of one to assist in enlightening the world as to Texas, who can forecast the result?

ORGANIZED BODIES TO VISIT THE EXPOSITION.

I am now in correspondence with our railway companies on the subject of excursions contemplated by many Texas organizations that are particularly desirous to visit us, to-wit: the Texas Press Association, the Texas

Drummers' Association, and a number of our colleges and schools. The Real Estate Association, the Live Stock Association, three Military Companies and other bodies have written me on the subject. It is my earnest desire that the members of the 19th Legislature shall visit in a body this Exposition, and to be accompanied by your Excellency and the heads of the other State departments, either during the session or immediately after adjournment. At a proper time a formal invitation will be extended.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

In concluding, I desire to express to your Excellency my most intense appreciation of the honor conferred on me, for the high trust thus reposed under the legislative enactment as afore-mentioned. Also to tender my thanks to the District Commissioners, and the Honorary Commissioners, and others who have contributed to this great work their zeal, their labors, and their advice; and to all those citizens, and emphatically to the members of that powerful fraternity, the Press, who, from first to last, have so unanimously and generously given to me their completest confidence and support. Of the Hon. T. T. Gammage, whom you named to the President as the United States Commissioner, I cannot speak too much of praise for his ardor and unremitting efforts and his congenial co-operation, through the heat of summer and the colds of winter, in everything that seemed to contribute toward the collecting of desired exhibits and the glory of our State. A more acceptable co-laborer I cannot conceive it possible to have had. In the selection of a secretary I have been exceedingly fortunate, as Mr. R. W. Andrews, of San Antonio, in such capacity has proven not only equal to the emergencies of the post, and possibly without a superior in the arduous duties indicated through this intricate work that he has had to discharge.

As for my own part in the programme, if I have added one leaf to the volume of progress of my State; if I have contributed one page thereof toward her industrial, intellectual, moral, social or political development; if I have stretched a shadow over sectional strife or prejudice by the friction of Texan courtesy with foreign folly born of ignorance about our citizens and institutions; or brought a ray of sunshine in the firmament of the future to make to the nations yet brighter our Lone Star of the West in this greatest of all Expositions ever known to mankind, I shall consider I have but done my duty, and a recognition of that by yourself and my people shall be my supremest compensation.

All of which is most respectfully submitted to your Excellency,

JOHN F. ELLIOTT,
Commissioner.

NEW ORLEANS, January 8th, 1885.

TASSO,—OR THE REWARD OF GENIUS.

BY MISS M. A. E. FARWELL, GALVESTON.

"Peace to Torquato's injured shade, 'twas his
In life and death to be the mark where wrong
Aim'd with her poison'd arrows but to miss."

—*Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*.

IT would seem to have been the misfortune of men of genius in past ages to have lived in obscurity, their talents hidden, or else to have drawn upon them the enmity of lesser lights, who were powerful to persecute. Certain it is that they were not rewarded with pecuniary success: all were poor, and the reward of their genius was reaped by publishers and others, when the brain which planned and created, the hands which penned the poetical imaginings, which were to make their fame immortal, were stilled forever in the silence of the sleep eternal.

Is there a fate which pursues some of God's creatures and makes them the mark of bitter misfortune? Certain it is that men of genius have been amongst the most unfortunate, probably from the fact that such are not endowed with those strong practical attributes necessary to those men who fight the world successfully from a financial point of view. Of all those who have passed through earthly tribulations to everlasting silence, not one is more deserving of our pity, or can stir in our hearts deeper sympathy with his sufferings—not even the poor boy poet slowly starving to death in his garret while he penned his rhymes—than the subject of this sketch. Who that has read the history of his life will not say with the latter poet, "Peace to Torquato's injured shade." In a palace at Sorrento, on the beautiful bay of Naples, Torquato Tasso was born on the 11th of March, 1544. He was the son of Bernardo Tasso, secretary of the court of the prince of Salermo, himself a poet. Torquato's mother is mentioned as having been a Neapolitan lady of great beauty and accomplishments, Portia Rossi. When the boy was but three years of age, the happiness which the family enjoyed was destined to be rudely broken up forever.

The viceroy at Naples, D. Pedro d' Toledo, attempted to establish an inquisition at Naples in 1547 which caused an insurrection. The nobility chose as their ambassador, to Charles the Fifth, the prince of Salermo, but when he reached Nuremburg, he was treated as a rebel and forbidden to leave the city, the viceroy having anticipated this proceeding on the part of

his opponents and justified his actions. Later, the prince was allowed to return to Naples, where the minions of the viceroy attempted to assassinate him, and he determined to seek safety at the court of France, whither he was accompanied by Bernardo Tasso, who first removed and comfortably settled his family at Naples. By his fidelity to his prince and patron, Bernardo Tasso forfeited his household effects and annual income, thus for all time demolishing his fortune.

Until he attained his seventh year, the noble mother gave her attention to the education of Torquato and his sister, Cornelia, who was about four years his senior. In the meantime he had received some instruction in Latin from a friend of his father, and at this time began to attend a Jesuit seminary until his tenth year, by which time he had become a good Latin scholar, had progressed rapidly in Greek and rhetoric, and was able to recite original poetry. Christian piety had been early imbibed from the teaching of his father, and at the early age of nine years he became a communicant. At this time the prince of Salermo resided chiefly at Venice, his faithful secretary at the court of France sparing no exertions in his behalf, and endeavoring to obtain the co-operation of France in invading Naples, but without success. Bernardo, wishing to return to his family, obtained leave of absence and secured special permission from Pope Julius the Third to visit Rome, where he arrived in February, 1554, and became the guest of Cardinal Ippolito of Este. It would seem that although Bernardo had little to fear while protected by so powerful a friend as the Cardinal, he was powerless to return to Naples under the edict by which he would incur the death penalty; and all the wealth which remained was his wife's claims on her own property, which had been confiscated, and she was prevented from joining her husband, fearing to forfeit her claims if she left Naples. Into the monastery of San Festo, Portia retired with Cornelia, sending Torquato to his father who was delighted to receive him. More than two decades later Torquato thus describes his anguish at the separation from his mother.

ODE TO THE RIVER METAURA.

" Me from my mother's breast, a child,
Did cruel fortune tear;
The tears she shed, the kisses wild
She pressed in her despair
On my pale cheek, and oh! the zeal
Of her most passionate appeal
To Heaven for me, in air
Alone recorded—with regret
I yet remember, weep for yet.

Never, ah never more was I
To meet her face to face,
And feel my full heart beat more high
In her beloved embrace!
I left her—oh the pang severe!
Like young Camilla, or more dear
Ascanius-like to trace
O'er hill and dale, through brush and brier
The foot-steps of my wandering sire."

* * * * *

Upon the death of Portia in 1556, Cornelia was left in the hands of her mother's brothers who had proven themselves heartless and unprincipled, and who, a few years later, instituted proceedings against Torquato, his continued absence from Naples forming a basis by which his claims were treated as those of a rebel. These unprincipled men married his sister (in opposition to their father's wishes) to a poor nobleman, the marriage fortunately proving a happy one. In 1560, yielding to the wishes of his father, Torquato entered the University of Padua where he prosecuted the study of the law, which was most distasteful to his inclinations, his whole soul being filled with poetical fancies which burned to find vent in written expressions. How can we conceive the sacrifice which must have been his, in thus making his own inclinations subservient to his father's will, contributing to the happiness of his surviving parent, whose years had been full of sorrow. Fearful of his father's displeasure, Torquato had not acquainted him with the accomplishment of Rinaldo which he had written in his leisure hours before he reached his eighteenth year. In 1562 the poem was published at Venice and met with a warm reception, which poem caused him to be known throughout Italy as Tassino (the dear little Tasso). Bernardo, justly proud of the production and recognizing its literary merit and the genius of its creator, and his distaste for the pursuit which he had chosen for him, released him from the bondage, and he was at liberty to give free vent to his flights of fancy. After pursuing his favorite studies at Bologna, he was admitted by his father's patron, Cardinal d'Este, to his household at Ferrara. Poor Tasso! did no gentle zephyr whisper a warning of the misfortunes which would beset thy path, or only of the short-lived glory and honors which thou wast to exchange for a prison cell which lulled thee into the belief of friends good and true, forgetful that hatred had darkened thy childhood's loving heart and stood ready to fill thy manhood's bosom with gloom and melancholy. Owing to his deep piety, Tasso was prompted to give a religious tone

to his poems and chose for his grand theme the invasion of Jerusalem by the Crusaders, calling it "Gerusalemme Liberata."

His patron was Duke Alphonso of Este, whose interest in the young poet was awakened by the intercession of his sisters, princesses Lucretia and Lenora, of Este, and in spite of the latter's thirty years, she was the one love of Tasso's life. To Alphonso the poet dedicated his productions in the following lines:

"And thou, Alphonso, who from fortune's shocks
And from her agitated sea did'st save,
And pilot into port from circling rocks
My wandering bark, nigh swallowed by the wave,
Accept with gracious smile—'tis all I crave—
These my bond tablets in thy temple hung,
For the fresh life which then thy goodness gave
Some day, perchance, may my prophetic tongue
Venture of thee to sing, what now must rest unsung."

After years of fidelity and devotion to the house of Este, Tasso found himself treated with suspicion and maligned by his enemies who were jealous of his poem, the manuscript of which he had submitted and the critics by whom it was severely handled. Owing to their adverse criticisms, Tasso curtailed the poem, cutting out many verses which he himself deemed worthy a place. Shortly after he discovered that it was being published and circulated in different parts of Italy. His enemies had not been slow to use against him the knowledge of his love for the daughter of the house of Este, who returned his affection. Disappointed and discouraged in everything which made life dear, Tasso's mind became a prey to melancholy, and after an attempt on the life of a servant of the Duchess d'Urbino, his patron ordered him confined to his own apartment, a course which, he alleged, would lessen the disordered state of the poet's mind. This indignity seemed to have a powerful influence on the mind already darkened by trouble, and becoming alarmed, he managed to escape and fled from Ferrara. He sought an asylum at Sorrento with his sister, who was a widow. After happy months passed with her family, a fancy possessed him to return to Ferrara to secure his manuscript, and on his arrival was subjected to the greatest indignities, his former patron consigning him to an asylum for sick persons in destitute condition, "where he was placed under strict guard, treated as a pauper and a madman." In this place Tasso passed seven years, neglected and alone, while he should have been honored. In an impassioned poetic appeal Tasso endeavored to soften the heart of Alphonso, without success.

and addressed a similar appeal to the princesses who were powerless to assist him, while their sympathies were with him; and during this trying period Leonoro's gentle spirit passed from earth. In July of 1586 Tasso was liberated, but earthly retribution overtook his persecutor. Alphonso died and "was buried without princely or decent honors," his testament was cancelled and Ferrara passed forever from the dominion of the house of Este. At Naples the unfortunate Tasso found a firm friend whose pleasure it was to use every endeavor to amuse him, to distract his mind from past horrors. It is impossible to dwell at any length on the long years passed in the prison cell or the happier days which followed, when he was treated with the greatest consideration at Naples and at Rome, where he was met by a grand pageant and conducted into the city, and at which place he was to be crowned with the laurel wreath, but on the 25th of April, 1595, the month in which the coronation was to take place, death claimed him for his own, and the soul of the faithful friend, constant lover, the immortal poet and patient sufferer, took its flight. The poem which caused him so many vexations and heartaches, which drew down upon him the malignant enmity of those courtiers whose hearts burned with jealousy against him, the dearly loved offspring of his brain which earned for him contumely and a prison cell, this *Jerusalem Delivered* is read in every land, in every tongue; the beauty of conception, of plot and rhythm commented upon in terms of praise, the sale of the work enriching many, while the honor and praise and riches and the laurel wreath came all too late to cheer the aching heart, to relieve the weary brain or to cause one thrill of pleasure or of triumph to the world-wearied poet. It does seem incredible that so much of misery could be crowded into one life, the life of this child of misfortune and sorrow. How gladly must he have given up the battle; how willingly have lain down the weapon which had brought him only disappointment and drawn upon him the envy and hatred of those who were incapable of understanding the nobility of mind and high purpose which actuated him; nor the sublime and inspired imaginings which his only weapon — his pen — portrayed. How gladly he gave up this world wherein fame had been to him not only a vain and empty bauble, but a curse; to close his eyes upon all this and to open them in that other, better world, to take up the lost strain and sing again the Heavenly muse attuned to angels harps.

THE FALL OF THE ALAMO.

BY AWANA H. K. PAINTER, SAN ANTONIO.

'TWAS Sabbath morn, the stars could yet be seen.
The breeze caressed the flag whose haughty mien
Still flung defiance to the tyrant's teeth,
Though famine raged its graceful folds beneath.
When, hark! a bugle rang so loud and clear,
It shot through even Texan hearts a fear,
And from the Alamo's old sacred wall
Were visible Santa Anna's hosts, in all
Six thousand men. Far, far to right,
And far to left, to where the bright
Clear waters of the river wind along
And sing to reed and rush their plaintive song,
Were ranged the minions of the tyrant's band.
Then clear again and deadly through the land
Rang the *dagues* signal for the charge,
And on they rushed like fiends intent to scourge!

Within the fort are scarce two hundred souls,
But as the tide of danger onward rolls
They rise at bay, as stands the lion when
She sees her young attacked within her den.
'Tis man for man and all for liberty,
"Our lone star flag shall never conquered be
While life is left!" and with his latest breath,
Each in his last strong agony cried: "Liberty or Death!"

They fought, they died, no man was left to tell,
On scores of dying foes each patriot fell.
'Tis bootless now the telling how they fought;
On every heart is writ the work they wrought,
And every Texan child has heard the tale
When round the winter fire, and pale
Will turn each veteran's cheek when he recalls

GEMS FROM A TEXAS QUARRY.

The days when from Alamo's bloody walls
The lone star banner fell, but not before
It's glorious folds were wet with horror's gore ;
And when the serpent wound its shining crest
Above Alamo's time-worn battlements,
Then freedom wept, she well might mourning keep—
Hers was a loss o'er which a world should weep.

They burned the bodies of our heroes dead
Upon the spot where their heart's blood was shed.
Oh ! never was a grander funeral pyre.
Nor rose the flames of a more sacred fire.
And at that fire was lit upon that day
The torch that burned at San Jacinto Bay ;
And freedom's spirit, phoenix like, arose
Above her hero's ashes ; history shows
How well her vengeance swept forevermore
The tyrant from her chosen Texan shore.

O patriots ! though no costly marble stands
To mark your place of rest, though loving hands
Cannot strew garlands o'er your last repose,
Your fame is borne on every wind that blows,
And will be till the morning breeze that fanned
And spread your ashes broadcast o'er the land
Shall bring them back and lay them tenderly
Upon the spot on which you died. While free
The lone star banner shall in triumph ride,
Above the land for which you bled and died.
Your names shall live. Although upon the tide
Of ocean's wave commercial fleets shall ride—
And they are ours ; although we rise in arts.
The highest place in all true Texan hearts
Is held by those who bought our liberty.
Although success you could not live to see,
You stand in glory wrapped upon our history
More glorious your defeat than tyrants victory !

LETTER FROM
GEN. HOUSTON TO GEN. ANDREW JACKSON.

WASHINGTON, TEXAS, January 31st, 1843.

(Private.)

Venerated Friend—A multiplicity of concerns has prevented me from writing to you oftentimes since I had the pleasure of seeing you in Tennessee. It has not been for a want of inclination, nor has it been that I believed it would be considered irksome by you to peruse my letters. The many and continued regards which you have kindly evinced towards me for the last twenty-seven years, and the undiminished confidence reposed in me, are circumstances which have instructed me in the assurance that you entertain for me that solicitude which will induce sufficient care for me to desire a knowledge of the success which may betide me as an individual and a man engaged in the amelioration and improvement of the condition of mankind.

No one can more understandingly appreciate such efforts than yourself, who have been engaged for more than half a century in the most arduous labors, and constantly opposed by obstacles of every variety of character. You have surmounted all, and in retirement enjoy a nation's gratitude for the matchless benefits which your forecast and patriotism have conferred upon it; and to this is added the admiration of mankind! You are truly rich in earthly blessings; and I most devoutly hope that the Great Disposer of Heavenly rewards will grant you an everlasting recompense. I have often reflected upon the trials through which you have passed, and admired the firmness with which you met and triumphed over opposition. Recently I have seen from your pen a manly and conclusive vindication of your conduct during the defense of New Orleans, and subsequent events. If the "Kentuckian" has any shame, he has abundant reason to blush for his foul slanders against you. Whilst you were in the way of *aspirants*, such things were to be looked for; but when retired to the Hermitage, and in delicate health, I had hoped, for the honor of my native land, that the quiver of malice and detraction had become empty.

Your persecutors are determined to pursue you to the last, and if they could they would administer to you "vinegar mingled with gall." I commend the course pursued by you in this case, as it has presented many facts of *history* which were not before known to the world. I trust, from the masterly vindication, that no base or anonymous slanderer will ever violate

the sanctuary of your reputation or repose. Whoever undertakes to do right in a corrupt or degenerate age, or in the midst of factions, demagogues or unprincipled aspirants, may expect to pay the forfeit of their repose. No man deserves the name nor the reward of a patriot who is not willing to hazard everything for his country, and, if necessary, to perish for or with it rather than to drag out a humiliating existence.

Peculiar circumstances influence the course of every man whose duty it is to discharge high and important delegated trusts. But if he is an honest man, he will never yield principle to expediency, in the hope that by some fortunate chance he may be enabled to repair the injury which he has inflicted upon his country by a wish to conciliate his enemies, or temporize for the sake of harmony. To surrender a constitution to tamperers, for plans by which they may gain power to subvert principles, or to the excitement of a populace, actuated by demagogues, I regard as an act of foul treason. And he whose duty it is to preserve the charter of his country's freedom and yields to such influences, I esteem either a dastard or a traitor. I regret to entertain the impression that every day lessens the veneration which men and politicians have heretofore entertained, or at least professed, for constitutions. Once they were held in veneration second only to Holy Writ; but now they are derided by many openly, and new theories set up in their place. Statesmen can alone appreciate them, and are willing to rely upon them as the only saving principle of self-government. The absurd doctrine is now openly advocated by many, that legislatures have the right, not only to exercise the powers plainly delegated to them by the constitution, but that they have likewise the right to exercise *all powers not expressly prohibited* by the constitution; thus destroying all the checks and balances of free government, and throwing into the hands of the legislative department all the coördinate powers of government. This, to my mind, is more dangerous to liberty than an assumption by either of the other departments of government. For if either of the others should attempt to assume, or actually assume, a power or powers not granted, the people would easily become awakened to a sense of the danger to which their liberties were subject; because *they* are not regarded so immediately connected with the people as the legislative department, and are in their character more responsible. The members of congress being more numerous than the other departments, do not individually incur a proportionate degree of responsibility. What a legislature does is done by many, or rather by *no one*; but what is done by either of the other remaining departments can be readily ascertained, promulgated and the transgressor identified.

Assemblies and deliberative bodies have often destroyed liberty; but no individual, while deliberative bodies have remained honest and incorruptible, has ever overthrown the liberties of any people, and I much doubt if it was ever attempted. Catiline, though unsuccessful, no doubt had many friends in the Roman Senate. Cæsar and Pompey both had their adherents; and the corruptions and factions of the Senate of Rome invited Cæsar to enslave his country. Cromwell owed his elevation to a corrupt parliament, and Napoleon to the oppressions and misconduct of the assembly of France was indebted for his power. I have recently seen a display of the danger, but it has passed by! If ever the United States do, and they *must* change their form of government, it will be owing to the assumption of powers by the congress, and the frequency of elections which open so wide a field to demagogues for all their infamous practices. I regard all republics as subject to similar catastrophes. We may desire that period to be far removed from our day when such results must take place, and surely every patriot will cherish a hope that such may never be the case. But when we look through past ages, and contemplate the present tendency of the affairs of nations, we cannot but entertain many painful apprehensions for our country's safety. Demagogues are the agents of mischief, and a "little leaven leavenceth the whole lump." When the mass of a nation become either slavish in spirit or corrupt in principle, the friends of liberty are silenced.

To you, General, I find myself vastly indebted for many principles which I have never abandoned through life. One is a holy love of country and a willingness to make every sacrifice to its honor and safety: next, a sacred regard for its constitution and laws, with an eternal hostility and opposition to all banks.

Now, sir, I beseech you to feel assured that no policy, expediency, fear or whim, shall ever cause a departure from these principles, but that I will cherish them while life endures, or I am capable of feeling one grateful emotion from your many acts of affectionate kindness to me under all circumstances and in every vicissitude of life in which you have known me.

I will not close this long letter without assuring you that I entertain confidence in the speedy success of Texas if I am sustained in carrying out a wise policy—to live within our means, act defensively, cultivate our rich land, raise a revenue from import duties, make and keep peace with the Indians, and if possible, get peace with Mexico; in the mean time watch her, be prepared, and if an army invades us never to let them return.

Thy devoted friend,

SAM HOUSTON.

TO MY HUSBAND.

BY MARGARET M. HOUSTON.

DEAREST, the cloud hath left thy brow,
The shade of thoughtfulness, of care,
And deep anxiety; and now
The sunshine of content is there.

Its sweet return with joy I hail,
And never may thy country's woes
Again that hallowed light dispel
And mar thy bosom's calm repose.

God hath crowned thy years of toil
With full fruition, and I pray
That on the harvest still His smile
May shed its ever gladdening ray.

Thy task is done; another eye
Than thine must guard thy country's weal;
And oh, may wisdom from on high
To him the one true path reveal.

When erst was spread the mighty waste
Of waters fathoms deep,—and far
O'er earth thick darkness reigned, unchased
By ray of sun, or moon, or star,—

God bade the gloomy deep recede.
And so young earth rose on His view!
Swift at His word the waters fled,
And darkness spread its wings and flew.

The same strong arm hath put to flight
Our country's foes—the ruthless band
That swept with splendid pomp and might
Across our fair and fertile land.

The same Almighty hand hath raised
On these wild plains a structure fair;
And well may wondering nations gaze
At aught so marvelous and rare.

Thy task is done; the holy shade
Of calm retirement waits thee now;
The lamp of hope, relit, hath shed
Its sweet refulgence o'er thy brow.

Far from the busy haunts of men,
Oh, may thy soul each fleeting hour
Upon the breath of prayer ascend
To Him who rules with love and power!



TO FLACO, CHIEF OF THE LIPANS.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, March 28th, 1843. }

To General Flaco, Chief of the Lipans.

MY BROTHER:—My heart is sad. A dark cloud rests upon your nation. Grief has sounded in your camp. The voice of Flaco is silent. His words are not heard in council. The chief is no more. His life has fled to the Great Spirit. His eyes are closed. His heart no longer leaps at the sight of the buffalo! The voices of your camp are no longer heard to cry, “Flaco has returned from the chase!” Your chiefs look down on the earth and groan in trouble. Your warriors weep. The loud voice of grief is heard from your women and children. The song of birds is silent. The ear of your people hears no pleasant sound. Sorrow whispers in the winds. The noise of the tempest passes—it is not heard. Your hearts are heavy.

The name of Flaco brought joy to all hearts. Joy was on every face! Your people were happy. Flaco is no longer seen in the fight; his voice is no longer heard in battle; the enemy no longer make a path for his glory; his valor is no longer a guard for your people; the right arm of your nation is broken. Flaco was a friend to his white brothers. They will not forget him. They will remember the red warrior. His father will not be forgotten. We will be kind to the Lipans. Grass shall not grow in the path between us. Let your wise men give the counsel of peace. Let your young men walk in the white path. The grey-headed men of your nation will teach wisdom. I will hold my red brothers by the hand.

Thy brother,

SAM. HOUSTON.

OVER THE RIVER.

BY J. E. CARNES, GALVESTON.

OUR country is massing her veteran band—
Would we were, all of us, hers to command,
Over the river.

Can ye not give her
A charge not in schedule there; are there not ways?
Can ye not pierce with aught else than a gaze
Over the river?

Eager lips quiver
To utter a war-cry, whose thunders should be
Herald of triumph to freedom, and Lee
Over the river.

There we deliver
The homes that we cling to, or there they are lost.
God! let us follow the prayers that have crossed
Over the river.

Sharp beams that shiver
One way when the tempest sweeps out of the West,
Point as our hearts point, with blended unrest
Over the river.

Victory-giver!
Oh! thou of the pillars of cloud and of light,
Shadow his march and shine out in the fight,
Over the river.

IN MEMORIAM.

BY MARY HUNT M'CALEB.

(Read at the Confederate Reunion, at Dallas, August 9th, 1884, by Col. J. C. McCoy.)

ACH war-scarred veteran who stands
To-day with bowed, uncovered head,
Above long buried hopes, as bend
Grief-stricken mothers o'er their dead,
Must feel within his loyal heart
Some throbbing of the old-time pride,
As when beneath the "stars and bars"
They met the foemen side by side.

We glide on memory's silvery wave
Back through the tide of pulsing years
To blood-stained sacred shrines where rose
The incense of a nations tears,
To purple altars where we laid
Our bravest, truest, and our best;
To battle fields where those we loved
Sank down to an immortal rest.

Not one of all this gallant band
Could look to-day with tearless eyes
Upon the quiet, lowly mound
Where glorious STONEWALL JACKSON lies.
He rose beyond all other men—
To none was such deep homage given;
Earth, all unworthy, lifted up
Her rarest, richest gift to Heaven.

The very angels bent their heads
In silence as his spirit passed,
And veiled their gold-fringed eyes before
The dazzling glory that it cast.

The cause we loved so well went down,
Trailing its tattered robes in gore ;
But every Southern heart must hold
It sacred for the hopes it bore.

And if within its fleeting life
No other light nor glory shone,
This were enough—against the world
Brave LEE and JACKSON were *our own*.
Our cause was theirs—their triumphs ours,
For us LEE lived, and JACKSON died ;
No banner but must proudly wave
O'er two such heroes side by side.

And down the ages yet to come
Their spirits will a glory shed,
When victors and the vanquished shall
Alike lie silent with the dead.
And we who gather here to-day
May yield the tribute of our tears
For those we loved who wore the gray,
And bravely fought for four long years.



A STORM IN THE HIGHLANDS OF JAMAICA, WEST INDIES.

BY MRS. M. R. WEBB, COLUMBUS.

I WITNESSED it twenty-one years ago in that other land where life is experienced in a glow and glory unknown and not understood amid this more temperate region. I close my eyes and let memory do its work, and then I see the picture in bold relief of the dear old home of my cousin in the "sunny isle;" its square, two-storied weather-beaten sides of solid rock to the upper floor, standing out clear and distinct, shapely and grand, as a sharp curve in the craggy hills brings it to view. One had to rise by steady upward strides from the base of the lovely hillside on which it is built, and must wind around to ascend; the steep cliffs are sparsely covered with green emerald grass, between which loom out the rich and varied tints of the rock-bedded soil; the limbery, sweet-smelling, graceful pimento trees crowd each other elbowingly, mixed with low, drooping, sweet-perfumed "Frangipanni;" almond trees, oranges, and luscious fruits, arbor-like coffee-laden trees, the red berries gleaming amid lovely, overpoweringly delicious blossoms. Aye! can I ever forget thee, most fragrant of all fragrant blooms? Who, knowing thee, loveth thee not? Mixing with these plants of larger growth, the hillside abounds with flowering shrubs, ferns innumerable; prickly, thorny, flowering clumps; a jasamine intermingling with its waxy petals gleaming starry-like and odorous; the various shades of green, scarlet and gold, pink and blue, amber and purple, perplex the eye as the thousand hues lovingly coax the green bed on which they recline. At last was suddenly reached, on turning a sharp curve, the more graveled defined roadway which approached the house of "ancient rocky build." Only able was the flat hill-top to accommodate the garden plot and the house. Within the garden was a low, slab-covered grave, under which had been laid a mother, amid a cool clump of o'er-arching shade trees. Nearer, around the dwelling, blooming gayly, were scarlet geraniums, myrtle, pomegranate, golden, sprite-like "lovebush" to entangle the hands and oft-times the hearts of whoever ventured to pluck it. The hillside shelved in easy slopes down into the sea far away; one standing on the apex could

see to its furtherest base, cultivated fields intervening, and fancy run riot in ecstasy at their wealth of vegetation, amid which are set, here and there, homesteads of the peasantry; cots from whence tiny wreaths of smoke arose and curled upward in a vapory haze, intoxicatingly luring to the senses. Above, all around, the glorious azure blue of the cloudless skies was outspread. How inadequate is pen to describe the unutterable loveliness and harmonious commingling of God's wondrous works, as panorama-like it was outspread for me to enjoy! I drink it all in memory once again, and turn to look at that home, now lost to me forever. Let us enter it, go up the dark mahogany stairs, pass through the ante-room and look at the picture to be seen in the long, wide-paneled, old-fashioned room, whose chief glory lay in its numerous high windows and height of ceiling. The floor glistened in its new coat of wax and oil; at one of the centre west windows, on a sofa, lay at ease a pale young student girl of seventeen summers, golden-haired and blue-eyed. Dreamy, wondering, questioning, restless orbs are hers. She lies an embodied happy picture of intelligent, hopeful, yet undeveloped girlhood. She is watching the far off sea, the grand waste of waters lying at the base of the hill. It is only a few miles off from the spot whereon is perched that home of rugged beauty, to her very dear, in which she is enshrined.

Hark! What sound starts the gleam of sudden interest in the blue eye; what causes the expansion of the white arched throat, the listening attitude, as she dashes down the book, leans over the sofa, and out of the casement, eager, so very eager? It is the roll of the thunder; the sullen roll of clouds thundering angrily. A minute or two and where is gone the dainty, hazy-blue of the o'er-arched heavens? Where the limpid clearness of the wavelets as they gently kissed the sandy, shelly shore below? All is changed; the calm is broken by the Master's hand. Across the horizon afar off rushes, frowningly, the ominous vapory clouds, out of which dashes in zig-zag flashes the molten sulphurous lightning, filling space, making the soul reverent, yet uplifted. Longer and louder the moans are muttered from the now restless, heaving, seething billows, dashing wildly under the lash of the wind which rushes across the landscape, whipping the waters athwart in a mad, wild way, terribly grand, and solemnly beautiful to the soul capable of enjoying God in such expression of His grandeur. The billows assume fantastic shapes, valleys and mountains on its surface alternate in startling tragic rapidity. Down rushes the rain from the black, angry-flying clouds, as if Heaven's gate had burst its bounds, emptying down its abundance on the world below to drown it out of being. Madly glad

are the embracing billows; they fly up half way to meet their bridegroom's rougher advances, and for awhile nature stands to see how happy the couple seem. Yes, the picture *is* changed! The tapering, dark-hued pimentoes whirl their arms above in seeming supplication, the white petals made more odorous from the fierce assaults directed on them; strewn is the ground with the bright scarlet coffee and pimento berries, and prone lie soon many of the light fan-like banana trees; the tall, lithe cocoanut with its crowned head wierdly beckoning, is bent about by the warring elements. None seem more affected and menacing than the wreathing, arch-like bamboo, whose clumps now remind one of a jungle, dense and sombre from the darkness o'erspreading the whole scene. The sharp crack of the rolling, ceaseless thunder, followed by its feverish fork-like attendant ever and anon lighting up all things luridly by grim fantastic images colored to innumerable rainbow hues, all combined, made the storm an enchanting sight; occupied the mind, and revealed much that is hidden from the more fearful inhabitant of earth, who could not witness calmly with similar adoring, or reverent emotion, "Him who casts up and pulls down" in a second or two the work of ages in the ordinary course of events. Nature might well be said to shiver and sob, for much of woe she sees is happening; destruction is abroad, and many frightened hearts almost stop beating in the suspense, whilst forced to realize and comprehend how

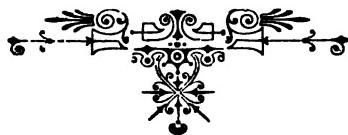
"He plants His footsteps on the sea,
And rides upon the storm."

None love its glory or feel the full sublimity more than the pale, rapt watcher of the sudden storm. Her heart and nature are in full unison with the tempest; the spray, as it is dashed about, comes to her breast; eagerly she receives it on her intense heated brow, remembering nothing, recognizing nothing but the Hand behind the storm, revealing to her ready, waiting soul and responsive spirit, the anthems and peans it is shouting in praise of Him "who holds all in the hollow of His hand." Quite safe too she feels just then, although the lightning dances around her head, and she might be pardoned if a tremor had arisen in her youthful breast. But absorbed in the contemplation of the grand, picturesque scene, she feels not the spray that drenches her form, nor realizes her full position. The wild, never-to-be-tamed nature in that passionate, sympathetic spirit, feels a kinship with the storm.

Anon, just as suddenly as it arose, so suddenly did the fierce combat of Eolus with Neptune pass away; a rift was made of ethereal blue in

the murky horizon which widened and broadened until it filled the expanse and the sun shot down its encouraging rays over the waste as if to comfort it with the same glad, happy, sunny brightness which had been there earlier. Then the eager form relaxed its tension, the excitement passed away, she pressed her hand o'er the deepened blue eyes, a great gleam of blessed satisfaction o'erspread her face, a sigh of intense joy escaped her as she realized God was even then fully shining down hopefully in mercy on her life, and she smiled answeringly with the confident glance of a perfect trust, created in that vivid brain by communion as complete and exquisite as would ever again in life, perhaps, be permitted to her, whose future was even then laid humbly into the hands of her Master and her God! so full was she of the spirit breathed in the lines:

"All *is* of God! If He but wave His hand,
The mists collect, the rain falls thick and loud,
Till with a smile of light on sea and land,
Lo! He looks back from the departing cloud."



WAITING.

BY F. J. WEBB, COLUMBUS.

TO day, far away from the scenes of past pleasure,
I shrink with dismay from the keen northern air.
My mem'ry transports me to where we together
Once wandered 'midst scenes so surpassingly fair;
To where, when the sunlight shone purple and golden
On unruffled waves of the blue Carribee,
You stood, whilst the fresh wind of morning was blowing,
Close by the clear waterside, waiting for me.

And then, too, at eve, when the day was declining,
Each insect in air seem'd a glimmer of gold;
The spray that the sea breeze dashed up from the ocean
Was chang'd in that sunlight to diamonds untold.
And there, whilst the soft wind would toy with your tresses,
That golden in sunlight seem'd ever to be
With eyes soft and tender, with loving emotions,
You stood at the waterside waiting for me.

And then, too, at night, when the land wind its story,
Thrill'd through the dark leaves of the whispering palm,
The moon over all threw her mantle of glory,
And fragments of silver broke o'er the sea's calm.
When the planet Mars shone, and the bright star of eve
Reflected the light of its love over thee,
'Midst perfume of orange buds, jasamine and roses,
You stood at the waterside, waiting for me.

When morning and evening and night shall have ended,
What'er my sad fate and where'er I may roam,
I'll dream of the days when we stood by the sea-side,
And gazed on the waters of Carribee foam;
And when this sad journey of life shall have ended,
Its battles all fought, won, or lost, as must be;
If first o'er the waves of death's flood I am ferried,
I'll stand at the waterside waiting for thee.

POETRY.

BY MRS. HAMLETT.

THE idea of what poetry is differs, perhaps, in all minds, according to their various conceptions of it.

The notion entertained by the ancients that the dwellers on Parnassus were inspired by the nectar of the gods, was a very natural one; for to nothing else can the inspiration of poetry be so appropriately ascribed as to the excitement produced by wine. We note the wondrous pathos, the sublime power of simple words woven together in rhythmic measure; but cannot trace the cause, or the combination that produces it.

Lamartine says: "By a Poet, I mean any one who creates ideas, in bronze, in marble, on canvas, or in words of prose or rhyme." Poetry is thought crystalized. It may be expressed in rhyme, but the rhyme is not the poetry. The thought could exist without it and be poetry still; while rhyme that contains no new thought is not poetry.

Poetry, then, is the creative faculty. It is an exhilaration of mind, a joy, a rhapsody, produced by the beauty, grandeur and sublimity of external objects, or by the conception of noble, pure, exalted images or impulses from within. What is it that enchants us in the gorgeousness of a brilliant sunset, that thrills us in the voluptuous strains of music, that excites us in all heroic deeds, and inspires us in the words of poetry and song? It is something akin to the divine, and whether it be poetry or not, it is what the poet must feel before he can produce the same effect upon others.

Our writers apply the word poet to the philosopher and moralist of former times. We class Young among our poets, and define his moral essays as an elevated, dignified verse. It is different, indeed, from prose, in that it rhymes, but is wanting in all the subtle elements of poetry. It is the reasoning rather than the poetic faculty. We might call Shakspeare the most successful plagiarist of any age—a plagiarist of the minds and passions of men; for he has made them his own, and by his genius made them immortal.

Milton, Goethe and Schiller have seized upon the grand events of history and sublimed them by their own magnificent diction and masterly conception, into creations of art, surpassing any inspiration, and stand in the

rank of poets, overlooking the vast ocean of futurity as the giant Colossus of Rhodes to the Apollo de Belvidere among statues.

To descend to the more extensive class of poets—those inspired by the divine afflatus—true children of the sun—who claim no other gift than that which creates ideas of beauty and embodies them in melodious measure; these are the poets that live in the hearts of men. Their blending of thought and rhythm is like the melody that accompanies the words of song, and falls upon the sense as musically as murmuring waters. It is this intuitive perception of the harmony of numbers that makes Byron the prince of poets. Moore, Scott and Hemans possess it in scarcely less degree, but it varies in authors as the different style of music in composers.

We often hear persons speak of the poetry of thought without the power of expression. But if it is felt, if it exist, it must find utterance, if but once in a lifetime. The force of the whole poetical nature is often condensed in a single poem: Instance, "The Raven," "The Hermit," "The Star of Bethlehem," "The Bridge of Sighs," "Gray's Elegy," and "Marco Bozzaris." Instance, also, those eight incomparable lines of Bourdillon:

"The night has a thousand eyes,
The day has but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When its love is done."

Poets have been accused of being a morbid, visionary race, always possessing some idiosyncrasy, or some form of mental aberration. This has been true of poets, and equally true of those who were not poets. They have certain characteristics, as others have. If voluntary seclusion from society be a morbid fancy, as in Tennyson, or if melancholy, or a prey to passions, as with Byron, Shelley, Cowper, and Pollok, be termed a species of hallucination, then the poet may be an enthusiast, a visionary, and so unfitted for contact with the world.

It may be that the realities of life dry up the springs of fancy, dash the dew from the floweret, scatter the clouds of imagination, and pour the scorching sunshine upon the desert that erst had been an oasis. How many birds notes have been hushed by the passing shower we do not know; but we do know that the mocking-bird pours forth his ecstatic trills from bush and

covert and lofty bough, at morn, at noon, at midnight, and what secret charm supplies the song we know not nor care, so that the world is thrilled with his melody. He may rest upon the top-most twig, or retire to the heart of the forest; it matters not to him whether his song charms only his mate or whether he has the world for a listener. And so the poet lives within himself—in a realm of his own creation, where nothing but joy and beauty dwell; where all nature is covered with the dews of Hymettus, where the air is always redolent with perfume, and the seasons smile with verdure. To him the past is ever a reality, a Pantheon in whose majestic ruins he shrines the heroes of antiquity. He lives over again its mighty drama. He converses with conquerors, shares their triumph, beholds their splendor. He visits, in imagination, the scene of memorable events, and the spirits of the dead take form and fill the dreary waste with the clash and clangor of arms, the tread of marching columns, the rush of caparisoned steeds, and Marathon and Platea revive in the sanguinary freshness of the battle hour. Every sacred and profane association of the past lives to him in the present. The Vale of Tempe, the isle of Lemnos, Mount Lebanon, Petrea, Damascus, are all re-peopled in the poet's mind.

But between the past and the future there is no connecting link. He knows no present. He lives, moves, and associates with it, but he is not of it. The future is his home—that impossible future which lives only in the poet's fancy, and which lures him o'er the rugged pathway of to-day that he may enjoy the blissful dream of to-morrow. His hope is ever afar, upon the Mount Beautiful, looking from the land of Beulah to the shining gates and flowery terraces of the city beyond—sporting amid the fragrant isles of an enchanted ocean; wandering o'er fair vales and beside crystal waters, with the inhabitants of a happier land; listening to the music of "immortal airs," and breathing an existence purified from all the gross surroundings of this, and intensified by the enjoyment that only seraphic spirits know.

THE BLUE SAN ANTONE.

BY NED BRACKEN.

BY San Antonio's lovely stream,
'Tis sweet to while an hour away,
Ere twilight casts her mystic sheen
O'er the portals of departing day.

Cashmere's vale no fairer sight
Presents, than now I gaze upon;
Bendeemer's stream is not more bright
Than this same lovely San Antone.

Before the Anglo-Saxon's tread
Was heard beside your waters blue,
When Mexico's dominion spread
And threw her chains far east of you,

Where now I stand, this nook, perchance,
Gave shelter to some Aztec maid,
Whose lustrous eyes, with burning glance,
Drank in your beauties 'neath this shade.

At this sweet hour perchance they'd meet,
Their tuneful voices ringing far,
The evening star with songs to greet,
And strum the graceful, light guitar.

They're gone—those maids of dusky brow—
And change is seen on ev'ry hand,
Yet beautiful and bright art thou,
Sweet river, on whose bank I stand.

EXTRACTS FROM
THE MANUSCRIPT OF MOSELEY BAKER.

BY MRS. FANNIE A. D. DARDE

ON the morning of the 20th of April, 1836, 9 o'clock, we came in sight of the San Jacinto. We surprised an outpost of Santa Anna's army and made a prisoner, from whom we learned that Santa Anna was still below us eight miles. The position of our army, Santa Anna's, and the one on the Brazos, was that of a triangle. We were within one mile of the crossing of the San Jacinto. The country from the crossing of the San Jacinto, for one mile back, is a low marsh, without much wood or any place for an encampment, and as you emerge from the marsh you come to high, elevated ground with a thick belt of timber. This elevated ground we occupied; the infantry, with the exception of the artillerists, occupying a position under the banks of the Buffalo Bayou. Our army now numbered 783 men—two hundred had been detailed to guard the camp we had left opposite Harrisburg, and the balance had left the army to take care of their families.

In about an hour after our encampment was formed, Santa Anna with his army appeared in full view. We had two pieces of artillery stationed in a grove of timber, and at the distance of half a mile they were discharged, the band striking up the tune, "Will you come to the Bower?" The Mexicans presented an imposing appearance. The tall plumes and the white uniforms of the infantry, and the gaily accoutered cavalry came charging down in a style worthy the fame of the "Hero of Tampico." On the first discharge of the cannon, however, they gave as does the waving grass before the breeze. They evidently had quailed, and immediately obliqued, and passing up a ravine took a position in a grove of timber, distant about four hundred yards in our front. One enthusiastic shout was now heard from the whole Texan army to be led forth to battle. The Mexicans, with a brass twelve pounder, were pouring out their fire, which was gallantly returned by our artillery.

Very early in the action, Col. Neill, commanding the artillery, was wounded, and for three hours a heavy cannonade was kept up on both sides.

The enemy then marched off the distance of one mile, and there formed their encampment.

In the afternoon a call for volunteer cavalry to go out under Col. Sherman was made in camp, and about seventy at once appeared, being all that horses could be procured for. The three regiments were ordered to be in readiness to sustain him. It was understood that Col. Sherman was to bring on a general engagement. Col. Millard, with his regiment of regulars, marched out within half a mile of the enemy's line, in order to support Sherman—the other two regiments standing at their arms in their encampments. Sherman's expectation was to have charged upon and spiked the cannon. On reaching the spot, however, where the cannon was supposed to be stationed, they found either that they had been mistaken or that the cannon had been removed. The enemy's cavalry was now drawn up in battle array before him in decidedly superior numbers. He charged upon them, and for a few moments had it hand to hand. Gen. Lamar slew a soldier who had endeavored to lance him. The enemy soon gave way and fled precipitately behind their infantry. With the infantry he kept up a sharp fire for some time, and the whole command evidenced the coolest bravery and performed many deeds of daring on the occasion. As the whole Mexican force was now deploying, evidently for the purpose of surrounding him, and as no assistance was sent him from Houston, he gradually drew off his men and retreated.

On the afternoon of the 21st our army marched out in three divisions. We had scarcely left the camp before the enemy commenced firing his cannon, for we were in full view of his camp, and had to march through the open prairie for nearly a mile. We formed in front of the enemy at about two hundred yards distant, Col. Burleson's regiment having the centre, Col. Sherman the left wing and the artillery, under Col. Hockly, Inspector General, and the regulars under Lieut.-Col. Millard, the right wing of the army. Owing to some mistake in the orders, Col. Sherman's regiment remained in the rear some half mile, and had now to be brought up; our whole line in the meantime being exposed to a constant fire from the enemy's cannon. So soon as the line was formed we marched to the battle, Houston being in front of the army, cheering and encouraging it. He rode up and down the lines amid the grape shot and musket balls of the enemy, flying thick as hail. The Mexicans presented an imposing appearance. The right wing of my company and the left of Capt. Billingsley's were directly in front of the enemy's cannon. As we advanced, their cannon and musketry showered their balls upon us from every part of their line. Their drums and bugles

blew the charge. Their officers were conspicuous in their rear, and everything betokened that a sanguinary conflict was at hand. We were before Santa Anna and his choice legions of Tampico and Zacetecas, and fresh from the blood of the Alamo and Goliad. We had received as our war-cry "Remember the Alamo." We marched to the fight with trailed rifles. From the whole of our lines not a voice was heard; no music cheered us on. On our part it was an awful silence—but it was the calm that precedes the tornado. When within about seventy yards of the enemy we were startled by the sharp crack of the rifles from Sherman's regiment—he was engaged with the enemy. Then came from Houston in a voice ringing over the plain, "fire!" and in a moment, from our whole line, one blaze of fire was seen. "Charge! charge! charge for your country!" came deafening on the ear; and in that same moment, from drum and from fife there pealed forth the soul-stirring tune of "Yankee Doodle," and shouting the war-cry "Alamo! Alamo!" we rushed on our foe.

Before Sherman the enemy's right soon gave way, and retreating on their centre everything among them was disorder. At this moment the centre, under Burleson, charged upon them, and one general rout ensued. The cavalry, led by Santa Anna, was now distinctly seen fleeing from the field of battle, pursued by our own; while the infantry, scattered over the prairie, were in full flight with our victorious army in pursuit.

I, myself, crossed the enemy's breastworks at their cannon. Fourteen resolute men still defended it. As we rushed over, they fell on their knees, and with uplifted hands, cried out: "Me no Alamo! me no Alamo!" They were all dead in an instant, and in full pursuit the army pressed on their flying foes. The death of one gallant man here occurred; he was Gen. Castrillon, of artillery. He disdained to fly, but slowly retreating, was literally shot to pieces with rifle balls. It was the commencement of the charge and there was no resource.

The field was now covered with the living and the dead. At the distance of about five yards from the enemy's encampment our progress was interrupted by a lagoon. Into this the enemy plunged, throwing away muskets, cartridge boxes, and everything calculated to impede their progress.

Houston, with Capt. Amasa Turner's company, returned to the Mexican camp. In the meantime our army pressed hard upon the flying enemy. As they entered the timber, skirting the bay of San Jacinto, Col. Almonte endeavored to rally the flying Mexicans; but in vain. An untiring enemy were behind them, and now pressed them hard. About one hundred and fifty of them plunged into the San Jacinto, and endeavored to reach an island

some four hundred yards distant. The rifle, however, told a dreadful tale among them. The water was black with their swimming forms, but one by one they sunk to rise no more.

Only twelve of their number made their way to the island, and the next day they were captured and brought into camp. The remainder of the Mexican army continued their flight down the San Jacinto, hard pressed by the Texans. As they emerged from the timber into the open prairie, they were met by Capt. Coleman and five other cavalry. Col. Almonte immediately sprang forward, laid down his sword and held up his hands in token of submission. The soldiery also immediately grounded their arms, and fell on their knees imploring mercy. The whole army of infuriated Texans were instantly upon them, and in the multitude asking for mercy, all were spared.

I shall, myself, never forget the joyful emotions of that moment. How bright did the influence of a true religion, and a generous education manifest itself on this occasion. Our army had long been harrowed up to the highest pitch of excitement, and probably there was not one but had sworn within himself to wreak vengeance on the Mexicans for the fate of Travis and Fannin. But enough of blood had been shed. The field was strewn with their dead, and the lamentations of the dying mingled most horribly with every breath of breeze.

Upwards of six hundred of the enemy had been slain, and, satiated with blood, every Texan gladly responded to the cry of quarter. The prisoners were marched into line, our army was paraded and the rolls called to ascertain our own dead. There was no rejoicing. As the rolls were called, and name after name was answered to, breathing became more free. How still was my own heart when the roll of my own company proceeded, and who can tell the joyful emotions of my heart as the last name was reached and every one had responded? Not one was missing. But who shall describe the scene that followed? None will ever forget who witnessed it. From one end to the other of our whole line was one universal shaking hands and embracing of each other. The army was intoxicated with joy. The stoutest hearts embraced amid tears and sobs; and all uttered the same sentiment—“Texas is saved! Texas is saved!” I leave you to fancy the scene. I cannot describe it.

The prisoners were all marched that night to our encampment, which we reached about two hours after dark, having pursued the enemy about four miles. Of the Texans, two were killed on the field and twenty-three wounded; six mortally. The enemy's loss, according to our best calcula-

tions, was 630 killed, 280 wounded, and prisoners, 730. A Mexican company under Capt. Seguin fought most bravely in our ranks. One of them encountered his brother on the field badly wounded, and apparently dying. He only stopped a moment, when patting his brother on the head, he remarked: "My poor brother, you very bad man; you fight for the enemy. Good-bye, my poor brother." I was myself wounded in the hand, as was also Capt. Billingsly, who commanded the company on my right.

Santa Anna and Gen. Cos were both captured the next day about ten miles from the battle field. Santa Anna with his cavalry had made for Vince's Bayou, hard pushed by Capt. Carnes at the head of our cavalry. They slew as they pursued, and for ten miles the road was strewn with dead Mexicans. On coming to the bayou and finding the bridge burned, Santa Anna endeavored to plunge in his horse, but he refused, and being hard pressed by Carnes, he dismounted and took to the woods. Here he was surrounded for the night; and at daylight the search re-commenced. On learning that there was a probability of taking Santa Anna, numbers turned out from the camp to aid in the search. Cos was the last taken; and being brought into camp, he threw himself down among the prisoners on the ground, and covering his head with his blanket, appeared to surrender himself to despair. Almonte was in the same position. As I had previously known Almonte in San Felipe, I accosted him on the evening of his surrender; shook hands with him and told him "I was most happy to see him again among us." He said he never expected we would meet again in this manner.

As everything connected with Santa Anna is interesting, I will give you the particulars of his capture: About ten o'clock on the morning of the 22d, a Mexican in white pantaloons and roundabout of coarse texture, with a blanket swung to his back, was discovered crawling through the grass. On his arrest he proclaimed himself an officer on Santa Anna's staff. He was mounted on horseback, and after traveling a few miles he was ordered to dismount and walk, which he appeared very reluctant to do. He was at once dismounted by the soldier who wanted his horse—no one suspecting that he was Santa Anna. In this manner he was brought into camp; and as he appeared in view of the Mexican prisoners, they simultaneously rose up and exclaimed: "Santa Anna! Santa Anna!" At a word from one of their officers, however, they sank mute again to the ground. The secret, however, was revealed, and Santa Anna was our prisoner. He was at once taken before Houston; and as I saw and heard the whole, I can tell it to you correctly. Houston was encamped in the lines assigned to my com-

pany. He had been shot through the ankle in the battle, and was lying in much pain under a tree. On Santa Anna's arrival in his presence, Houston looked up and asked who they had there. Santa Anna at once replied: "I am Santa Anna, President of the Republic of Mexico, and Commander-in-chief of the army—and I surrender myself to the brave, who are always just." This avowal was not altogether satisfactory. It might possibly be a trick in order to secure Santa Anna's escape. Col. Almonte was now sent for who interpreted for Santa Anna, and avowed that he was the President of Mexico. Young Zavalla, who was in camp, was now also sent for. He recognized Santa Anna at once and they embraced.

Santa Anna now alleged that he had surrendered himself a prisoner of war, and expected to be treated as such, and desired to know of Houston, "what was to be his fate?"

Houston inquired "What had become of Fannin and his men?" saying he understood they had been put to death in violation of a solemn treaty capitulation. Santa Anna denied that they had capitulated on terms—said they had been taken in arms against the government, and agreeably to the orders of the government, had been put to death. Houston replied that he (Santa Anna) was the government, and that the act was consequently his. Santa Anna protested against any such interpretation of his acts, and again desired to know what was to be his fate. This question Houston again evaded, and again recurred to Fannin. Santa Anna had now become highly excited, and was addressing himself with great energy to Houston, when something occurred to create a shout from the surrounding crowd. Santa Anna, in great agitation, and as I thought, with a great deal of indignation, turned round, and with much animation addressed himself to the crowd, not one word of which was understood by them. He again turned to Houston, when he was invited to take a seat on a box, which he did, and resumed the conversation. He evidently appeared to gain confidence as he proceeded. During the conversation, he said to Houston: "You have conquered the Napoleon of the South, and you have been born to no common destiny."

He inquired of Houston why he had not made battle on the 20th, when he charged down on him. Houston replied that he did not wish to "make two bites at a cherry." Santa Anna was still anxious about his fate, and wished to know what it was to be. He said he still had four thousand troops on the Brazos, and that the fate of Texas was still undecided. Houston required him at once to issue an order to the commanding officer to retreat beyond the Rio Grande. Santa Anna endeavored for some time to

evade this demand. He represented that his power had ceased, and that the officer would not obey him. Houston, however, was unyielding, and the order was issued to General Felisola, informing him of his his captivity, and requiring him forthwith to evacuate Texas.

I have only given you the substance of the conversation, but what I have given is almost word for word as it occurred. A cot was now placed under a tree, on which Santa Anna reclined. My own camp was in ten steps of him, and of course I failed not to notice him particularly. He certainly showed much address and a great knowledge of human nature, but that he showed any cool bravery, or any fearlessness of character, I am not prepared to say. If we make no allowances, his whole conduct when first brought into camp, would rank him among the pusillanimous. It must be recollectcd, however, that he was suddenly thrown from a towering elevation; he was a defeated general; he certainly expected death, on account of the murder of Fannin and his men; besides, he had now been twenty-four hours in a high state of excitement, without food, and now found himself a prisoner among a people whose every motive was, in his estimation, a hostile one. It is not fair, then, to judge him under such circumstances. My own impression is, however, most decidedly unfavorable to his courage. His every action was exposed to view the remainder of that day, and he was in constant motion on his cot, turning from side to side every few minutes, now resting on his elbow and hand, and again throwing himself most impatiently on his cot. His excitement was too great to be controlled. On the next day his tent was furnished him.

* * * * *

The fate of Santa Anna is a history of the American character, and stamps falsehood on the brows of those trans-Atlantic writers who take so much pains to vilify and traduce the American people, and upon all those American writers who are so constantly engaged in misrepresenting the true character of the people of Texas. In the Texan army were fathers and brothers of those who fell in the Alamo. There were friends and relatives of those who fell with Fannin. All Texas was mourning, and all demanded his death. There were in the army those who escaped the dreadful massacre, and yet no hand was raised to inflict vengeance. He was guarded by day and by night by those whom he had so deeply outraged; and, with every opportunity, no assassin's hand was found in all that multitude. All demanded his death, but not one would take upon himself to be his avenger; all bowed in submission to the act of those who, agreeably to the laws, had the power to decide. He subsequently traveled one hundred and fifty miles

through Texas on horse-back, attended by three Texan officers, and, although many were enraged at his release, no assassin's hand was found to obstruct the free exit ordered by the government. He traveled through Louisiana, and up the Mississippi river, through Kentucky and Virginia, on to Washington City, attended only by the three Texan officers. He passed through towns where the wails of woe and lamentation were yet heard, on account of his cold-blooded murders; and yet, in all that population, no assassin's hand was found to take vengeance on his blood. Unscathed and unharmed, he was permitted to return to his home, while the blood of patriots, unavenged, yet dyed the soil of Texas.



TEXAS

AT THE NEW ORLEANS WORLD'S COTTON EXPOSITION.

BY MRS. PAVY,

[In the New Orleans Times-Democrat.]

THE world's history gives us no parallel to the World's Industrial and Cotton Centennial Exposition, now being held in the city of New Orleans, Louisiana. Both in magnitude and variety it excels all other expositions heretofore held in this or any other country. Besides, it is the most attractive one, principally because it contains many inventions and improvements never before collected together. In these it far surpasses those held in London, Vienna, Paris, Philadelphia, New York, Cincinnati, Louisville and Atlanta. In other words, the world in a miniature was never before so faithfully delineated, and it is safe to predict that no one now living will ever see its equal again. The nation, in its official capacity, has united with its states and territories, individually and collectively, for the purpose of exhibiting to the entire world our resources, our improvements and our capacities, and the other nations have placed their offerings alongside of ours, and the entire world has been summoned to witness this grand display, and pass its judgment on the same. This feast has been set for all nations, regardless of expense, and there is enough of it to surfeit each and every guest. To critically examine every article on exhibition here would require more time than is allotted to any one individual, and truly it may be said that "life is too short" for such a task.

As Texas leads all the other states and territories in area and resources, so does the space allotted for her exhibits, and 19,000 square feet was set apart for her exclusive use. This space her managers have economically utilized so as to give her exhibits the prominence due to them. In this connection we cannot refrain from stating that if three ciphers had been added to the above area, they would not have expressed more space than would be required to exhibit specimens of the products the great state of Texas is capable of furnishing. Hence her present display is a very meagre one when compared with what she might do. Although the state commissioner of Texas, Col. John F. Elliott, and the United States commissioner for the state

of Texas, Hon. T. T. Gammie, entered the field immediately after their appointment and worked as faithfully as any two gentlemen ever worked in any cause, yet the state's exhibits are far from being as full as they should be. It is true that the 19,000 feet of space allotted are all filled, yet had the state appropriation been \$50,000 instead of the meagre sum of \$20,000, and had the people of the state fully appreciated the great value to be derived by their exhibits, an annex at the state's expense, embracing twice if not three times as much space as has been allotted, could have been added and filled. But we are not ashamed of our exhibit as it is. It does not suffer by comparison with that of any other state. It should have led all in the same proportion that Texas leads all the other states in size. This, of course, would have necessitated a large appropriation and much more space, but it would have paid. Even at this early day—and we write before all the exhibits are placed—Texas has been benefitted by her exhibit more than it has cost her. This exhibit has already attracted the favorable attention of tens of thousands of visitors, many of whom, by seeing, have resolved to visit the state in person and see if things are as represented. What then may we expect when millions instead of thousands have studied our exhibit? The truth is Texas cannot overestimate the benefit that will be derived from her exhibit, meagre as it is. No bread was ever cast upon the waters that yielded a richer harvest than this will. Not a day passes that the managers of the Texas exhibit do not answer scores of questions put by representative men from all parts of the Union concerning the resources and capabilities of the "Lone Star State."

The reporter and the lady commissioner, who was to chaperon in taking a view of the entire display of woman's work, entered first by the Denison gateway. It was very fitly represented as a gateway, since Denison is called the Gate City of Texas. All the ornamentation, except the carved woodwork, was done by the ladies of Denison. Hand-painting of different kinds is exhibited, some of it on wood, satin, glass and silk; embroidery, too, in a variety of stitches and materials. Plates of china, hand-painted, are even inserted within the square receptacle for the ladies' work. Two square panels of oil painting, done by ladies, are on either side of the centre star of gilt, on which, in raised red letters, Texas is spelled. Above this, in wood carving, stands out the name of Denison. Two long panels of needlework adorn the sides of the columns supporting the archway. Suspended beneath the curve of the arch hangs a scarlet velvet banner, gold-edged, with "Gate City" painted on it in letters of old gold. The points of this description include woman's work exclusively. There is much

more to be said of the workmanship in detail and as a whole, but we pass that by as outside of our present province.

Texas has displays of art from all parts of the state—amateur work, professional work by artists of merit, and even the pencilings of newest and youngest aspirants. There are some pieces of merit to which a passing mention will be given: A sketch in oil, by Mrs. Kelley, of El Paso, "The Reading Magdalen," "Group of Dogs," by Miss Olive Peat, of Fort Worth.

In the Houston collection there stands, as a centerpiece, a decorative chimney-piece—an original design of merit in fine cabinet work, Queen Anne in style. Its dimensions are ten feet in height and six feet in width, and it is made of various colored woods, including Indian bow-wood, ash, walnut, cedar, pine, china-berry, and others. Above the mantle-shelf are three balconettes, suitable to the display of pottery or vases. An upper gallery, the full width of the mantel-front, is supported by carved columns. Greek-vase curves of these columns, the carved laurel wreaths of the panels, the mosaics of colored woods, of every hue of browns and yellows, combine in this ornamented mantel-piece a high degree of skill in its taste and workmanship. Tiles, hand-painted by the ladies of Houston, form the grate beneath. These tiles are from French designs of charming cupid subjects, showing the four seasons, and, appropriately to a grate decoration, the Keystone tile has a fall scene; a fire built in the open air, around which kneel a little shivering cupid and guardian warming their hands. On either side are summer and winter scenes, little cupids reveling among the roses and swinging from the tree boughs amid the green leaves. A harvest scene very sweetly shows us the cupid playmates hiding about, or reclining upon the stacks of grain, or (some given to industry instead of play) carrying light sheaves away to be garnered. Water and floating water-lilies form the foreground. Another tile gives us a view of the wine press. The active little cupids are here variously engaged. Some treading the grape, others blowing the bugle for the noon call, still others preparing a fruit luncheon. Beneath the figure-piece tiles are two landscape scenes. One, a real scene near Meridian, with a distant view of the Bosque river. The other, a scene on the Colorado river, near Austin. The remaining tiles have symbolic representations upon them, the Grecian cross, the star of the state emblem, and so on. Upon the mantel was seen a number of pieces of painted china, executed and sent by the ladies of Houston. Each piece has a flower study, with the language of the painted flower written beneath.

A little gem done in oil by Miss Bessie Bagby, of Houston, will be

found in the Houston group. It is a "Peasant Head," a copy which has artistic merit, and has attracted the notice of several versed in art. Among those admiring was Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. By the same brush was painted a magnolia from nature and the cotton plant. An etching crayon, "Corpus Christi," is well done; in fact there is the touch of a skillful pencil visible in this piece. Mrs. Gale, of Houston, sends a dark oil study, easel shaped—"Sunset Reveries." The fac-simile of a cotton-press, done in needlework with shaded silks, is contributed by Mrs. Duval. An oil painting, "A Jersey Calf," by Mrs. L. Q. C. Lamar, seems, as an artist has said, to be the reaching out for better things; in other words the artist's work is a mirror to her ambitions, and of itself predicts progress.

A very pretty panel of ochre, blooms of bright lemon and green leaves, hangs unpretendingly by the side of more ambitious, but less worthy efforts. A flower-piece of Marechal Neil roses has merit.

Mrs. Capwell, of Dallas, sends a very true sketch from nature of bursting cotton bolls, half and fully open and fleecy white. A thistle design, painted on tinted blue satin, with pea-green leaves and flowering stalk, is the work of a lady of Dallas.

A full set of china, hand painted by the ladies of San Antonio, is certainly exquisite. The dinner plates each picture real life in San Antonio and some event of its past history, embodying the history of the old mansions, the Alamo, and the San Antonio river. One plate, with a life-scene—"Tortilladora de pan de maize" (pronounced mice). Apropos, an anecdote of a man from the states (*à la Texan*), "that he would not live in a country where they had to dig for their wood, climb for their water and eat bread made of mice (maize)." The little scene, true to its title, images a Mexican woman on the shore of the river kneading bread made of maize. There are salad platters in this complete set. Scene—"Mexican Vendedor de tamales." Game dishes. Scene—"El Corcinerro." A Mexican in his house sitting before an open fire, where his supper is preparing. Fruit plates, lemon and blue-edged, with birds and natural flowers of Texas; mocking bird piping his roundelay in a mosquito bush; blue bird on a trumpet vine; robin red-breast building its nest in the sweet gum; Baltimore oriole perched in the midst of the opopox blooms; berry plates, with phlox clusters and primroses—"from the river's brim," abutilon spray, lantana flower, wild sun-flowers, Indian pinks, wild violets, and so on, ranging through the field flowers of Texas. In the game set are partridges with their young; other small birds, quails, stag heads, etc. Sauce bowls with stramonium blooms; olive dishes with blue bells and wild poppies; fancy cake plates

with primrose designs; milk pitcher of antique shape with acacia and fox-gloves; tea-pot with the heather and abutilon. The vegetable set is complete, and is painted with scenes from nature taken along the San Antonio river from its source (which is a beautiful spring, the mosses of which, in its depth, shine through the clear waters like myriads of jewels)—extending along the bank of this river, always beautiful and placid, to within several miles of the city of San Antonio. The ladies of this place have indeed done themselves credit in sending as a specimen of their taste, ingenuity and talent, this complete and handsome set of painted china.

Great taste has been shown in the selection of these articles. One screen is deserving of special mention; in fact, there is a deal of genius displayed in the oil study, painted richly upon it by a novice in art. The screen has three panels. Upon the centre one there is a life-size figure of a young woman loosely and gracefully clad, and in the attitude of surprise and expectancy, with one hand given to her support, the other placed to her ear in a startled, half-frightened gesture. The foreground is jagged with rocks and boulders, upon which the dark shadows are well cast. The background forms a landscape having a bold, fine tree in nearest view, under which the beautiful girl, with large hazel eyes (rich Southern eyes, a New Yorker would say), stands waiting, and, it is not rash to suppose, awaits her fond lover, for those deep, dark eyes may well conjecture that the devoted lover is ever near or nearing. At the foot of the bed of rocks, seen as the immediate foreground, an owl is seen spreading its wings to fly at her approach. The panels forming this screen are exquisite in design, and full of merit in execution, as coming from the brush of a maiden of tender years. It is, indeed, marvelous to say that the design is one of a young lady of Texas, not a professed artist, and even not a pupil. Maybe the World's Exposition, besides all the grand accomplishments of national interest, will arouse into life and full appreciation some such hitherto latent, hidden talent as this, giving to genius an upward flight, and promising for future years the work of an acknowledged artist as the outgrowth of the first efforts of an unknown novice.

Opposite one of the octagon areas of the pavilion stands a marble mantel-piece of fossiliferous limestone, quarried within a few miles of Austin, Texas, mounted and carved at Austin. Over the entire surface can be discerned fossils of various forms, and probably of one genealogical period, since the vein is but fourteen inches in depth. The shape of this mantel is unique. The shelf is divided into three parts, the centre one higher than the others, directly under which there is a five-pointed star sculptured from the

marble, and standing out in bold relief. Upon each point of the star is chiseled a letter of the name of the "Lone Star State"—Texas. From the centre of this luminary rises the globe of the world, and it is a pretty conceit of the Texas people (whom, it has been said, think that Texas covers at least half of the world) to represent the map of Texas in gilt upon the half face of this globe. The upper horizontal intaglios, the side panels and the tiles are all of them hand-painted by the ladies of Austin, Texas. Twelve painted tiles define the square grate, and twelve tiles of natural marbles, found in Texas and cut from different quarries, also add embellishment. Upon the tiles are painted native birds, butterflies and common wayside flowers of Texas. On the right the mocking-bird and wild canaries are perched on a branch of willows. On the left a handsome red-bird rests upon a sprig of mistletoe. This poetical production, "the mistletoe bough," is found abundantly in Texas. Side panels picture the cotton in flower—a beautiful pink bloom, and the bolls both opened and unopened. Each tile is an exquisite little painting gem in itself. The flowers are so chosen as to give variety and harmony in color—soft reds, bright pinks, rich orange, delicate and deep blues.

The entire exterior is a piece of finest workmanship. The painted tiles speak for the talent of the ladies of Austin, and the beauty of even the wayside flowers, while the twelve tiles of native marble certainly speak volumes for resources of the "Lone Star State." The interior of the grate is filled in with close tiling of metal, and is ready for use as an open fire-place, or a grate: an oblong receptacle for coal, a set of brass andirons are both laid among the fittings. These and all of the furnishings are in burnished brass, made into new and unique designs. Few exhibits will be seen that are more significant as a state index, both indicating its resources and talent. The ladies of Austin may well be proud of this treasure of beauty, as indeed the state will be in their name. The marble cuttings and workmanship were done by Underhill & Co., of Austin, Texas.

The ladies of Austin, in addition to the beautiful marble mantel-piece and other beautiful articles, have sent an entire suit of horn furniture, and it has attracted the admiring attention of passers-by, because of its quaintness of design and its handsome upholstery.

Among the Dallas exhibits the carved wood mantel, the cabinet, the carved centre table and two chairs are for sale for the benefit of ladies concerned in the Woman's Exchange of their city. Among the other Dallas exhibits arranged just outside of the pavilion are, in the centre, a mantel of wood, surmounted by a large painting of promise, representing "Una enter-

ing the witches' den," by Miss Mary Lizzie Keller. On the right a screen of painted matting, which has been fully described before. The ladies in charge of this exhibit say that nothing has brought forth more favorable comments than this screen. On the left side of the centre-piece stands a very pretty cabinet of different woods. The carving design is the grape-vine. There are several handsomely embroidered chairs, mounted in Queen Anne style, a carved table, and a crimson plush fire screen, each of which add to the embellishment of the Dallas space, and have a very pretty effect, and certainly creditable to the ladies of Dallas.

Upon entering the pavilion, which is filled with choice specimens of woman's work from all of the counties of Texas, the first object that strikes the attention is the Sherman banner. It is a beautifully painted white silk banner, mounted with purple velvet, and gold fringe and embroidery. The words "Sherman, Texas," are embroidered in gold, within which the United States flag is embroidered. Upon this banner there are stalks of corn, a branch of cotton and of millet, which have the effect of having been thrown upon the background diagonally and carelessly, and upon them laid a medallion as a centre piece for the banner. Its circle has in it a representation in oil of a group of cattle on the prairie. The author has not failed to show us fine specimens of the cattle with long horns, which is characteristic of the Texas cattle. This banner, with a cabinet of red cedar, is filled with bric-a-brac, among which are seen plaques of significant studies and bisque pieces. These articles, with a horn rocker, hand embroidered, form chiefly the contribution from Sherman.

There is a very fine set of furniture upholstered with plush of different colors, embroidered by the ladies of Weatherford.

Mrs. Wm. M. Rice, of Houston, Texas, has sent an elegant bronze plush portiere, embellished with lustre painting. This is a thing of beauty, and, from its substantial character, will doubtless be a joy forever. The flower painted on this curtain is one, though beautiful, for which a name was lacking, and like those which Mother Eve so lamented upon leaving Paradise, "That never would in other gardens grow."

Over the entrance of the pavilion, nearest the state department, hangs the Marshall banner. Each letter of the words "Marshall, Texas," is a study in itself, having in paint or Kensington or crochet, some flower study. One corner is prettily filled with a painting of the *fleur de lis*.

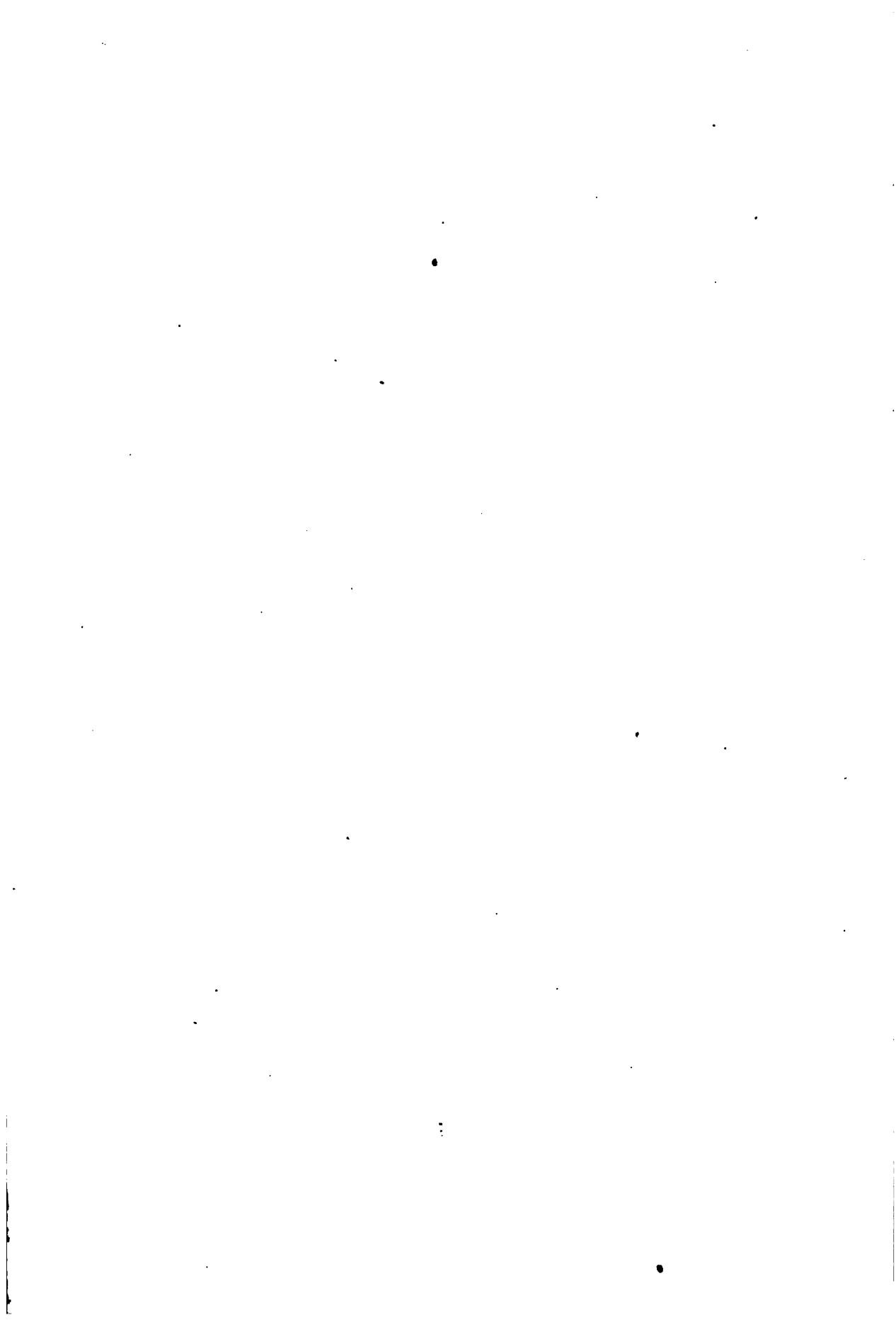
Texas is very proud of the banner of dark blue satin, upon which can be read in very legible gold letters a poem of merit, entitled "The Land of Dixie." It is the work of Elizabeth J. Hereford, of Dallas. This is a won-

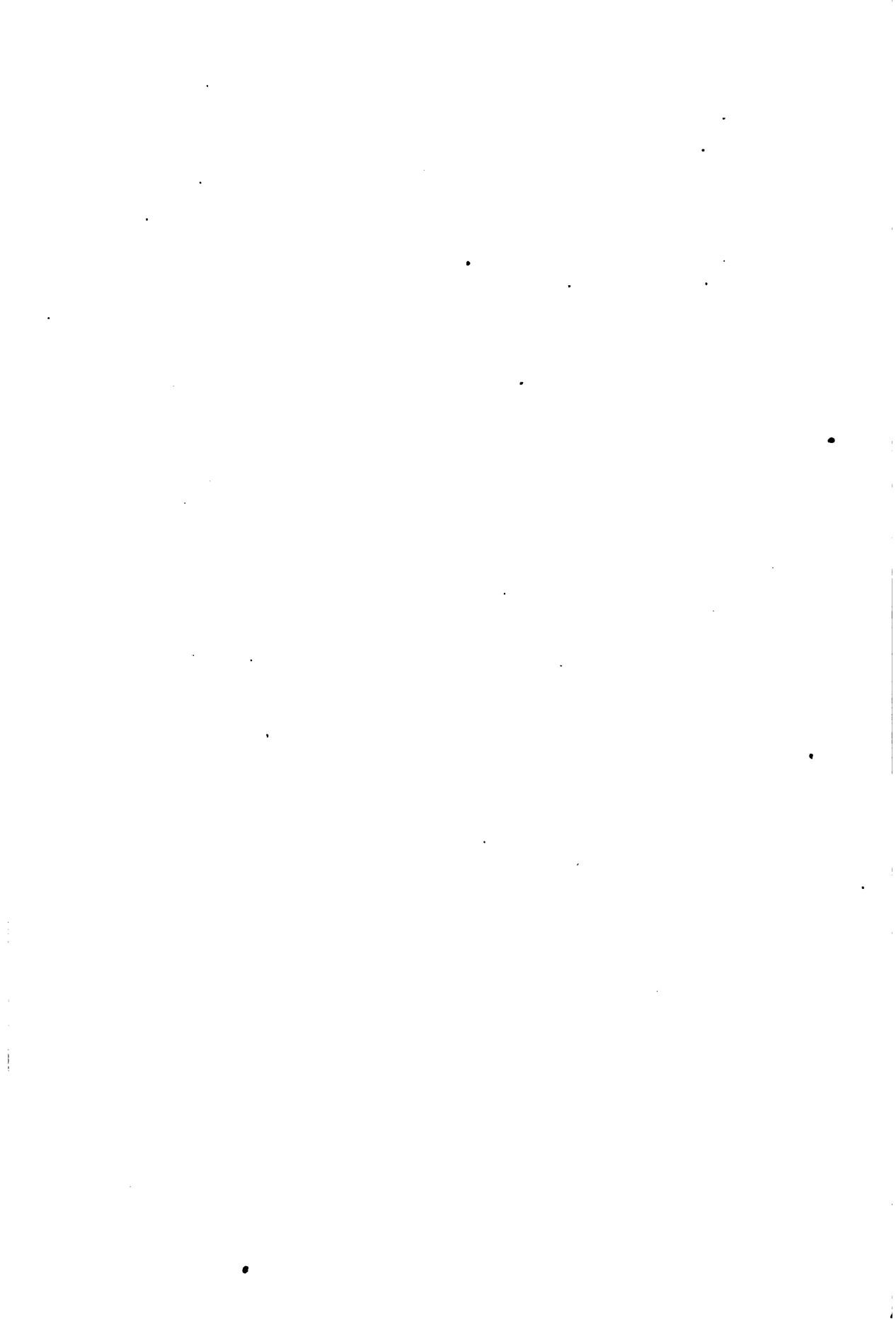
derful execution of deft hands. Its effect is beautiful, its verses meritorious, and its legibility such that "he who ruhs may read."

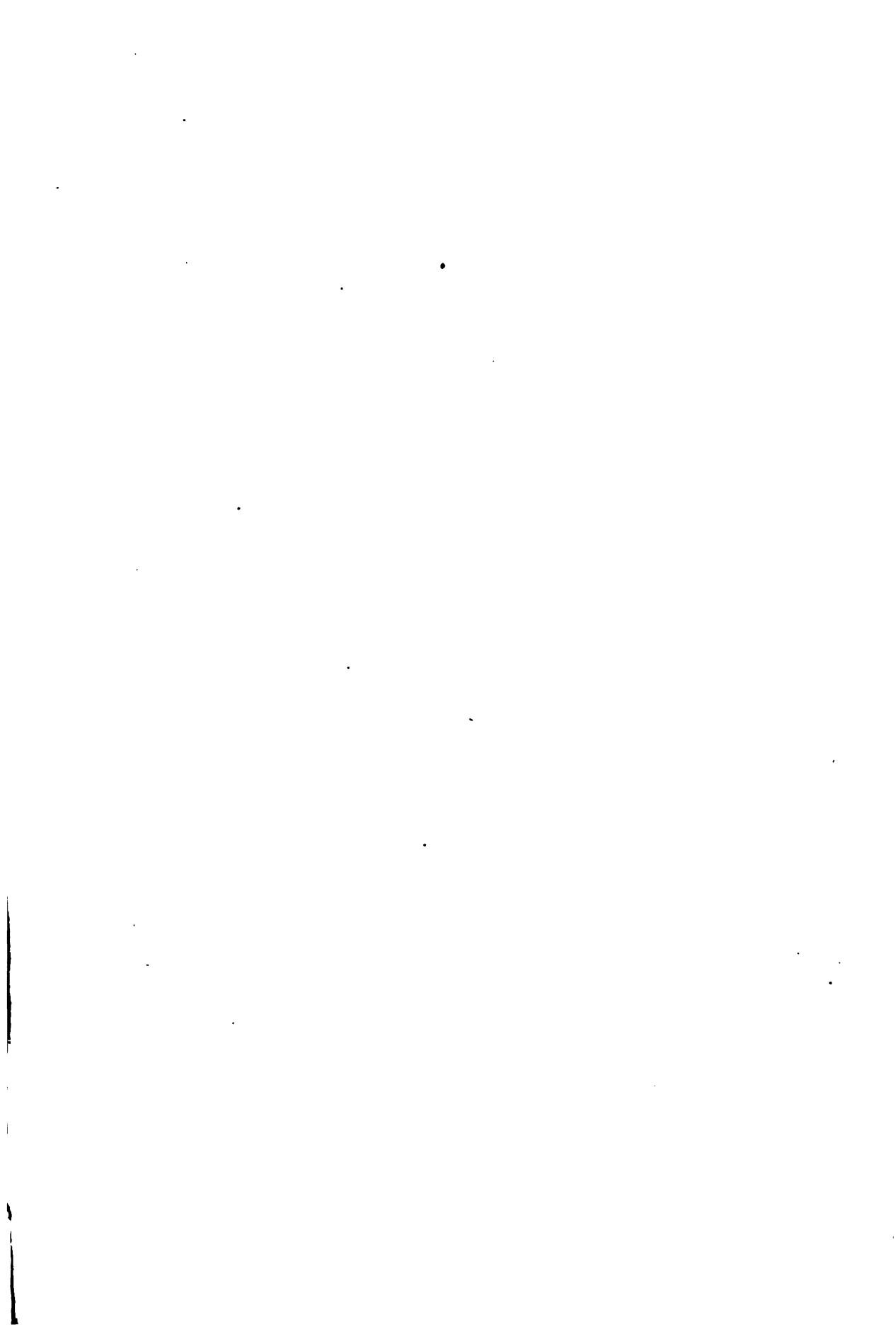
In the more general collection of articles are to be found: A bed-spread, formed of sixteen squares of different colors, elaborately and effectively embroidered; every square would form, singly, a rich gift fit for a frame. Two pair of lace curtains; each made of three strips of satin ribbon six inches wide, with antique lace insertion and pointed edge, each strip painted. These curtains came from the ladies of the Exposition Society of Fort Worth. Crazy quilt, by Miss Gibbs, of Terrell; it is a mass of heavy embroidery. To make a running list of the various designs, viz: Fan centre; babes in the woods, in etching stitch; chenille work; and the Texas star and the United States flag, are represented. On one square, formed of blue and gray ribbon, the words, "The Blue and the Gray" appear. Another, a Crescent City square, the crescent of gold tinsel, and beneath are the dates 1816, 1884 and 1885. Extended across the entire width of the spread is a strip of black satin, which has on it the representation of the Main Building of the World's Exposition. It is etched with white silk on the background of black satin. One can easily imagine the outlay of time and skill upon this magnificent exhibit. In the centre of the pavilion is a show-case filled with very elegant work of all kinds—satin painted tidies, plush piano scarfs, one with an orange design, which presents to our view luscious fruit very true to nature. There are two opera cloaks, one of tinted green cashmere just off of white, embroidered with shaded silks from the cream shades to rich browns. This is the work of Mrs. Fletcher Morgan, of Clarksville; the other cloak is a contrast of white with crimson silk work. Several handsome pillow cushions are within the glass case.

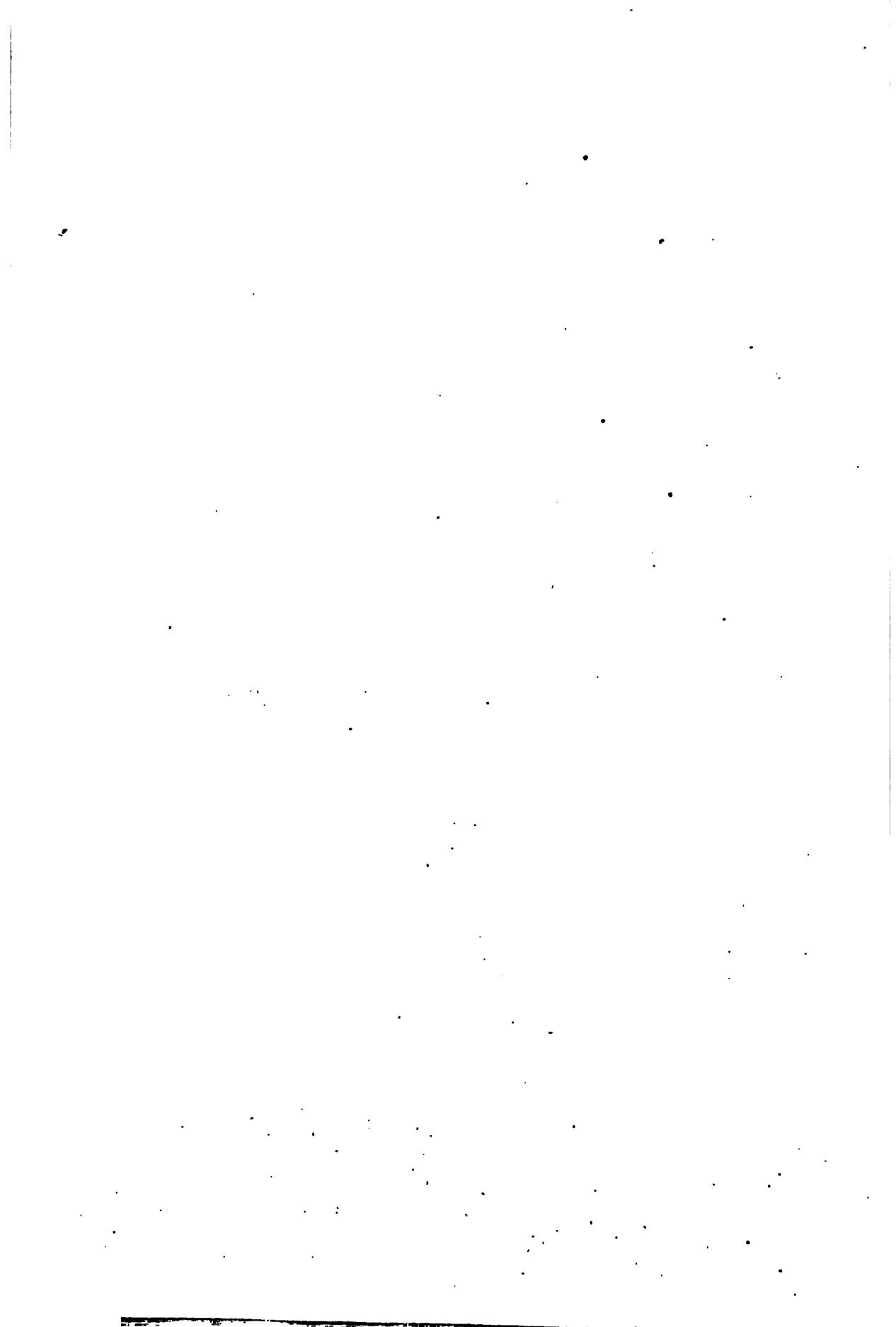
As one leaves the pavilion they pass under a pair of beautiful and heavy lace curtains made by crochet, and they are a monument of industry. Two strips of thick open crochet work more than a foot in depth, and two others of heavy pattern of the Mexican or thread work complete the plan of the work. The effect is that of fine lace.

Among other things which attracted attention in the department was a three-cornered mirror, in a broad frame, painted a shaded blue, exquisitely graduated, with a spray of plum and peach blossoms thrown across one end, in which is the nest of half fledged birds, while across the windy blue cut the swift flight of swallows. The name of this artist was undiscoverable because the ticket was not on it, but surely the work is exquisite enough to have done credit to any one in the world. It has caught the fine decorative spirit and yet conventionalism has not too much sway.









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